

The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER

25 CENTS
30 Cents In Canada



JANET
GAYNOR

**Why
Clark
Gable Says
"I Am Paid
Not To Think"**

**Hollywood's
New Champion
Best Dresser**

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Hours on Creams and Powders
Not a Minute for her Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE'LL try any cream or powder once—no matter how expensive! Her dressing table is crowded with costly jars and bottles. Anything and everything for her face! But not a second for her smile.

A lovely smile—a smile that reveals sparkling, white, sound teeth—is one of the greatest allures a woman can have! But beautiful, healthy teeth are dependent on firm, healthy gums.

Ever notice a trace of "pink" on your

tooth brush? It means your gums are soft and touchy. They're *bleeding*! Ever since you were in the cradle, you've eaten soft, creamy foods. Your gums have never gotten stimulation. With every year they have become more inactive and more tender. Even now you may have "pink tooth brush."

But do you realize that "pink tooth brush" makes your teeth dead-looking? Do you know that it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or the serious but infrequent pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of good

teeth? If you don't do something about "pink tooth brush"—and that, *soon*—some day you're going to be *afraid to smile*!

Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and rub it right into those tender gums of yours! The ziratol in Ipana tones the gums, firms them back to healthy hardness.

Once your gums are firm again, your teeth will have the sparkle they *used* to have. Continue to use Ipana with massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury



MARLENE DIETRICH
as the "Blonde Venus"

Dietrich the glamorous — Exotic beauty of "Morocco" — Tragic heroine of "Dishonored" — Lovely derelict of "Shanghai Express" — Now more entrancing — more gloriously luscious — as a girl who played with love. Only Dietrich can give such beauty, such dignity, such allure to the scarlet letter!

MARLENE DIETRICH
in **"BLONDE VENUS"**

with HERBERT MARSHALL
CARY GRANT · DICKIE MOORE
Directed by JOSEPH VON STERNBERG

Paramount  Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 1

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

December, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



"Rain" brought in a flood of comments. Joan Crawford was compared to Jeanne Eagels and Gloria Swanson, and opinion was divided on Walter Huston



The love scenes in "Smilin' Through" won high praise. "Quite different from the modern 'Well, kid, shall we tell it to a judge?'" comments a grandfather

THE \$25 LETTER

I'm a reporter who interviews movie celebrities at Wichita railway stations, airports, hotels and theaters. Of recent months I've met Ann Harding, Lupe Velez, Victor McLaglen, Chic Sale, Harpo Marx, Will Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Wallace Beery, Evalyn Knapp and others.

And I've never seen one who wasn't swell. Actor or actress may be tired, hungry, even sick, but there's always a welcome to the reporter, cheerful answers to impertinent questions about work, love affairs and favorite breakfast dishes, an animated smile for the cameraman and a hearty "so long" at the end.

They could refuse to see me and get away with it. I've been snubbed by plenty of other big shots—aviators, politicians, financiers, ministers, authors—who went right on being big shots afterward. This whole town of 120,000 wouldn't really make much difference one way or another in achieving national success or failure. And probably they're not dying to meet me personally.

But it seems part of the acting job to be a good guy.

MANLY WADE WELLMAN, Wichita, Kan.

THE \$10 LETTER

We accept the flimsy props and backdrops of the stage without question. We accept the papier-maché parapet of "Lysistrata"; and the hempen grass and two skulls of "Hamlet" are, to us, a crowded graveyard; yet we howl with derision if an impressive movie desert scene turns out to have been filmed in the Mojave instead of the Gobi. What difference does it make? Let the Mona Lisa be really painted on wood and impossible to hide in a flower bas-

ket! "Arsene Lupin" was still a great picture. What if *Arrowsmith's* laboratory technique was bad? Who cares? What if *Tarzan* used a double, and many scenes were superimposed—we loved it. After all, "the play's the thing."

CORNELIA PORTER, Chicago, Ill.

THE \$5 LETTER

For a long time I have endured the misrepresentation of my sex, but no longer! Now, I won't say the average man is as good a cook as a woman, but I will say that he isn't one-

SYMPATHY for Jean Harlow and admiration for her pluck; pleas for less stern reality in screen stories and enthusiasm for the new "romantic cycle" in pictures; these are just a few of the interesting topics covered in the mail this month.

The most popular boys of the moment are Bob Montgomery (he leads them all), Lee Tracy, John Boles, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable and Lew Ayres.

The most popular girl (and no one else rivals her in interest this month) is Irene Dunne.

The most popular pictures? Well, "Rain" is the most discussed, "Smilin' Through" the most loved, "A Bill of Divorcement" one of the most praised, "The Phantom President" and "Blessed Event" among the most enjoyed.

What do you think about pictures and film personalities? Why not tell us, and perhaps win a prize!

half as clumsy as the talkies would have him.

No man grabs a hot frying-pan with his bare hand; his greater scientific knowledge tells him that metal is an excellent conductor of heat. Furthermore, he doesn't let coffee boil over. Neither does his Java resemble tar. Remember—you movie gag men—that many a poor male must make his own coffee, and who do you suppose makes that tasty golden-brown liquid on camping trips?

Perhaps the laugh that women get from man's supposed lack of culinary technique is worth it, but just the same, I do know men who don't burn steaks or drop dishes!

FRED E. EBEL, Milwaukee, Wis.

JEAN HARLOW

The front pages recently carried news of the movie colony that recalled to mind scenes in Constance Bennett's "What Price Hollywood." The tragic death of Paul Bern started the presses of the yellow journals and the tongues of the scandal-mongers.

I never believe anything that has not been proved in court; it is the only way to keep one's illusions and avoid becoming cynical. Let's not hurt Jean Harlow by listening to gossip.

MARY HELEN WILLIAMSON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Let us, by our support, do our part to keep Jean Harlow where she, by her courage and sportsmanship, belongs. It is not for us to condemn her for her part in the circumstances over which she probably had no control. Rather, by our loyalty, show her she has our sympathy and admiration.

FRANCES G. QUINN, Los Angeles, Calif.

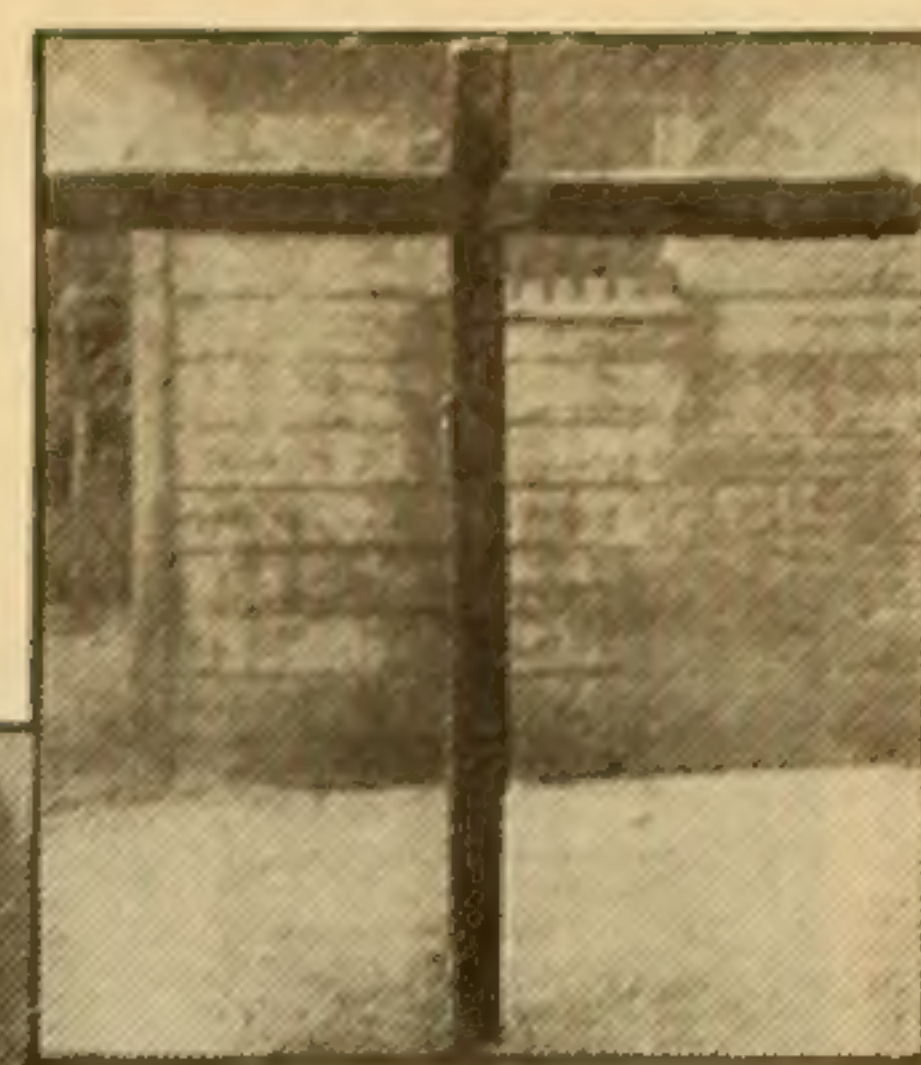
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"They can't let me go now! I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!"

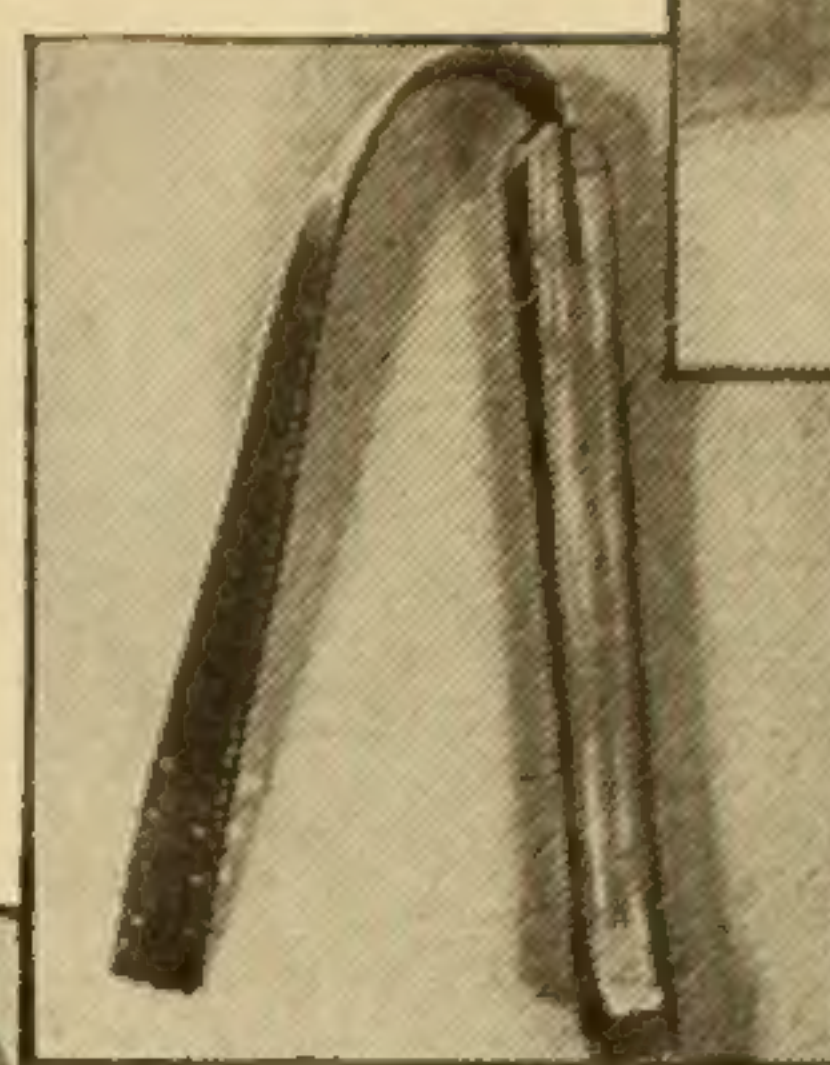
"I've seen what they do to men on the chain gang. I've been through it myself! I've seen men flogged, sweated, tortured. And I've dared to tell the whole hideous truth about it! They can't afford to let me stay at large now. They've got to get me; they've got to shut me up, because . . . they know I'VE LIFTED THE LID OFF HELL!"

Here is a new kind of picture! Not a scenario writer's idea of a prison, but the actual, authentic experiences of an escaped convict . . . who right now may be passing through *your* town in his eternal flight.

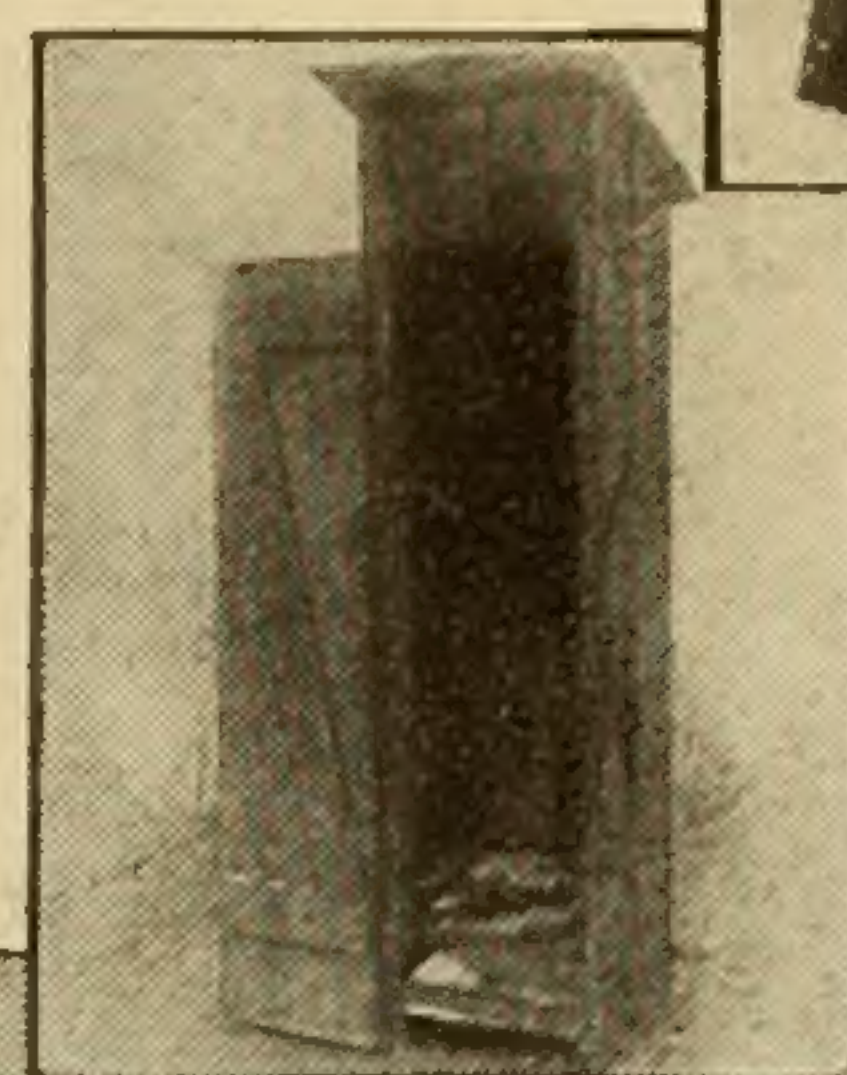
Millions...
have waited for the
REAL truth about that
hell on earth—the chain
gang . . . here it is! . . .



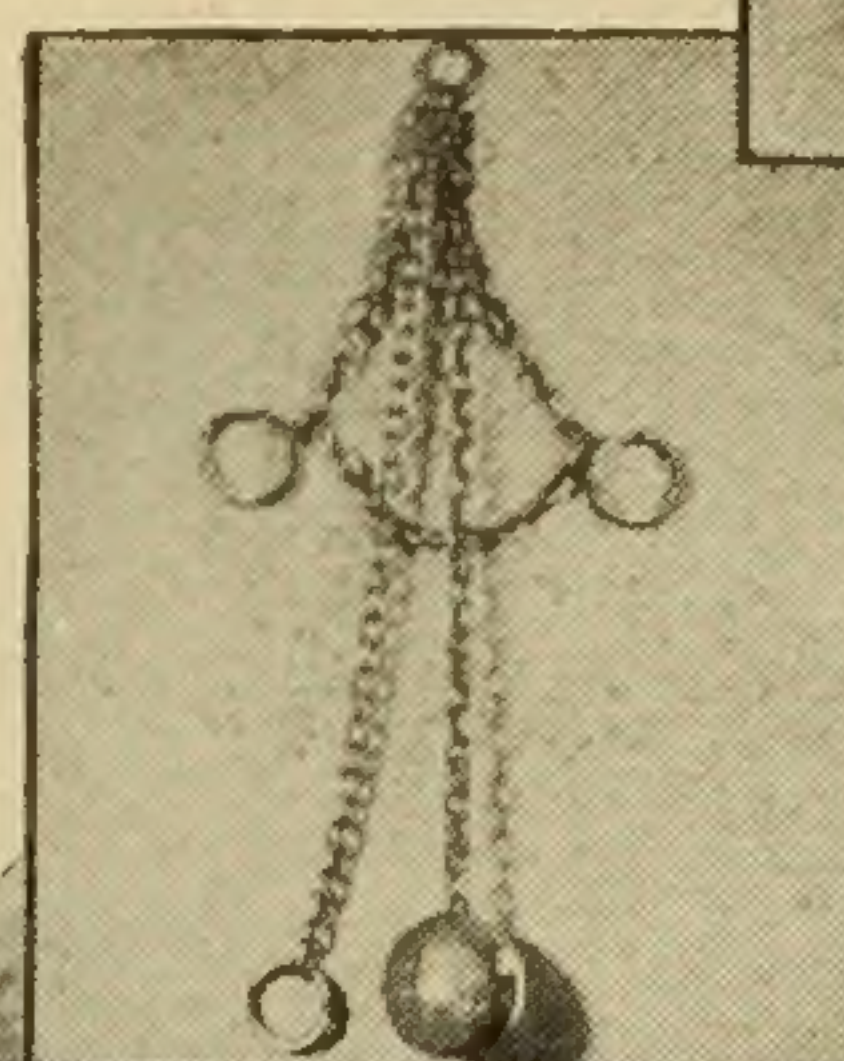
SEE...
The whipping
post—



—The perforated
lash under
which men die—



—The awful
sweat box—



—The heavy
chains worn day
and night!

"I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG"

with

PAUL MUNI

in his first picture since "Scarface"
And Glenda Farrell, Helen Vinson and
Preston Foster. Directed by Mervyn
LeRoy. Another sensational hit from
WARNER BROS.



Rob't E. Burns' best seller
that startled the world
with its shocking, thrilling
revelations . . . See it in all
its vivid, vibrant reality on
the screen . . . At leading
theatres soon.

No matter what critics write the



The powerful, dramatic situations in which Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore found themselves in "A Bill of Divorcement" appealed to the serious-minded. "Superbly acted, too," they said

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

I read with indignation the newspaper columns which intimated the death of Paul Bern might be the doom of the career of Jean Harlow. The public should consider open-mindedly the unfortunate circumstances in which an actress may become involved. Jean has proved herself a sincere, intelligent actress. I admired her in "Red-Headed Woman" for the genuine interpretation of the character she portrayed. It was a relentlessly sincere bit of acting.

ROXIE W. MOTT, Tuckerton, N. J.

Just when it seemed Jean Harlow had a break at last, along came tragedy. Her performance in "Red-Headed Woman" was excellent, and proved Jean can really act. It is up to us, who are known as the "fickle fans," to say whether this great tragedy that has come to Jean Harlow is made even greater by plunging a promising career into oblivion. She is the same Harlow, and tragedy can come to us all.

LOIS EPPERLY, Detroit, Mich.

NORMA, LESLIE AND FREDRIC

"Smilin' Through" is a picture that will never be forgotten. What a beautifully sweet love story! The hard-hearted, the cynical, the world-weary brush away the tears and try desperately hard to overcome that choking feeling in their throats when they witness the beauty and sadness of the scene depicting *Moonyeen's* death on her wedding day.

And, what actor could have played *Sir John* with the charm, skill and finesse of Leslie Howard? Fredric March—how good looking and what a thorough actor! The whole cast is excellent, the story touching and beautiful, and Norma Shearer is the loveliest actress on the screen.

B. MORAN, Tulsa, Okla.

WHERE IS THY STING?

Now, don't misunderstand me, I liked "Smilin' Through" and even shed a few furtive tears over it. But when I die, I want to be shot through the heart, for according to the picture, it's a mighty peaceful death. When that bul-



"'Blessed Event' made a hit with my family because of its up-to-the-minute story and the grand acting of Lee Tracy and Ruth Donnelly," a newspaperman writes. Others mentioned its timeliness, also

let hits Norma Shearer it's just beautiful how she passes out without even a tremor crossing her face or one little lock of hair out of place.

ROBERT ELLSWORTH, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TIPS TO NEGLECTED WIVES

How to get romance though married? Simple, very simple. Go to the movies. I am just a small town wife—there are millions of us who are married to men who like a newspaper and pipe after dinner and all you can get out of them is an occasional grunt. Off I flee to the picture show and, after living through the picture with the heroine, walk out on air and go home happy.

MRS. L. M. R., Albany, Texas

DUNNE HAS DONE IT!

I'm a hard-boiled lawyer with little or no sentiment—but—am I an Irene Dunne fan now, or am I an Irene Dunne fan? Nothing frail in her beauty, nothing coy in her actions—just real gorgeousness, and all of it topped with true histrionic ability. If there ever was a true lady, an honest actress and a soulful artist that aroused admiration in both sexes, Miss Dunne is that person. Her reward should be nothing less than a chance to take part in only the finest of pictures.

EARL KAY, Richmond, Ind.

JOHN BOWLS 'EM OVER

Who could keep silent after watching Irene Dunne and John Boles look into each other's eyes and make love as it has not been done on the screen before? Irene Dunne is what we have been looking for: a beautiful woman, charming, fascinating and sweet. John Boles was perfect, a very handsome man with all the little selfishnesses which make us love the species! "Back Street"—what a picture!

MIRIAM F. MURPHY, Thomaston, Conn.

This letter is written in defiance of no theory, no wise and beautiful social law. In "Back

audience always has the final word

Street" two people lived and loved; built a thing of beauty, sacrifice and faithfulness around their world from which all so-called conventionalism was barred. The world might be a happier and a better place if virtue were always rewarded and sin always punished, but this is not so and perhaps not so intended.

MARY G. TYLER, Sioux City, Iowa

I watched through a blur of tears the man and the woman in the "Back Street" of Fannie Hurst's novel step from its pages and become real, living characters in life. Life so simply, so tenderly, so exquisitely portrayed that it exalted and made glorious a love which we, in our pitiable, human frailty, judge and condemn. I feel sometimes that our twentieth century minds have become so surfeited and disillusioned with the sordid realities of existence that, even when we are brought face to face with its glowing reality, we can scarce comprehend all the wonder, the beauty, the fulfillment of a perfect love.

LAUREL O'CONNOR, Battle Creek, Mich.

HE'S STARTING SOMETHING

Here is a nice big bouquet (including all his favorite flowers) for Director Rouben Mamoulian. After seeing "Love Me Tonight," I realize more than ever how important expert direction is. Close cooperation between writer, director and star (I've placed them in order of their importance in my opinion. Now I'm waiting for brickbats to fly from ardent star fans after they read that) will soon raise the level of pictures to the height they belong.

L. NISSMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

WHY, MRS. STOUFFER!

Some folks think old women should sit at home and knit and read the Bible. I'm seventy-two past, but I cannot be my age. I love the movies and I adore George Arliss. Would that he would appear in many more pictures. Often old men are unattractive, he is lovable. MRS. JAMES B. STOUFFER, Richmond, Ky.



"I'm glad George M. Cohan made 'The Phantom President' before he got mad at Hollywood," says a reader. "A grand picture—and wasn't Claudette Colbert lovely?" All right—we'll answer. She was!

SADIE THOMPSON

I didn't see either the stage play "Rain," or the silent film, and so don't know how Joan Crawford's *Sadie Thompson* compares with Jeanne Eagels' or Gloria Swanson's. I think Joan's performance is splendid and tremen-

dously touching. It's by far the best work she's done. I'll never forget the scene in which *Sadie* is won over to religion by *Reformer Davidson*.

And that magnificent moment when *Sadie* says compassionately, "I feel sorry for everybody in the world!"

THOMAS RYAN, New York, N. Y.

WE TOLD YOU SO

We were planning to see Walter Huston in "American Madness," but as the night was chilly we changed our minds. Before finally deciding not to go, however, I looked over the review in *PHOTOPLAY*. The criticism was so enthusiastic that we were impressed and decided to go and see if the picture was as good as the review said.

What a picture! We all said we would not have missed it for anything in the world. Huston's was a superb performance!

MRS. G. S. SMITH, Great Barrington, Mass.

NO DANGER IN LESLIE'S EYES?

Leslie Howard seems to me a most polished actor, but I am convinced that he will never experience the popularity of Clark Gable. His appeal is purely intellectual.

He is suave, but not debonair; he is a cultured sophisticate, but not intriguing. He is charming, but not glamorous or thrillingly dangerous.

He does not possess that elusive quality known as "sex menace."

MARY SCHUBERT, Tacoma, Wash.

BOUQUET FOR JOHN GILBERT

You can all have your Clark Gables and James Cagneys, but I'll take John Gilbert! His performance in "Downstairs" as the quick-witted, charming, fascinating, handsome (words fail me) chauffeur was a knock-down. He tried a comeback and he clicked.

LORETTA BOOKER, Baltimore, Md.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Some folks raved about Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus," some about Herbert Marshall, but it was little Dickie Moore who apparently stole the show. "We hope he remains unspoiled," comments a mother

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



Scenes like this one of Bob Montgomery from "Lovers Courageous" seem to please. Folks like Bob's wise-cracking dialogue and that odd little smirk. "We want heroes with a sense of humor," says one girl

SHE SCOLDS JOHN

Oh, John Gilbert, why did you ever condescend to play such a rôle as you did in "Downstairs"? And why do you want to write your own plays if you can't do any better than this one? But still you remain my idol, my dream of all a thrillingly handsome actor should be.

MARY H. KERNS, Huntington, W. Va.

TELL IT TO M-G-M

Robert Montgomery is my favorite star. Trouble is, I don't see him often enough. I have the grandest photograph of Mr. Montgomery and I keep it right before me in my office. Gee, wouldn't I like to have him for my "boss"! I look at his picture and smile to myself for thinking of anything so ridiculous.

Anyway, if my boss had one-tenth of Bob's delightful sense of humor, wouldn't it be just hunky-dory? Everytime he gets nasty (which is often) I simply control my tongue by looking at that picture and I say to myself, "Oh, if it were only Robert Montgomery instead of this old fellow!" To make a long story short—why don't they give Mr. Montgomery a rôle as "Somebody's Boss."

Q. C. S.

GOLDEN LAUGHTER

Movie crazy? Indeed more people would be if more productions like "Movie Crazy" were released.

When a limited (and I really mean limited) amount of money must go far in the entertainment part of the budget, how fine it is to be able to see a show that leaves you weak—no, not from worries, but from laughter!

LUCILE SPENCER, Independence, Mo.

GRAND TROUPERS, ALL

I saw a picture last night that I enjoyed—"The Vanishing Frontier"—full of old favorites, capable and satisfying. There was John Mack Brown, very handsome, with a Spanish accent that excelled even Warner Baxter's "Arizona" rôles. There was Wallace MacDonald; ZaSu Pitts, funnier than ever, and those beloved players, Raymond Hatton and J. Farrell MacDonald. With pictures, as with everything else, take away the glamour and the sparkle of big names and sometimes there is little left. Take that handful of players and without any glitter they gave us a good picture.

REBECCA D. GUTHRIE,
W. Philadelphia, Penna.

AMERICANIZING WITH MOVIES

I was presented with quite a problem when my husband's sister from Russia came here with her family to make their home. The language, customs and American clothes were all so strange to them. At first I was horrified at having a family of "greenhorns" saddled on me. Through the medium of the movies, I found a wonderful way of quickly Americanizing them. My Russian in-laws are now on the road to becoming real Americans—thanks to the movies—a magic word, embodying an all-round education.

MRS. JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

MORE THAN THRICE BLESSED

And what a blessed event "Blessed Event" turned out to be for a public surfeited with a cycle of columnist stories that were boring in their similarity. It is real entertainment—clever dialogue, splendid-cast, all directed with a master hand.

JEANNETTE B. STEIN, Ottumwa, Iowa

Orchids to Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee, for his work in "Blessed Event." And wasn't Ruth Donnelly great? I don't know when I enjoyed a picture as much as this, and certainly recommend it to diversion seekers. Add treats: Getting a glimpse of our Mary (Brian) again, solemn-faced Ned Sparks, and that oh so handsome newcomer, Dick Powell. Say, what more do you want for your money?

LILLIAN NORTON, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

KEEPING UP WITH THE WORLD

A few years ago I realized my husband had succeeded in his profession; our children had college educations and were holding good positions—and all were advancing in other ways. I had fallen sadly behind and now it was up to me to catch up.

I found no better medium for obtaining all-round, broad-minded, up-to-the-minute information than at the movies. Some pictures are poor, some silly—but so are some people, some books. Such is life!

MRS. GRACE A. CHAPIN, Kansas City, Mo.

THE LAD'S TECHNIQUE IS GOOD

Of all the pictures I have seen recently, "One Way Passage" impressed me as being different in every way. The story is an entirely new one. The acting is superb from the main rôles to the least important one. Direction, photography, settings and scenery are all perfect. Bill Powell's love-making was the cleanest and sweetest I have seen on the screen for ages.

ELEANORE G. MARCHAND, Salem, Mass.

MORE ABOUT MOVIE MORALS

For eighteen years I've been a movie fan—and no piker at it either—but it's beginning to look as if the movies and I are coming to the parting of the ways, and coming fast.

In days past, when anyone would remark to me, "The movies are sexy," I always retorted, "I don't go to see that kind." But that answer doesn't go any more. That's about the only kind there is now. I'm getting fed up on roués for heroes and *demi-mondes* for heroines.

I'm no saint myself, but I'd be considerably upset if I thought my morals were one-tenth as bad as those of the characters I see on the screen.

JAMIE F. HESS, Louisville, Ky.

FROM EAST OF SUEZ

I live in Sourabaya, one of the bigger towns in the Dutch East Indies. When I was still living in Holland I always loved the movies, and I wondered what I was going to see of them on the other side of the world. Imagine my astonishment when I looked upon the big, cool theaters here. And the best of films! I now know that pictures are the most important recreation, for it very seldom occurs that good stage actors pay a visit to these tropical regions.

On my first visits to the movies it struck me how the natives enjoyed the pictures. They are a fine audience. If they appreciate a film they show their appreciation by clapping their hands and cheering the cast. They do not understand a syllable of the spoken word, for they speak only their own Javanese or Malay language.

Most of the scenes are laid in a world which is absolutely unknown to them, but in spite of all this they enjoy the movies like nothing else.

A. J. PRINS, Sourabaya, Dutch East Indies.

Red, rough hands *made smooth and lovely* ...in 3 days

Painful chapping instantly relieved



A PARTY DRESS
CAN'T HIDE
"Kitchen Hands"

STUNNING at a *distance*. But when they saw her hands—what a shock! So red, so rough and cracked they made her look like a scrubwoman dressed up!

How *could* she be so careless! Just a few minutes would have saved her. A few minutes spent in smoothing on a dainty, gossamer-fine, hand cream that quickly softens ugly, red roughness to smooth, porcelain-white loveliness. Wonderful for chapping—instantly draws out smarting, stinging soreness. Thousands of housewives, business women, sportswomen—active, outdoor-loving youngsters, too—keep hands soft and smooth with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

When you do housework, your hands are in and out of water continually—often hot water containing harsh, alkali cleaners. This constant wetting, especially in winter, dries out the natural beauty oils in the skin. *Hinds puts back these precious oils*—quickly restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Try Hinds—note its chiffon texture

Smooth on a few drops of this delicate cream. And smarting stops, dryness goes—roughness softens. For three days continue to use Hinds regularly, *especially at night*. On the third day hands should be soft, white, satin-smooth—not a hint of housework.

Hinds is a *joy* to use. A *chiffon-weight cream*—not a weak, thinned-out lotion or a thick, gummy jelly. Beware of these imitations which may contain excessive drying substances that also dry the hands! Hinds soothes and heals, leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that acts as a constant protection.

FREE a 7-day trial bottle

Send for this generous trial bottle. Make a thorough test of it. Watch hands grow gloriously soft and white. See how quickly chapping heals. Continue to use Hinds regularly to *keep* this new beauty. Fill out coupon *now*.



HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

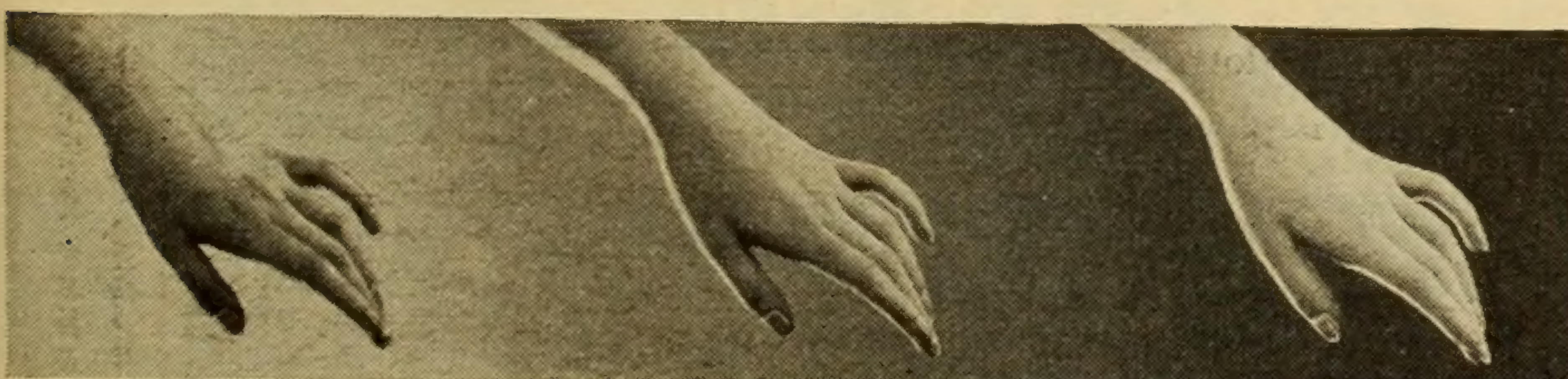
Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. 712, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Please send me a generous **FREE** trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



TODAY

TOMORROW

NEXT DAY

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFRAID TO TALK—Universal.—(Reviewed under title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (Nov.)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (Sept.)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (Nov.)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (Sept.)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (Sept.)

ARM OF THE LAW, THE—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

AVALANCHE—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (Aug.)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY—World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (Sept.)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (Sept.)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (Oct.)

BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (Aug.)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (Aug.)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (Nov.)

BIG TIMER, THE—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

★ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio.—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (Nov.)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (Oct.)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (Aug.)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgettable as the soul-torn husband. (Nov.)

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (Oct.)

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (Nov.)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)



Director De Mille rides the camera crane for a close-up of Nero in "The Sign of the Cross"

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (Oct.)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (Nov.)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (Sept.)

CONGRESS DANCES—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

COUNTY FAIR, THE—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (Oct.)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (Nov.)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (Oct.)

CRY OF THE WORLD, THE—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (Sept.)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (Aug.)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (Oct.)

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY—M-G-M.—Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (Oct.)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (Aug.)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (Sept.)

DOWN TO EARTH—Fox.—In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (Sept.)

ESCAPADE—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (Nov.)

"FAST COMPANIONS"—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

ONCE IN A LIFETIME A LAUGH-TIME LIKE THIS!



"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

*Greatest Mirth-provoking Comedy
that has been produced in many years*

Poking fun at Hollywood

Laughing at producer, player, director

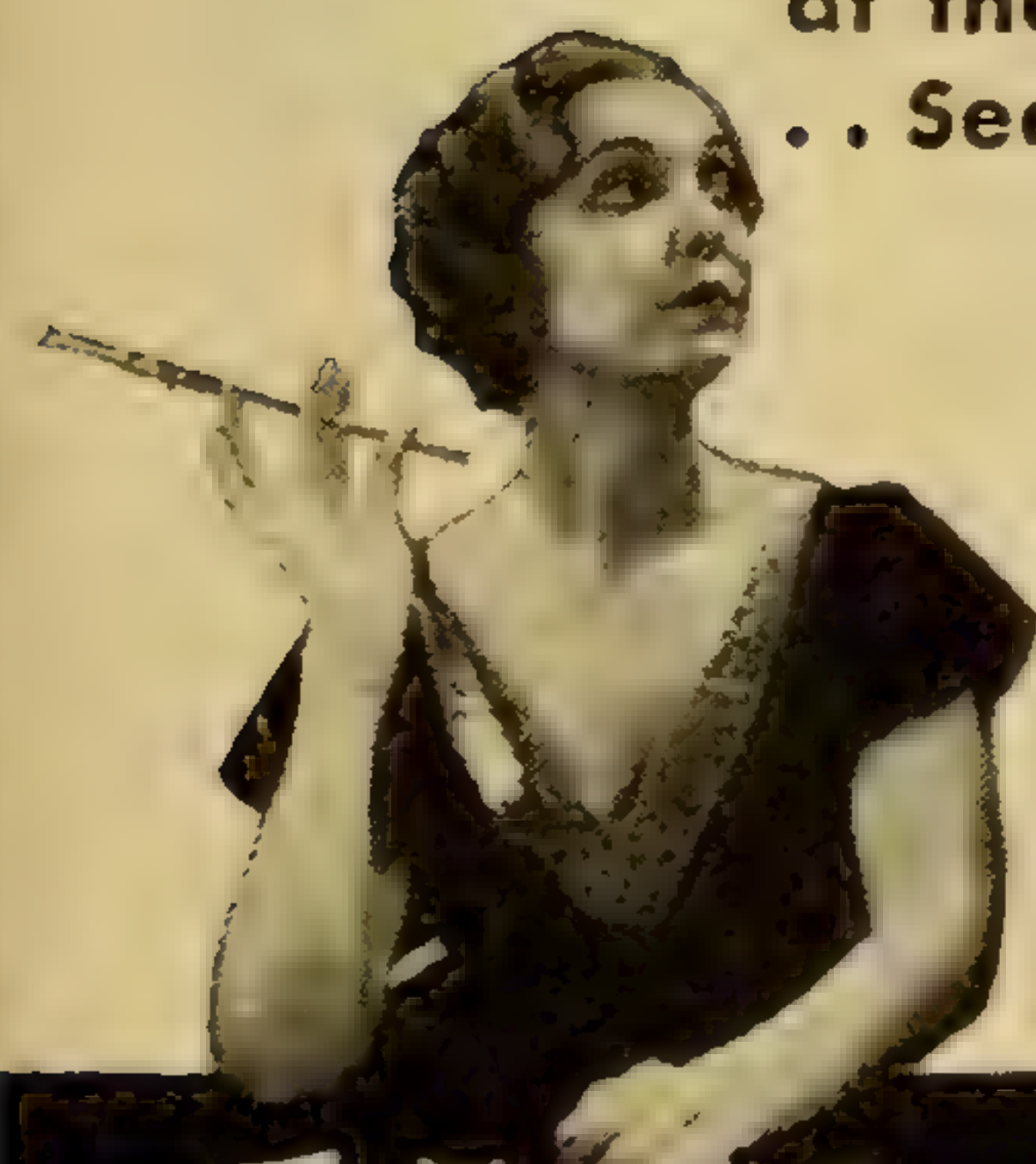
*"A blue-ribbon show. All of us laughed long and loud
at the joshing which Hollywood apparently deserves
.. See 'Once In a Lifetime' and die—laughing."*

Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror

See it and forget your troubles!

The Cast of Comedians: JACK OAKIE • SIDNEY FOX • ALINE MacMAHON
RUSSELL HOPTON • LOUISE FAZENDA • GREGORY RATOFF • ZASU
PITTS • ONSLOW STEVENS • JOBYNA HOWLAND • CLAUDIA MORGAN
GREGORY GAYE • MONA MARIS • CAROL TREVIS • DEACON McDANIEL

Directed by the ironical RUSSELL MACK



Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (Sept.)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (Aug.)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY—Invincible.—Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (Sept.)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (Aug.)

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram.—Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (Nov.)

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (Sept.)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (Oct.)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (Nov.)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make you weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (Nov.)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (Sept.)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (Nov.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (Nov.)

HIGH SPEED—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (Sept.)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (Oct.)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS**—Paramount.—The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (Oct.)

HUDDLE—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (Aug.)

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (Oct.)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (Aug.)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (Aug.)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (Nov.)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (Sept.)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (Nov.)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (Oct.)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (Aug.)

LENA RIVERS—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as Letty. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (Oct.)

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (Sept.)

LOVE IS A RACKET—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (Oct.)

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (Sept.)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (Nov.)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (Aug.)

MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE—Tiffany.—That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (Sept.)

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (Aug.)

MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount.—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (Aug.)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (Aug.)

MAN WANTED—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sidney. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (Sept.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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An electric bridge table *that shuffles and deals*

It astonishes. It mystifies. It flabbergasts. Tournament-scarred veterans pale, strong men faint, when first they behold what modern science has brought to bridge—Hammond's new Electric Bridge Table, which shuffles and deals cards without benefit of human hands.

It eliminates the manual shuffle. Eliminates the manual deal. Never exposes a card. Never spills one on the floor. Always comes out even. And forever shushes that scathing rebuke, "*Can we get you a basket?*"

It sounds magical—but it's electrical. You still bid, you still play, you still keep score. The Hammond Electric Bridge

of the pocket in front of him the hand that has already been shuffled and dealt while you've been playing the other deck—and keeps right on going!



Here's your new hand! The Hammond Electric Bridge Table deals it into a pocket in the side of the table—one in front of each player

—and while you're playing *that* one, the deck you've just inserted in the shuffler is miraculously being shuffled and dealt and will be ready!

This is something very, very new—and a boon to serious-minded bridge players to whom shuffling and dealing is a pain in the hand.

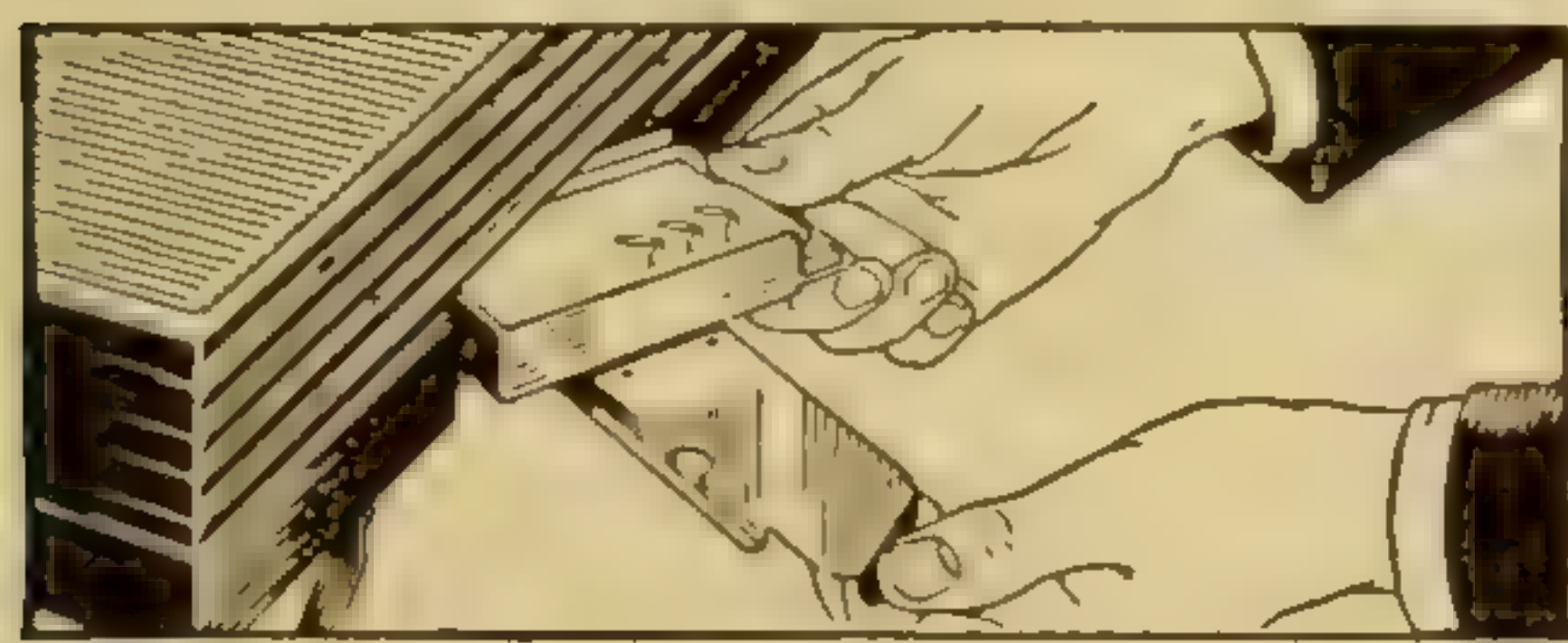
And on the other hand, the Hammond Electric Bridge Table is good-looking as well as useful. The table itself, regulation size, is finished in walnut. The legs are sturdy enough to resist even the weight of fat Mr. Whoosis whose hostess-panicking trick is to lean his whole self on a table and ponder his cards. It's

handsomely finished and the padded top is a pleasure to play on.

The top lifts off—awed onlookers can watch the "works" at work.

It plays no favorites, working just as well for the disciples of the Approach-Forcing system or the One-Two-Three, as it does for the converts of the One-over-One.

Be the first in your Bridge Club, Four-some, or neighborhood to spring a new Hammond Electric Bridge Table. It's yours for the modest sum of \$25. A more *de luxe* model sells for \$40. Hand yourself a thrill. See a demonstration at any high-class store where the newest in such things are sold.

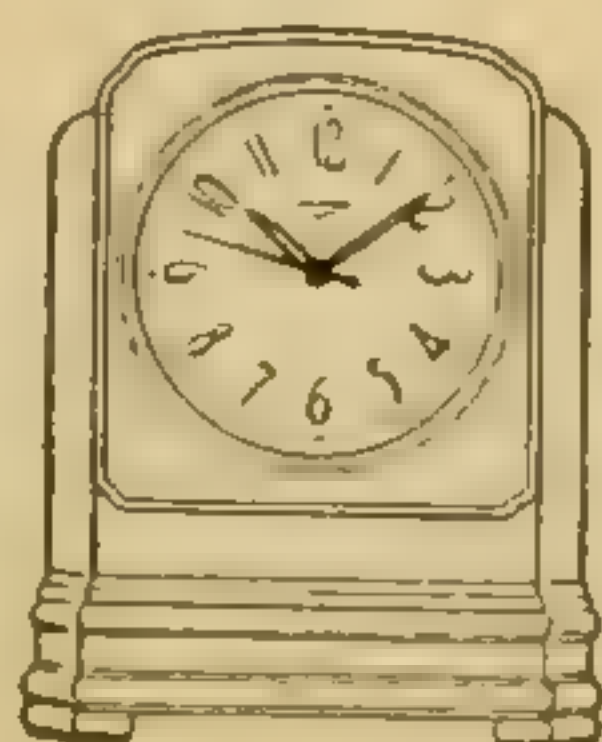


Slip in the deck. That starts the automatic, scientific shuffling and dealing. While you play one hand, the next is being made ready

Table does the rest! After the hand, slip the deck into the shuffle-box on the side of the table. Each player picks out



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HAMMOND ELECTRIC BRIDGE TABLE

IT SHUFFLES AND DEALS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

MISLEADING LADY, THE—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

MISSING REMBRANDT, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

MISS PINKERTON—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA.—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (Aug.)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (Oct.)

MOUTHPIECE, THE—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (Sept.)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (Sept.)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (Sept.)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (Sept.)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (Oct.)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (Oct.)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (Nov.)

NIGHT WORLD—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

NO GREATER LOVE—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (Oct.)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (Sept.)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (Oct.)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (Nov.)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghai's sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (Nov.)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (Sept.)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (Oct.)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (Nov.)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (Oct.)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (Aug.)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (Nov.)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE**—Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (Nov.)

PHOTOPLAY

does not print rumors.

Every statement you read in its pages is a fact.

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POLICE COURT—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

PROBATION—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (Sept.)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a newidea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (Nov.)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (Aug.)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (Aug.)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (Aug.)

RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, rip-roaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (Sept.)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (Aug.)

RIDING TORNADO, THE—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (Aug.)

ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (Aug.)

RONNY—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

SCANDAL FOR SALE—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (Sept.)

70,000 WITNESSES—Paramount—Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (Oct.)

SHOPWORN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (Oct.)

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

SINNERS IN THE SUN—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

SIN'S PAY DAY—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

SKY BRIDE—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (Sept.)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (Nov.)

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

SPEAK EASILY—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (Sept.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

The Smart Gift!

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12-32

Lilyan Tashman

ANSWERS

A FAN LETTER

The following letter is typical of thousands received each week by such stars as Lilyan Tashman. We believe her answer will be interesting to thousands of women everywhere.

HERE IS THE LETTER

Dear Miss Tashman:

You were just marvelous in "Those We Love," and it is easy to see why you are considered one of the smartest dressed women on the screen. As I am a stenographer making only \$18.50 a week, of course I cannot afford expensive clothes. But I do like to dress as nicely as I can. Would it be too much trouble for you to advise me a few little ways, that don't cost too much, how I can make myself smarter? I am a blonde, too, and am five feet, four inches tall, weighing 108 pounds.

I look forward to all your pictures—never miss one!

Sincerely, E. R. S.

HERE IS THE ANSWER

My Dear:

I'm very glad that you enjoyed my picture so much that you felt like writing me about it—and about clothes!

It does not take much money these days to be a "well-dressed girl." Just choose the colors and styles that become you best.

Another thing, be very careful of your accessories!

Handbags, shoes, hats, jewelry, and stockings—with a lot of emphasis on stockings—are tremendously important. They can make an inexpensive dress look like a million—or ruin even the most expensive.

Wear good stockings—anyone can afford them these days. Be sure they fit snugly and keep them straight on the leg. And half the battle of dressing neatly and attractively is won. New shades I like, and which you should be able to wear, are "Taupe-Mist," "Interlude" and "Rhumtone."

Lilyan Tashman.

WE AGREE WITH MISS TASHMAN

"... stockings are tremendously important..." Any fashion expert will tell you just how important they are. And if you wear Realsilk stockings, you can be sure that they're the latest in style because Realsilk permanently maintains for fashion authenticity a famous Fashion Committee.

"... wear good stockings..." Surely, there's no reason for *any* woman to deny herself the pleasure and confidence of fine hosiery with Realsilk offering such beautiful qualities at such remarkably low, 1932 prices.

"... sure they fit snugly..." With Realsilk you *can* be sure, because this famous brand of hosiery is always

made of fresher silk. Fresher silk means more elasticity, greater durability and longer wear—as well as better appearance. (Realsilk because it sells direct from the mills to you, can and does give you fresher silk.)

"... keep them straight on the leg..." And because Realsilk has a feature of construction found in no other stockings, it's easy to keep them straight on the leg. We've found a new way to close up the useless hole inside the hem, thus enabling you to fasten garters right on the seam. That keeps them straight—and it's just one of seven extra and exclusive features in Realsilk.

Realsilk sells only through representatives who call at home or office. If you are not being called upon regularly, just telephone your local Realsilk Branch (located in 200 leading cities) and ask that a representative be sent out. The phone number is listed under "Realsilk". Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery.



Lilyan Tashman in person! This charming actress, who won applause in "The Wiser Sex" (Paramount) and "Those We Love" (World Wide), adds to her other distinctions the reputation of being one of the best-dressed stars in the twinkling Hollywood firmament.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings

REALSILK

with 7 Exclusive Features



WE just had to print this stunning and unusual photograph of Constance Bennett, but what is there to tell about her that you don't know? Weary of personal publicity, she is fighting hard for a "private life." The retakes on "Rockabye" finished and her European trip postponed, she goes into her next production after a brief vacation



Ferenc

HERE'S one of the busiest of the younger Hollywood actresses. Loretta Young dashes from picture to picture, so it's nice to get a portrait like this to prove that she does have time occasionally to sit down and reflect about it all. You'll see her next in "Employees' Entrance," the film in which Alice White makes her screen comeback



Hurrell

ANOTHER thoughtful young screen star. Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane," made into the Fox picture, "Wild Girl," gives Joan Bennett her latest rôle. Mother of an almost-five-year-old daughter, Adrienne, by a former marriage; now wife of Gene Markey, the writer, this youngest Bennett manages to have an important career of her own



Otto Dyar

TIME was when Dee just meant the fourth letter in the alphabet for most of us, but that was before Frances Dee's charm hit our screens. Chevalier chose the then unknown girl for his leading woman in "Playboy of Paris." Then followed rôles in "An American Tragedy" and "The Night of June 13." Her next is Paramount's "If I Had A Million"

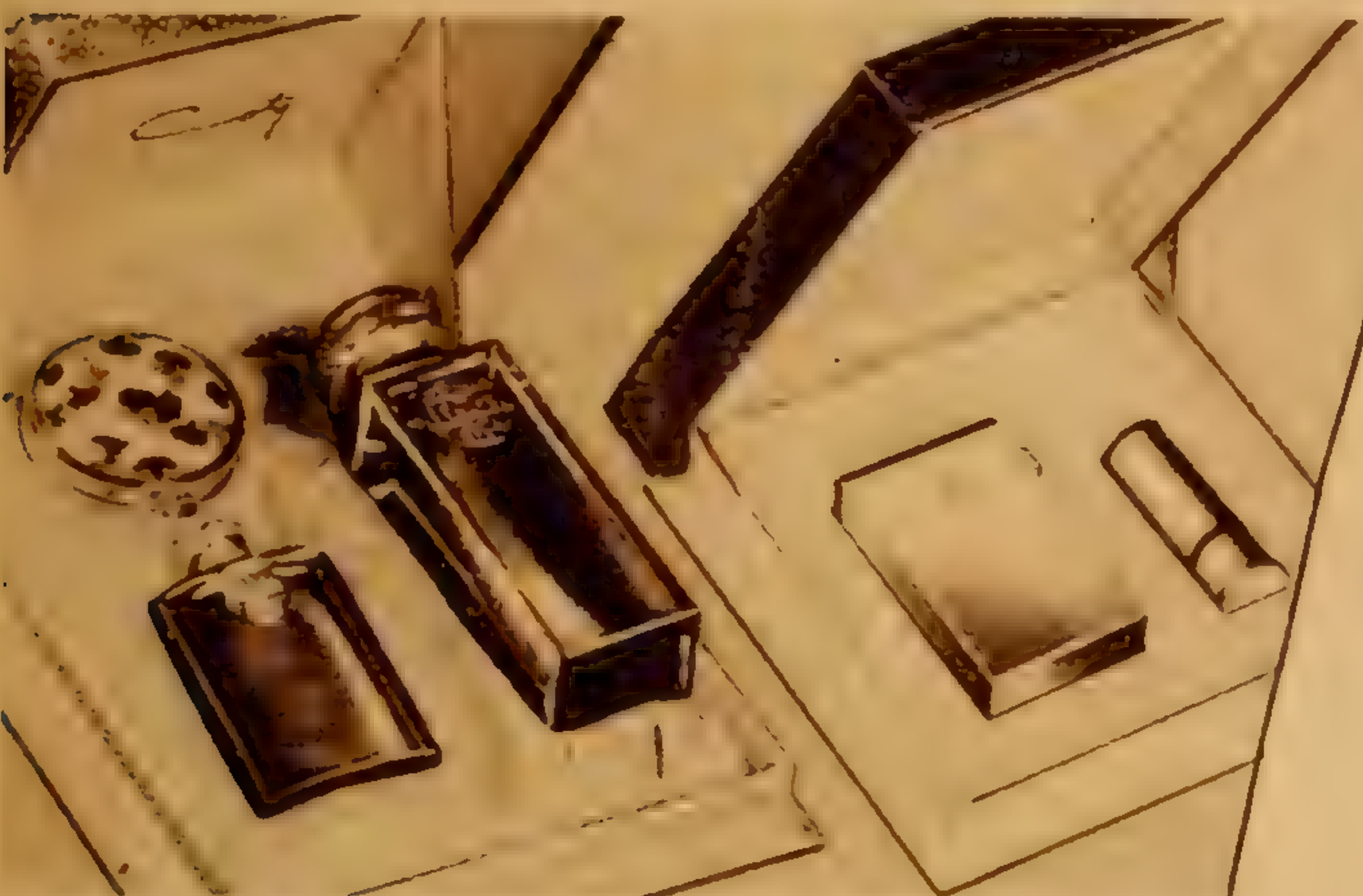
A real thrill to these party-like gifts!



Here—just-created—are Coty's Purse Size Flacons in gem-like, new bottles, and lovely gold-and-ivory toned boxes. One ounce, \$4.15; half-ounce, \$2.20; quarter-ounce, \$1.10. In favorite odeurs.



A "fragrant orchestration"—a cut crystal flacon of Essence—the Perfume of which is subtly re-echoed in the Toilet Water, Face Powder and Talc, \$10.50. Other Sets—\$3.30.



The new half-ounce flacon of Essence makes its debut with Eau de Toilette, and Coty Compact. \$6. Newly designed Purse Perfume Case and Lipstick—platinum-toned, \$2.75.



Perfumes by Coty are gifts that bring a sense of luxury and glamour; they translate grey moods into joyous hours. Ready now for gift-choosers are sparkling Essences, and beautiful Gift Sets, in which each object reflects the same lovely fragrance. Hint for your favorites, before it's too late! Choice of twenty odeurs. Above are L'Origan, \$7.70; L'Aimant, \$5.50; and "Paris", \$7.45. Others: \$1.10 to \$55.



Delicate Perfume—Sparkling Polish—for her nails! A Coty Manicure Set—in removable, enduring tray for dressing table use, \$5.50. Others from \$3.30. Travel Kits, \$3.85.

Coty

"I'm fighting this Nonsense about Sweets"

SAYS SYLVIA

Hollywood's famous slenderizing authority

Why LIFE SAVERS help you grow thin . . . and stay thin!

Not long ago I got fighting mad. A woman came to me to take off some of the "lard" she was toting around. I get \$100 a half hour for that. And I've got so many picture, stage and social celebrities to take care of, I'm pretty pressed for time.

She started to take up a lot of it arguing with me . . . imagine that! . . . when I told her she had to eat enough sugar to reduce. Another victim of that old nonsense that you have to starve yourself on sugar when you are reducing. Did I burn up!

I told you I get \$100 a half hour. Well, I'm going to tell you what I do to earn it. Give you the main points in my advice:

FIRST: Exercise sanely, preferably a two or three mile walk a day in the open air.



FRANCES DEE . . . Beautiful Paramount star, featured in "A Chance at Heaven"



SECOND: Cut out heavy, fat foods, gravies, rich sauces and liquor, *absolutely!*

THIRD: (And this is vital!) Eat enough sugar! No, that's not a misprint. I mean it exactly . . . don't starve yourself on sweets. That's the old idea. Forget it.

Don't starve yourself on sugar. It's the one food element that burns up the body fats. The fire of burning sugar in your system "melts away" the excess pounds. Fat is like fuel; sugar like flame.

The right sweet at the right time is as important as exercise, or anything else I've told you to do. Life Savers are a purposeful candy for my slenderizing program. I give them because they provide the quickly assimilated sugar energy you need, without any fat-forming extra bulk.

They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. Each Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. So I'm not just giving you a temporary taste pleasure but a lasting gratification of your craving for sugar.

*I like action . . .
let's get started!*

If you mean business . . . so do I. If you don't, don't mail this coupon. But I want to see evidence of your good faith.

If you'll show me that you are really in earnest about this weight-reducing

question, I'll make you a grand gift. I have put down in a brief booklet the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for. This booklet is not for sale. If I sold it I'd ask a pretty stiff price for it. But if you'll show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by sending me two Life Savers wrappers, I'll send you, with my compliments, this little book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

Mme Sylvia



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON:

IF YOU DON'T . . . Don't!

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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

AND what now do you suppose is the only barrier between us and the innocence that mantled Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? Those pernicious motion pictures! What, again? Yes, sure 'nough!

Well, invention is running kind of low these days, and new ideas are scarce. Maybe it's the depression, but motion pictures—my word!—why, they used to pick on them when I was little more than a child! Who said the world moves?

YET it must be true; it's all here in black and white. A woman's magazine, conducting an "investigation," has made these startling "discoveries":

Sixty-two per cent among 458 high school boys and girls admitted that they imitated the dress and mannerisms of screen stars.

Thirty-three per cent of the same group said that love techniques shown on the screen had inspired them to emulation (not always successful).

Sixty-six per cent remembered that they had dwelt in a world of fantasy; prolonged hours of day-dreaming had come to them as a result of the movies.

Twenty-two per cent had become dissatisfied with home and its limitations because of the splendors shown on the silver screen.

AND what's the answer to all that? Just this: That youth has always been, and always will be, imitative; that we can see no harm, but positive good, in being influenced by the better dress, the better grooming, the better manners that are portrayed on the screen.

That if there were no screen love-making to observe, that youth, nevertheless, would discover its own—perhaps a less romantic, less idealistic sort.

That youth always does live in a world of fantasy and that the basis of that fantasy is to be found in every poem, every novel, or in its own natural impulses.

That youth's dissatisfaction with existing conditions has always been both a problem and a blessing—that this dissatisfaction may be born in observing a more prosperous neighbor, a better dressed girl at school, in glimpsing through the windows of the limited express the luxury within.

RECALL the pre-movie days, when boys learned filthy language and filthier thinking in the cheap pool room and the low burlesque theater.

You won't find youth congregating in any such spots of moral pestilence today. They have found in motion pictures a form of entertainment that raises their imagination and their thoughts to higher levels, and discovers for them a more natural and better outlet for their emotions. Would it be possible for the detractors of motion pictures even to imagine, much less to create, as educating, as broadening a form of entertainment?

These "investigators" think they are criticizing motion pictures. Whereas, they are really criticizing life itself.

TWO big moments of the month:

Jimmy Cagney and Alice White return (separately) to the lot. Jimmy, audacious *insurrecto*, is one of the few in pictures who have walked out and walked right back again.

It usually fares hard with these rebels. Jimmy's triumphant return proves that he is recognized as star material of the first water. The producers, having weighed discipline against box-office, succumbed to the latter.

ALICE WHITE'S case is quite different. One of those saucy little minxes that delight in tearing off the tawdry robes of dignity, she refused to bow down before tinsel gods. That's treason in the kingdom of Hollywood, where few monarchs, male or feminine, ever feel quite secure on their thrones. The cry went up "Banish Alice!" And banished she was.

But her loyal subjects throughout the land clamored for her return. And so once more Alice treads the studios. Or to put it in plain low-down, Alice filled the theaters on her vaudeville tour, and the producers asked her to come home.

Just a case of dollars versus dignity, and dollars won.

PERSONALITIES still crowd them in. And stars continue in the ascendant. It would be rather difficult to imagine Garbo's losing her popularity

through appearing in even a series of poor pictures.

When Shakespeare wrote, "The play's the thing," he hadn't in mind 1932 motion pictures.

Other generations went to the theater to see Booth as *Othello*; Mansfield as *Cyrano* and Bernhardt as *Camille*.

But we go to see Garbo as *Garbo*.

Interpretations don't mean so much to us. Even George Arliss' characterizations do not impress like the man himself. And whether he plays a Hindu rajah, as in "The Green Goddess," or *Disraeli*, Arliss is pretty much himself—the same gestures, the same sly look of the eye when he delivers a telling line, the same facial expressions for similar emotional import.

A great technician, it is true, but, withal, George Arliss. And George Arliss is what we want.

AUDIENCES were not prepared for some of Clark Gable's recent rôles. They didn't come to "Strange Interlude" for a characterization of *Ned Darrell*.

They wanted to see Gable, the man. They didn't, and, therefore, were disappointed.

Jean Hersholt, Paul Muni, Gregory Ratoff give grand and unusual interpretations. The public likes them, but their popularity is not extraordinary.

Even Marie Dressler, great actress that she is, largely plays herself.

Joan Crawford's allure and dash; Janet Gaynor's semi-childish wistfulness—that's what makes them perennial favorites.

SOMETIMES an unknown star is thrust up for our approval, but unless he or she has a distinctive personality, one that can be trade-marked, the newcomer—heaven help him or her—will vanish with the velocity of a retreating comet.

You can't consistently imagine Robert Montgomery as a beggar, or Will Rogers as a *Beau Brummell*. If you can, you are living in a world of unreality.

A personality once typed must stay put. It is the edict of the public and from that there is no appeal. Not the show, but the stars must go on.

THE way the youngsters in Hollywood are picking up the torch dropped by their fathers is enough to bring a lump in any throat. There's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., who is striving in his dogged way to fill the niche left vacant by his famous sire.

And now that Tom Mix is retiring his faithful horse Tony, Tony Jr. is to follow in his dad's hoof-prints. Will good old Tony's generous pension of oats compensate him for wistful memories of many a thrilling dash after cattle thieves and other dastardly villains?

The four-footed stars must yield to the passage of time even as human screen idols must give way to the greater glamour of a younger generation.

NOT one of the winners of PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal since 1920—when that award was first made—could, by any twisting of the meaning of the word, be called a sex picture.

You may snuggle up to your boy friend in the semi-gloom of the movie theater when witnessing a love scene. But that's something else. That's romance.

SUCH a picture as "Grand Hotel" depends for its success but little upon the lure of the flesh. Its galaxy of gallant troupers do the trick. The half-dozen stars of the first magnitude, not to mention several minor ones, would almost inevitably make any film an outstanding success.

Certainly the mercenary relationship between *Preysing* (Wallace Beery) and *Flaemmchen* (Joan Crawford) would never lift this story to the heights of popularity it has attained. But the love affair between the *Baron* (John Barrymore) and *Grusinskaya* (Greta Garbo) is an interest of another sort. It represents the greatest interest of any normal human being—romance. The public takes to sex in a big way only when it is purified by idealism.

THERE was a racing story waiting to be made when Wally Reid died. And that picture was never made. But now, after these years, they have found someone who can do it. His name is William Wallace Reid. Wally's son, now a young man in his teens.

And to add to the drama of this situation, the director is Jerome Storm, who was a big director when Wally was at the height of his career. Storm dropped to the status of an extra and then a doorman on one of the studio sound stages. Now another chance comes for him.

Real life drama, isn't it?

BUSY Hollywood has solved another problem. They will let their children uphold the social obligations of the family. While the mothers and fathers make the money, the little sons and daughters can spend it.

There's an absolute epidemic of youngsters' parties.

Helen Hayes complains because neither she nor hubby Charlie MacArthur can have the big limousine. Their child always has it—and the chauffeur, too.

Incidentally, these young folks are setting the fashions. Each one must outdo the other. Mama Hayes, for example, keeps her youngster gowned in the mode of the gay nineties. Lace mits (real lace, of course!), smocked gowns and bonnets. Yes, bonnets!

But here's the most interesting part of the story. Who would have believed it? In the old Hollywood, they hid their children for fear someone would learn they had them. Today, they promote them to social ambassadors for the family.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



HARD work behind the camera! Strained concentration on the part of Director Ernst L. Frank (left) and crew as they bring the lens to bear on Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas for this difficult angle shot. It's for Universal's South African picture "Nagana," which marks Tala's initial appearance in a star rôle

Why Clark Gable Says



There's a glowering look in Clark Gable's eye as though within his heart he dissents from the easy-going self the studios see

*By Ruth
Biery*

I HAVE been in the show business for twelve years. They have known me in Hollywood but two. Yet, as picture making goes, two years is a measurably long time. Nevertheless, my advice has never been asked about a part in a picture. I have never been consulted as to what I would like to play." And smilingly Clark Gable added, "I am paid not to think."

This is a bit reminiscent of a squabble Ina Claire had with Sam Goldwyn. Ina had proffered suggestions while working on "The Greeks Had a Word For Them." As a producer herself of plays, she felt that she knew something about the show business. Her ideas came to Goldwyn's attention. He sent for her and said, "To let actors think is too expensive."

I reminded Clark of this Goldwyn-Claire controversy, and he smiled. "That's right," he said, "I am not even thinking about my screen future."

And yet Clark is not one of those lads who make a success in a few pictures and then believe they know more about the business than those who have been producing pictures for years; who try to tell the studios what to do and how to do it.

No, Clark has never done that. When he chose to express himself, he has done it in a more practical way. Money. When his name became famous, he did ask for a raise, but he went about the matter quietly and with dignity.

He knew that screen fame is usually short-lived. It could last only so long as he might have the proper parts, and he knew he might not be given them. He was, therefore, determined to secure as big a stake for his future as possible. He demanded more money than the starting salary on which he had been signed. He demanded it just after he had begun work on "Polly of the Circus." The psychological moment! They couldn't finish the picture without him.

To demand more money was but to demand protection for the future—a protection to which every man who works is entitled.

When I asked him why he doesn't volunteer suggestions for plays which he would like to do, he answered, "I just work here. I try to work well and hard."

"But if you have good ideas, Clark—"

He interrupted. "I haven't any more to lose than they have. After all, they have an investment in me. They've spent money on me. It's my business to work; not to think. I do my work without talking."

Yet Clark knows what "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude" have done for him. He knows he was close to the summit when "Possessed" was released. And he knows that those first two—to which he was photographically unfitted—gave him a push backwards from which it may take time and exceptionally well-suited pictures to recover.

HE also understands, as few do, the secret of picture success. He knows that he might have done "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude" on the stage and gotten away with them. His twelve years of study and experience have made him a versatile actor—on the stage. But the stage is not the screen.

To know Clark Gable in person is to know a swarthy-complexioned, quiet person who says what he has to say in terse sentences and an "I-am-always-myself" manner. A frequent twinkle in the eyes; a rapid flash of dimples indicates a well-controlled sense of humor. A likable chap who recalls dozens somewhat-like-him whom you have known on the college campus.

There is no more suggestion of the gangster or "I-always-get-my-woman" type than there was about those others.

"I Am Paid Not to Think"

But Clark Gable on the screen! Ah! The camera plays queer tricks with us.

It plays queer tricks with so many. It types its subjects, whether they wish to be typed or not. It classified Janet Gaynor so she can never be anything but wistful and adolescently appealing—no matter how tempted she is, personally, to seek sophistication. It has typed Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo. They are sirens and must remain such if they are to continue successful. The camera has so dictated.

You may be as versatile as a Dusé or a Laurence Barrett on the stage, but in pictures you are only as versatile as the camera allows you to be. You may be absolutely colorless as a person, but when you flash on that screen, you may radiate an individuality so powerful that you bless the camera.

Clark Gable fully appreciates what the camera does to him. It metamorphoses him from a sensible, independent young man, who is not so different from hundreds of others, into the modern feminine version of a cave man. In "Night Nurse" he played a despicable character, one whom he would hate in real life. But the camera made him desirable to women, even though despicable.

In "Possessed," his favorite picture, it made him a well-dressed, cultured fellow, but one who still slapped down his women.

In "A Free Soul"—hardboiled, "I-take-what-I-want-when-I-want-it."

EACH of these pictures told a story which bent to the will of the camera, and allowed him parts for which he was camera-fitted.

But "Laughing Sinners," "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude"! A salvation army boy in the first. Clark replaced Johnny Mack Brown in that picture. They put the screen personality of Clark Gable into a part intended for the screen personality of Johnny.

Somebody besides Clark wasn't thinking.

He takes the rôles they hand him without so much as a shrug of the shoulder, but what effect have these parts on his screen career?

"Strange Interlude." I blamed the make-up of Clark as an old man for much of the censure awarded that production. Clark doesn't. He tells me that they took eighteen tests for that make-up. Tests average a cost of two hundred dollars apiece.

Metro expended thirty-six hundred dollars in an earnest effort to make Clark look a believable old man. It couldn't be done

because the camera wouldn't allow it.

Clark plays old men convincingly upon the stage. The demon camera simply stuck its tongue in its cheek and said, "I've showed you what Clark Gable can do on the screen. Go ahead and ruin him if you wish. I won't budge an inch. He's not to play old men any more than ministers."

PERHAPS there are ministers such as Clark played with Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." But they are exceptions and the public does not accept exceptions in its screen entertainment. All the way through that picture, I felt like rushing to the screen, grabbing the clerical collar, which was throttling Clark's neck, and screaming, "Be yourself! Go and get her!" Judging from the letters received, many other women had the same inclination.

Clark knows the reason he had to play in these pictures even though he won't tell you or me about it. He only smiles, as you imagine the sphinx would smile, when you say: "They had to pass you around among the big feminine stars so each one would have you, didn't they, Clark?"

Leading men are the most difficult problem for women stars. Somehow, they are scarcer in Hollywood than honest politicians in Washington. A good leading man, like Robert Montgomery, is discovered, plays a few rôles and is then made a star. It is only natural that feminine stars pounce upon a new man like Clark, especially when he is already well-started toward becoming a sensation.

Joan Crawford and Connie Bennett had him first as their leads. Then Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." Then Joan insisted that he be given to her for [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Stagg

A few more such rôles as he played in "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude" may retire Clark permanently to the quiet reflections of his own fireside. But in "Red Dust," with Jean Harlow, he is once more the same masterful personality that won him feminine admiration and screen glory in "Possessed"



She filled her beautiful mouth with pebbles and talked. Thus Gwili Andre won her lovely voice

They Leaped



THE lights flare up. The picture is over. And little Mamie Jones trudges off to her third floor room with a sigh. "Oh, to be one of those glamorous movie stars. Gorgeous creatures without a defect in a car load. They all must have been born perfect," she grumbles.

But don't kid your little red-headed, freckle-faced self, dear. Little Connie Lovely up there on that screen tonight has had heartaches and obstacles to overcome that would make your troubles look like a buttercup in a circus fatman's button hole.

Born perfect, indeed! No troubles! No obstacles to overcome! Mamie, my child, don't believe it. Let's run down the list of some of those stars who are very pleasing to the eye.

Take Constance Cummings, now. She was brought to Hollywood from a rather mild but promising spot on the New York stage. Sam Goldwyn had seen her and believed she had promise, so she was engaged to play opposite Ronald Colman.

But Connie was uneasy. Something, somewhere, was wrong. She was conscious, for one thing, of the thick but lovely accents all about her, while she twanged away with a good old Middle West twang. Her clothes seemed to bring out rather than conceal all her bad points. Her broad shoulders, in particular, were her despair.

BUT she worked like a dog. And was thrilled to the core with her big chance.

Then one night rehearsal was called for eight. The actors sat waiting. Nine o'clock came and then ten. At eleven o'clock the director arrived.

"No rehearsal," he snapped. The next morning, they told her. They had been looking at rushes the night before and, no use, Connie wouldn't do at all. She was out.

'Member, Mamie, the time you



"Tough" rôles were ruining her acting. Now Wynne Gibson is conquering that

A typist who dreamed of being a screen star, yet Dorothy Wilson was terribly awkward. But see her today in "The Age of Consent!"

dreamed and dreamed of the day when you'd move up from the tinware counter to the ladies' step-ins department? And then you got it? Oh, dear God, how happy you were? The ladies' step-ins, at last! And all the girls turned bilious with envy? And then that very afternoon the blonde friend of the floorwalker, who knew all about step-ins from A to Z, was given your place and you went back to the tinware? How crushed and wretched you were, Mamie?

Well, that's how Connie Cummings felt. Only Connie didn't have any tinware to go back to. And while only the few in the Bon Ton Emporium knew about your disappointment, all Hollywood knew about Connie's failure.

She felt like crawling out of the place on her hands and knees.

The Hurdles

Eight plucky girls who refused to let themselves be disqualified in fortune's grueling contest

By Sara Hamilton



And silk-finished, appealing Dorothy Jordan once was lacking in style or allure. Yes, it's a fact!



They took her out of her first film, yet Constance Cummings made good

But she didn't. No, she didn't. She stayed. And decided she'd be good enough for Hollywood. And movies. You see, Connie felt they were right about her. Absolutely.

So she did things. She practiced putting on make-up. She gathered poise just as you gather berries in Uncle Casper's field. It was hard work but she stuck to it. Also she learned not to look like a wooden Indian with the quinsy when the hero breaks down and reveals his burning passion. She knows now how a lady with a burning passion person on her hands really looks.

BY sneaking into projection rooms and watching herself she also made the discovery that she had to exaggerate her scenes in order to make them look more natural on the screen. She has that kind of face. Moreover, she learned to let herself go in certain scenes. We watched her in a scene with George Raft in "Night After Night" and realized, with a start, that Connie Cummings could no more have played that scene a year ago than Aunt Hattie. Even when Auntie's kittenish.

So out of a plain piece of material, pre-shrunk, Connie Cummings alone fashioned this splendid and sought-after young

actress. Under long term contract to Columbia. Playing in three pictures at once. And then just a year or so later, Connie returned to the scene of her first failure. United Artists had brought her back to play with Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy." Borrowed now by Paramount. Sought after.

So you see, Mamie, there's one young movie actress that had obstacles to overcome. And plenty of them, too. Let's look at others.

THE world literally gasps at the dry ice beauty of Jean Harlow. That lovely, seductive figure. Wouldn't you trade two Coney Island dates with Jimmy for a "figger" like that, Mamie? Just wouldn't anybody, though?

But Jean Harlow didn't always have that figure, Mamie. Not always I'm going to tell you something that's never been told before. Jean Harlow was once a wretched little cripple. Couldn't walk. Spinal meningitis, Mamie. It

broke her beautiful little body. And her heart, almost. For even as a child she knew the value of beauty.

But Jean determined to do something. To fight. She exercised when it was agony to move. Kept at it and at it. Never growing discouraged. Never giving up. Doing everything they asked her to do. And she did it, didn't she?

Maureen O'Sullivan had never known want, the need to economize or save. Maureen was in pretty happy circumstances over in Dublin, Ireland, when a movie director offered her a job in Hollywood. And Maureen took it just for a lark. And a change. So that's the way she came to Hollywood—and movies. And was in the velvet. Her very first picture with John McCormack, great Irish tenor, was a big success and rated an opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater, with lights and glamour everywhere. Life was an ermine-lined cinch to Maureen.

And then she went on with Fox [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



A TRIUMPH of artistic skill is this set designed by Harry Oliver, for "Tess of the Storm Country." It is so faithfully a replica of a fishermen's colony on the Maine coast that you can almost smell the salty sea breezes. Everything is here, from moss-covered rocks and barnacles to authentic fishermen's dories



Photo by Stagg

"TESS" is going to be one of those Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell dramas that have made them the most famous co-players on the screen. They have done ten pictures together now and not a flop among them. Director Alfred Santell, at the railing, is giving instructions before the cameras grind

They Hope to Stay Married

And the odds are ten to one that the wish of their hearts will be fulfilled

A happy Hollywood couple who have no professional rows or jealousies. "Business is business, and marriage is marriage," say Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna



By
Kay
Roberts

I RAN into Kenneth MacKenna the other day and commenced talking about his wife's picture. He naively asked, "What picture?"

"Mercy, man! What do you mean? *What* picture! Your wife's!"

"I mean—I did read the name, but I've forgotten it."

"You read the name of Kay Francis MacKenna's picture—Then that means—So you and Kay are—that is, I mean you and she—Gee, that's too bad! Glad to have seen you—"

I edged away. I just had time to reach the telegraph office to make the last moment news for the PHOTOPLAY which was going to press. What a story! Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna separated!

"Hey, wait a moment. Don't be in such a hurry. I hadn't meant to let the cat out of the bag, but since I've started I'd better finish. You might even get the idea that Kay and I aren't happy. The reason I don't know about Kay's picture is because we never discuss each other's work. She never says what she's doing or tells what happened during the day. Neither do I. I'd be the last person to know about Kay, professionally." He stressed the last word slightly.

LUCKY it wasn't the fly season. My mouth was too wide open. I'd thought I had a scoop when it sounded like separation. But separations, after all, are common while if this fantastic-sounding yarn was gospel, it was the only one of the kind in the city! My reporter's cynical nose sniffed suspicion. It just couldn't be! But if it were!

I recalled all the couples I knew in Hollywood; all the parties I had attended. I had never been to the most intimate or to the most heterogeneous "crush" where the con-

versation had not been pictures—pictures—pictures. Pictures had always, as a matter of course, been dished with the soup and the dessert—even into the early morning.

One common subject! It becomes thread-worn. It is patched. Again, it is thread-worn. You can patch only so long. The entire fabric decays at last. I have feared that Hollywood couples have believed marriage to be frazzled when in reality there was merely one thread of conversation between them. I have thought that they mistook the one thread for the entire fabric! Evidently that is the way Kay and

Kenneth figured—although they made no agreement to eliminate this weak thread before they married. But they did make two compacts akin to the subject.

THEY do not believe in pre-nuptial promises as a rule.

They are too easily broken.

The two they made were:

1. Neither was to ask the other to attend a Hollywood opening no matter what the picture or who the star. 2. Neither was to make a social engagement without first consulting the other.

That's what they told me when I called on them to learn more about the secret of their happiness.

The first unconsciously exposed their mutual attitude toward Hollywood as a marriage bond. "Openings are ballyhoo; definite exploitation stunts for picture people to be seen. We believe in other forms of advertisement; Kay had hers—"

Kay interrupted Kenneth. "When we go out together we do so to have fun. I don't like to be grabbed or yanked around by crowds or packed into a lobby like the proverbial sardine so that I can't even [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



The home in Beverly Hills where Kay and Kenneth live, love, squabble and "make up," just like the folks back in Minneapolis or Pleasant Valley

By
Susan
Mason

She wasn't needed
in pictures 'twas
thought, but the
amazing reception
Alice White re-
ceived in vaudeville
proved otherwise



"Alice, Please Come Home"

ALICE WHITE is back—back in the movies. And you, her loyal supporters, who have demanded to see her again on the screen, are alone responsible for her return. That just shows you what loyalty, backed by loud, clinking clamor will do. For, little Alice oozed right out of the picture before you were ready for her to vanish. One day, there she was. Monkey-shining around on the screen. The next day, she wasn't.

Presently her fans began peering behind Mickey Mouse comedies and Fôx news-reels and wanting to know where Alice White was.

"Oh, lookee," the producers would say, "here's a cute little number. Now you should forget Alice and like Mamie. See how cute is Mamie."

"I don't want Mamie. I want Alice," you obstinately persisted. But the producers weren't convinced.

Then Alice decided to make a personal appearance tour. And Hollywood snickered and said, "Well, another has-been takes to the road. Now we'll see how loyal all these Alice White enthusiasts are. Now we'll see."

They looked. They saw. They gasped!

For little Alice wowed them right out of their seats. She put on an act that required talent and ability, she worked like a little spaniel, and she clicked. As a matter of fact, the sound of the clicking could be heard clear to Hollywood.

In Washington, D. C., they opened on a Saturday. It was raining hard. But just the same, at eleven o'clock in the morning, one thousand people stood in line with the rain in

their necks, to see Alice White. In Baltimore, next to Jean Harlow, Alice White drew larger audiences than any other motion picture star who ever played that city. Boy, she wowed them!

Thousands of letters poured into the theaters where she played, each week. And each week she gave a radio broadcast, answering the questions, or as many of them as she could, that had come in.

"And they always wanted to know," Alice said, "when Clara Bow was coming back and whether Jean Harlow's hair was natural."

But what she didn't tell was that over three-fourths of the letters asked the same old question, "Alice, when are you going back to the movies?"

SHE made friends wherever she went. For instance, in Baltimore, there was Mickey Riley. Just nine, Mickey was, with red hair and a face full of freckles. He owned a strange and mangy animal that, upon close examination, turned out to be a dog, and Alice found them both in the alley back of the theater, Mickey puffing away at a cigarette. They became friends to the extent that Mickey even made passes at his neck and ears with a few drops of water.

They had long talks in her dressing-room between acts and the result was Mickey gave up the cigarettes. He went with her to the station, he and his dog, when she left. And stood there on the platform, a forlorn little figure from the wrong side of the tracks, wiping his nose [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Cal York

Announcing-

How many new Clara Bows are there, anyway? She looks different in every one of her latest photographs. Clara is here chic and self-assured, revealing still another interesting personality in a scene from "Call Her Savage"

wouldn't romp and play. Clara tweaked his ear to encourage him. And the Dane snapped, grabbed her arm and broke the skin in eleven places.

FROM London comes the report that Gloria Swanson is none too happy with her Paris play-boy husband, Michael Farmer. It can't be possible that she is considering another divorce. And yet they say—

"ONE tiger—vegetarian, if possible, because he has to work with Hersholt," was the requisition sent to the property department at M-G-M for "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

"Just change that," said Jean. "Make it read 'Must be a vegetarian.'"

THAT battle between Clara Bow and Thelma Todd in "Call Her Savage." Well, it wasn't publicity, boys and girls. It was the goods.

The low-down is, that fight scene was Thelma's only possible chance to steal a scene from the red-head. If she made it a *real* fight—

A grab for Clara's hair. A fistful of red tresses.

Clara screeched and got a handful of blonde in return. Each woman getting madder and madder.

According to the script, Monroe Owsley was supposed to separate them. But Monroe was paralyzed by the intensity of the storm, weaving before and around him. Or perhaps he was afraid that his hair might go the way of all hair.

Thelma ended it. She raised one knee and landed it convincingly in Clara's mid-region. Clara slumped to the ground. Out.

It was a long count before stunned director and helpers could jump to carry her to her "corner."

"DID you get it?" the director screamed at the cameraman.

The latter gulped and nodded. He had been too stunned, himself, to turn off the camera motors.

In "Call Her Savage" you'll see the most real feminine fight ever screened, for they assert they are going to leave in every inch of it.

In the old days, only fate could have saved Thelma Todd. But this time Clara said, "Forget it. Let's finish the picture."

But Thelma won't steal any more scenes from her. Clara's poise hasn't made her "easy."

AT least Clara's had plenty of excitement in her return to pictures!

First, a battle with a snake on location.

Then, the battle with Thelma Todd.

And just before we go to print, the scene with the Great Dane. The two were supposed to romp and play together. But the Dane

WELL, we'll just wager you our first Christmas present against your last one that Connie Bennett wishes she'd let Gloria Swanson make "Rockabye." Gloria said it



Across the waters in dear old England, Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, are working together in the picture, "Perfect Understanding." It's one of those British society dramas

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

was the best screen story ever written—she'd rather make it than any she ever heard of. She sold it to Radio Pictures with the understanding she was to make it. She left—it was handed to Connie.

You know about the rivalry between Connie and Gloria. It's not a far stretch of imagination to picture how tickled Connie was to get a chance to make Gloria's pet story. That is—at first. After the picture was previewed recently it was decided to remake it.

George Fitzmaurice, who directed the first effort, withdrew and George Cukor, who made Connie's biggest hit, "What Price Hollywood," did the new one. Phillips Holmes, leading man, had a picture to do at Fox so he wasn't available for the second siege. Joel McCrea replaced him.

There's little doubt that director Fitzmaurice and actor Phil were glad of an excuse to escape it.

THAT little girl Paulette Goddard is certainly keeping the rumors buzzing around her fair head. There are two cliques of rumorists—one that says she has married

And who are these two prim school-ma'ams out for an airing? Why, none other than the famous Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, snapped on the boulevards of gay Paree. Well, we've come quite a long way since "The Birth of a Nation"

Charlie Chaplin and the others that say she has not, and isn't going to, but that Craney Gartz, wealthy resident of Pasadena, will be the lucky fellow.

To add to the confusion, some of her friends claim she has confided to them that it is Charlie, while others equally intimate, insist

'tis the other way about. At any rate, when Chaplin started her on her airplane journey Eastward, he gave her a kiss that was heard 'round the world.

Since Paulette returned, she and Charlie have been together more frequently than ever. She spends much of the time with an intimate little group at his home or attending the theater and various sports affairs with him.

So whichever way things stand, you can't complain we haven't prepared you.

WHEN "Red Dust," Jean Harlow's first film since the tragic death of her husband, Paul Bern, was recently previewed, just before it was flashed upon the screen, Jean stole quietly in wearing huge dark glasses and with the collar of her coat turned up about her chin. It was her first public appearance since the tragedy and she was frankly nervous and fearful of the public's reaction to her picture. She sat in a dark corner in the back row, stiff and straight on the edge of her chair.

And then the story began and from the first, that audience was with her. Applauding her first scene and showing its interest and sympathy through every reel.

Jean relaxed and sat back with a relieved sigh. It was something she had dreaded for weeks. And now another ordeal in this young woman's life had been successfully passed.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has another story ready for her, and Jean is glad of it. She wants to work, for that is the only way she can forget.

That sixty-thousand-dollar home, which Paul Bern built and gave to her upon their wedding eve, is unoccupied and may be sold.



Keystone



But what have we here? Can that be Gloria Swanson? Yes, you are right, it is. What a change! A honeymoon photo with her first husband, Wallace Beery. Farmer is her fourth, you know!



That grand old trouper, Marie Dressler, on the way to the set, escorted by her faithful maid. She has about recovered from her recent illness and worked hard on her latest release, "Prosperity," whose funny rôles she shares with pal Polly Moran



Wide World

Tom Gallery doesn't seem discouraged by that divorce from ZaSu Pitts. He's looking pleased to have Madge Evans by his side. Rumor says there's romance in the air

GEORGE BRENT, that erstwhile nice Irish lad who's married to Ruth Chatterton, constantly ignores the publicity department's requests. Has his marriage gone to his head? And if so, we wonder why. And isn't it a pity?

THE Ethel Barrymore wit is hitting on all twelve these days. A visitor remarked to a studio official: "Pardon me, but you're a supervisor, aren't you?" Whereupon Ethel commented, "Don't they smile when they call them that?"

JANET GAYNOR has gone Garbo—even though the public won't let her play rôles of sophistication.

And now—the company stops at five o'clock sharp. No matter what's going on, little Miss Gaynor walks away on the dot.

Okay, Janet—you're making more at the box-office than Garbo.

JANET is so big, dramatically speaking, that they had a tough time getting a leading man for her in "Tess of the Storm Country." The boy's part isn't very big. Not much chance for individual honors.

Lew Ayres was first choice. He demurred and Universal did not lend him. Alexander Kirkland was second. He also demurred. He was under contract to Fox and told to take his twelve week lay-off at once as chastisement. Actors are supposed to take what they are given, you know.

Then Joel McCrea. But he didn't like the idea of being second fiddle, either.

Charlie Farrell up and volunteered. He'd like to play with Janet in anything. He didn't care how big or small the part was. And since the public was begging for Charlie and Janet to play together, anyway—

HOLLYWOOD doesn't expect Greta Garbo back until after the first of the year. Manager Harry Edington is ill in the hospital, but we understand he plans to leave for Sweden soon after he recovers, to fetch his famous protégé.

They're keeping the Garbo dressing-room dusted each day at Metro, ready for an any-moment surprise appearance of this always-surprising woman. And her name appears each month on Metro's star list.

And every new story is looked over as a "Garbo possibility."



Just a kind old lady who trusts everybody. Now stand by for a shock. This is Clive Brook, disguised as that immortal detective, Sherlock Holmes

WITH Al Jolson saying she won't and George Jessel saying she will, Norma Talmadge's friends are wondering if she really will return to the screen in "Wonderbar."

Jessel insists he has the screen rights to the piece and Jolson says he hasn't.

The feud between Jessel and Jolson, if it could be called a feud, dates from, "The Jazz Singer."

That was Jessel's outstanding stage hit, but when Warners planned to make it into a picture, he demanded so much money that Jolson was put in the rôle as a sort of second choice.

WHILE Director Michael Curtiz was working his company for "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" twenty nights out of twenty-four, John Barrymore attended a dance marathon at Santa Monica. The manager rushed up and asked him if he would have his photograph taken with one of two remaining couples.

"Certainly!" Jack was gracious.

The manager dragged the weary couple to Jack. They were nearly asleep on each other's shoulders. Jack shuddered. "Say, have you folks been working with Curtiz?"

GARY COOPER asked the powers-that-be for permission to go to New York and the very next morning these powers read in their morning papers that Gary had left by airplane with the Countess di Frasso and Mary Pickford. Of course, retakes for "A Farewell to Arms" were supposed to be over, but the picture hadn't been previewed yet and there might be changes needed. Well, the ladies are as important as health. And Mary and the Countess wanted to get going.



A débutante and her escort. Shirley Temple is the lady, and Eugene Butler the young man in the case. They are playing in the Educational comedy, "Glad Rags to Riches"



A pair whose voices and sheer nonsense have won a big place in the hearts of all radio listeners—George Burns and Gracie Allen. They've made personal appearances, but everybody can see them now in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast"

TAP, TAP, TAP. That very refined tapping from a certain Hollywood studio these days is just the terribly ultra Constance Bennett learning to tap dance.

FOGS and rain descended on "The Kid From Spain" set when the bull fight was only half completed. And the overhead was mounting.

Sam Goldwyn walked down to the set to talk it over with Eddie Cantor and Director Leo McCarey.

"It's terrible," Sam groaned. "This thing is costing too much. Something will have to be done. I'm worried sick."

"You do look a bit drawn," Eddie sympathized.

"Drawn?" the Irish director said. "Why, Sam, you actually look over-drawn."

And even Goldwyn laughed.

POOOR Virginia Bruce had a tough honeymoon.

She was working in "Kongo." And if you ever saw a *dirty* picture, it was that. Taken in mud. Even the interior shots were largely in huts with dirt floors.

Virginia's hair was stringy. Her nails were uncut.

She went to Director Bill Cowan with tears in her eyes.

"Can't I have a shampoo and a facial and manicure just for the week-end?"

"Absolutely not. You might not get the dirt back in the same proportions."

"But I want to go out with Jack—"

As new-hubby Jack Gilbert is noted for wanting his women fastidiously groomed, no wonder the bride decided to give up her career and spend all her time being a little home body.

THE romance between Toby Wing and Jack Oakie is still flaming.

And the Loretta Young-Louis Calhern affair is really looking serious.

Lyda Roberti, the Polish hot-cha, won't be bothered with beaux. Lyda goes everywhere alone. Lives alone travels alone and sits off in corners alone.

And Lyda did it before Garbo ever thought of it, we're told.

But Billie Dove doesn't go solo if Phillips Holmes can help it.

Yep, it's a new romance.



Eugene Robert Richee

Beware, men — the "panther woman"! Kathleen Burke is the winner out of sixty thousand girls in Paramount's nation-wide contest for the coveted rôle

HOLLYWOOD'S best story of the month:

Joan Bennett arrived late at Winfield R. Sheehan's birthday party for Janet Gaynor. In the last-moment rush, Joan had forgotten her glasses.

Near-sighted, you know.

Gene Markey led her by the hand around the buffet supper tables. Joan started ahead with her plate. She ran into an extra chair, and sat down.

The roomful of already-eating people gasped. Some audibly.

Joan had taken a seat next to her ex-fiancee, John Considine, Jr. Then she couldn't very well leave.

And if Joan had planned it, she couldn't very well have devised a better stunt to take the limelight from Janet.

All eyes were focused upon Joan's table from that moment.

EDDIE CANTOR has a daughter, aged six. One evening when he returned from work at the studio he found her busy over an original drawing.

"What are you drawing?" Eddie asked.

"A picture of the funniest comedian, daddy. You see," holding up the picture, "he has your eyes, Jimmy Durante's nose and Joe E. Brown's mouth."

JUST a few of George Raft's girl friends: Virginia Cherrill, Billie Dove, Shirley Grey, Constance Cummings.

He went down to see Connie off when she left for New York; he took Shirley out the next night and he says Billie Dove is one of the loveliest creatures he's ever seen.

Again, place your own bet.

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HOLLYWOOD'S

New Champion Best Dresser

"MY one ambition is clothes!"

Of course, you'd anticipate that a woman made that statement. Lilyan Tashman, Connie Bennett, Marlene Dietrich.

But no! Not one would admit it. They'd claim that such an admission would make them look frivolous to their "public." And maybe they'd be right.

Remember the furor Constance Bennett caused about that story printed entitled "I Spend \$250,000 a Year On Clothes"? She branded it as ridiculous, as, of course, it was.

"My one ambition is clothes."

No! No woman—at least no woman in Hollywood—would have ventured such a frank declaration. It took one of our most virile and popular actors to be so daringly frank. George Raft is the culprit, and he confesses his weakness without any shame.

You saw him in "Scarface." You know, even if you have seen him but once, his dominant masculinity. You know that inflexible power which lurks behind his suave exterior. You know the impression he instinctively inspires: "I could draw a gun as casually as I would swallow a glass of water."

But what you could not guess was that clothes, *mere clothes*, have been the inspiration of his life; the inspiration of his career.

His passion for clothes makes him buy a new suit every week.

He never wears a suit without having it freshly pressed.

His shoes are shined each time he removes them.

His ties are pressed after each tying.

Every suit, every shirt is tailored to his individual taste.

He never leaves his room without a collar and tie. He would no more rush to a fire (and he is mad about rushing to fires!) without his collar and tie than he would without his trousers.

If clothes, in this instance, don't make the man, they surely do make the man happy!

By
Evaline
Lieber

George's passion for clothes carried him from the New York Tenderloin district, to the boxing ring, to the cabaret floor, to the vaudeville stage, and—to pictures.

Ambition, some one outstanding ambition—most of us have it.

The desire for fame. I should guess that this was the motivating power behind Norma Shearer and Karen Morley.

The longing to help others. Marion Davies was originally forced into work only through a desire to be able to buy an automobile for her mother so she could travel as did other mothers.

A hunger for applause—craving to have the crowd recognize you. Lupe Velez and, undoubtedly, Tallulah Bankhead, come under this heading.

And clothes were the spark that kindled the flame of success for George Raft.

Perhaps he inherited this from his mother. She was so meticulously neat. An Italian, George's grandfather objected to his son's union with her. "I will throw you out if—" Not entirely a new threat from an indignant and unreasonable father.

AND George's grandfather meant it—as is the habit of German men who make definite statements. He was something of a personality himself—a power in the entertainment world. He initiated a new method of fun in the same district in which Joseph Schenck was experimenting. He had brought the first merry-go-round to America. Should his son marry an unknown Italian girl? No!

But his son had inherited the independence of the father. He married the dainty, joyful, dancing, singing Italian beauty.

The grandfather refused the son aid; the son had no trade. The family—to which George was soon added—lived as best they could in what is commonly known as New York's Tenderloin district.

The word brings a definite picture before you. Poverty. Tough little lads fighting not only each other but for each other. A fierce battle for existence.

There was one outstanding characteristic which particularly differentiated George from his Tenderloin

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Lil Tashman's sartorial rival. George Raft couldn't think of shooting a man on the screen unless his suit were perfectly modeled and his cravat arranged just so



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is the girl who plays opposite George Raft in "Night After Night"—as well tailored to the rôle as George's suits to the man. (Read about that in the story across the page.) Constance has been climbing rapidly and so very surely, as you know if you've seen "Movie Crazy" and "Washington Merry-Go-Round"



Ernest A. Bachrach

"I DIDN'T get as good a break in my first big picture, 'Rain,' as you did in 'A Bill of Divorcement,' Katie," says William Gargan to Katharine Hepburn, on the opposite page. "But just watch me in that fat part in 'Animal Kingdom'—the same rôle I had in the stage play with Leslie Howard. Gee, girl, how folks rave about your performance!"



Ernest A. Bachrach

THIS is the actress whose first film, "A Bill of Divorcement," surprised even her own studio. Executives knew it was good, but were unprepared for the ovation her work received. She left for a European vacation and the wires hummed to bring her back for "Three Came Unarmed," opposite Joel McCrea. Watch this Katharine Hepburn!



Foreman

HE'S back—rebellious Jimmy, who for a few mad months wanted to play a doctor rôle for life. He's come up smiling, glad he's starring in a new Warner picture, first called "Bad Boy" (the obvious title for a Cagney film!) but probably subject to the usual title changes. Anyhow, he promises to be a good boy now, except in picture rôles



"More money, or I won't play," said Jimmy. But Jimmy cooled down while the producers warmed up. And so he has a new contract and everything is again okay. A scene from his last film before he walked out—"Winner Take All"—with Virginia Bruce (Mrs. John Gilbert)

Red-Headed Rebel

ANOTHER Hollywood Bolshevik has been converted! James Cagney has turned from a militant, red-headed, fiery-tongued *red* to a goose-stepping, silent-tongued, obedient soldier.

Not long ago he was telling anyone within hearing distance what he thought of the inequality meted out by producers. He was going to quit movies and become a physician!

Today, he says, "I'm satisfied. I think it's better to let the whole thing rest. It's all very well to make trouble for a while, but you can't go on making trouble indefinitely."

You'd have to know Jimmy Cagney—the truculent, irreconcilable, Irish Jimmy—to understand how funny that statement sounds coming from lips that have never before consented to drop any subject.

On the surface, it looks like another victory for the Hollywood producers.

After a session lasting from nine in the evening until three in the morning—six hours without interruption—Cagney and his cohorts and Producer Jack Warner and his advisers left the rooms of the Motion Picture Academy with their arms around each others' shoulders. There was much back-slapping.

There still is!

Jimmy's a great boy. Just ask any one at Warners.

And Warners are the original brotherly-love organization. Just ask Jimmy.

And this after six months of one of the bitterest battles ever fought between artist and producer.

But the low-down? Ah! There's an interesting and yet not really uncommon Hollywood story.

Jimmy Cagney allows it to look as though the producers were victors. Yet, in reality, Jimmy won that for which he was fighting. *Money.*

But Jimmy won at a price. He was getting twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week when he left Warners with this ultimatum: *Thirty-five hundred a week or no more pictures.*

In six months, his contract called for seventeen hundred and fifty weekly. The six months elapsed, with Jimmy on strike. Now he's back at work and is getting seventeen hundred fifty weekly.

But he was out of work for six months without pay. So

figure that out. Which looks like a Cagney defeat. But—there's to be a bonus, 'tis said. The difference between the seventeen hundred and fifty and the thirty-five hundred, when six months is finished. *If—*

And here's the big joker, if rumors are true. Jimmy gets that bonus only *if* he's a good little boy and gives his producers and directors and various other bosses, like supervisors, no cause for worry.

He's to appreciate the fact that silence is golden. He's not to talk to reporters who delight in writing

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

The war is over, the peace treaty's signed and Jimmy Cagney is once more on the Warner lot

By Cal York

Their Real Rôles were Tragedy



Mabel Normand and Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in a Mack Sennett comedy of some twenty years ago. Then their lives were as care-free as the simple, unsophisticated rôles they played

A BIG, lumbering fat man walked across a crude movie lot to a brown-eyed curly-headed little imp and reached out a paw.

"My name's Arbuckle," he said, "Roscoe Arbuckle."

"Mine's Normand," she grinned, "Mabel Normand. And the little fellow over there with the cock-eyed feet, is Chaplin," she explained. "Charlie Chaplin. Funny little duck. Comes from London."

And the funny little duck with the cock-eyed feet strolled over and joined the party.

A strange trio this. A huge, lumbering fat man. A laughing, bedeviling imp of a girl. And a slender, quiet little comedian.

A strange trio indeed! Little dreaming as they stood there, that twenty years later the world would look backward a bit and say, "They were the greatest comedians the screen ever had."

That in those short, hectic twenty years of bringing laughs to thousands of people they were destined to pass through heartaches and heartbreaks, horrors and nightmares, tragedies and even death.

They'd have laughed if you had even hinted such a thing.

"Get out," they'd have said, "why, we have no ill feelings in our hearts for anyone. We're out to make people laugh. To forget their troubles. To cheer up the world."

"Laugh," they said, "and the world laughs with you."

And they forgot all about the "Weep and You Weep Alone."

The screen's funniest trio. But little dreaming it then.

They worked like dogs. They tore and chased and ran, madly pursued by a group of maniacs in uniforms—the unforgettable Keystone Cops. They stopped, these three, custard pies by the droves, smack in the countenance.

They began work early—at the first crack of clear daylight. And toiled until the last glimmer of daylight had faded into the Pacific. There were no Klieg lights in those days.

And even then they didn't go home. They sat around and planned the next day's work.



When Chaplin first bowled them over with his odd pantomimic feet



The serious, wistful-faced Arbuckle of 1932



The grey-haired, sad-eyed Chaplin of today

The three greatest of screen fun-makers who were destined to live under the black shadows of sorrow

By
Helene Dexter



Those dear, dead days when the irresistible Mabel and the equally irresistible Charlie rocked us with laughter or brought tears to our eyes

On Sundays, back they'd come. Free to rest or play, they'd all find themselves back at the old studio.

Mack Sennett, author, director and actor. Mabel, constantly up to some prank. Chaplin, never satisfied with his make-up. Going from one to another until he finally found himself, quaintly moustached, wearing a pair of baggy pants and a black derby, 1907 model, and those cock-eyed shoes. Then there were Fatty Arbuckle, Fred Mace and that star of stars, Ford Sterling.

Sterling was supposed to represent the finest and classiest bit of acting ability known to mankind.

You either imitated Sterling or you weren't an actor. That was that.

And then came the day the little fellow from London sat himself down on a rock on a nearby hillside and sat and sat and sat. He refused to run another inch or to throw or receive another pie. Actors stood about in silent consternation. There was an air of hushed expectancy.

Here was something new.

The cops stood about, saucer-eyed. The pies left off floating. Mabel's eyes sought Fatty's in bewilderment.

HERE, if you please, was the screen's first bit of temperament. "It's no use," he explained to Sennett, "I can't act like Sterling."

"Why?" demanded Mack. "What's the matter with Sterling? He's a swell actor."

"Sure." Chaplin agreed. "But that's not the way I feel things. Look." He rose to his feet, his ridiculous feet. "Let me do it this way." He lifted his derby, his eyebrows. He twirled his cane, elegantly. Only to have it smack him unexpectedly in the rear. He tripped off blithely, only to stumble over a stone, and lift his hat apologetically. On he went with a little hop, and a two-step around a corner.

"Well, I'll be —," Sennett grinned.

And Charlie Chaplin, artist and comedian, came into being, on a grassy hillside near Hollywood.

Grand days! Grand fun! Then came the picture, "The Fatal Taxi." For the first time they used automobiles in a picture and they were bitten with the auto bug.

Sterling, the big star, had one, of course. But none of the lesser lights.

FATTY got his first. It was a Stevens Duryea, four years old at the time. It ran swell down hill. Ran once in a while on the level, but uphill never.

But the downhill rides were enough to convince Charlie. He, after considerable shopping around, bought a Kissel roadster, secondhand, and of remarkably doubtful lineage.

The next day he very grandly drove to the studio. Elegantly he sat behind the wheel. Suddenly he realized the gate posts were too close for comfort.

He became excited, dropped the wheel, reached out with both hands and tried to push the gate posts away.

It took four men to help Fatty off the ground that time. This was too sidesplitting.

About this time, to the intense interest of Mabel and Fatty, Charlie became enamored of a young lady of Long Beach, a suburb some thirty miles from Los Angeles.

One night, Charlie and the Kissel started for Long Beach. Halfway there, he descended to light the lamps. His hand touched the radiator. Naturally it was warm. But Charlie was struck dumb. He felt again. Yes, sir, his radiator was warm! He ran blindly around in circles. His radiator was warm!

THEN across to a nearby store he tore, and called the garage in Los Angeles.

"My radiator's warm," he shrieked. "Yes, it's warm and I'm halfway to Long Beach. Come and get me."

An hour or so later a menacing looking mechanic with a monkey wrench in hand arrived. If some one was trying to kid him, it was just [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



The spunky little Norman portraying *Sis Hopkins* back in 1919



Fatty, the natural comic, born to give laughter to the world



The Great Pyramids Move to Hollywood

THE name of this picture is "The Mummy"—weird fantasy of the miracle-makers of Hollywood. Boris Karloff, who terrified you as the monster in "Frankenstein," will play in this, his first starring rôle, the part of an Egyptian mummy that comes to life.

This is much more than an ordinary studio scene, and when you see this production screened, you will be amazed by the transformation.

The cab in which are seated David Manners and the Hungarian star, Zita Johann, with

Boris Karloff opening the door and Noble Johnson peering in the window, will be standing in the highway beside the camels.

Universal has brought to the making of this picture an amazing new technical process, unlike any hitherto used. A cameraman was sent



Photo by Stagg

And an Egyptian Mummy Comes to Life!

from Universal's Berlin office to Egypt to obtain the authentic atmospheric shots.

The large screen on the left hand page behind the actors and the movable cab interior is of frosted glass. On it we see the Egyptian background scenes being projected from the

portable projection booth in the rear. The process is such that the actors in the studio actually appear as an integral part of the Egyptian setting.

Karloff achieves one of the greatest feats of screen make-up yet known. He was covered

from head to foot in dampened cotton and collodion over which the make-up was applied. When it was completed, he was unable to move a muscle of his withered face! All of this preparation for only three minutes on the screen!

Eddie goes Spanish

An Irish director, a Brooklyn matador, bulls and beauty and *the* Cantor himself. Wow!

By
Sara Hamilton

WE'RE Spanish. Carramba, September, October. We're Spanish! And try to stop us. We have bulls, big and black, that mean business. And bull fighters? You should see those side-burns. Those apple-green pants with the Christmas tree trimmings, and those pink socks. That's how Spanish we are.

Over on the United Artists lot in Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn is making "The Kid From Spain" with Eddie Cantor as the *Kid*, and even the bulls are flabbergasted. And wait till Spain sees it!

The director is Irish, the cameraman is French, his assistant is Japanese, the still man is German, one villain is Dalmatian, the other is Irish, the comedienne is Polish and the "Kid" himself is Jewish. The bulls came from Mexico and the matador from Brooklyn. And still we go Spanish.

They began with girls. Beautiful señoritas—from Iowa. Out of eighty-five hundred girls they chose a few dozen hot tamales, sewed them up in open-work lace and the business man rush was on. Every man in Hollywood remembered, very suddenly, he had an appointment on the United Artists lot. Good old Sam Goldwyn. Must see Sammy.

Wives phoned stenographers, "Where's my husband? It's seven-thirty and the steak is cold."

"Sorry, Mrs. Brown, he remembered some business on the United Artists lot."

So one thousand steaks grew cold as one thousand papas grew warmer. Such a climate.

They paraded languidly, these beauties in their sewed on lace, up and down staircases, holding little "Eddie Cantor" dolls before them. Their glances lingered and their legs twinkled. Two gentlemen were carried out feet first, one of the villains kept his eye glued on his baby's picture, Bob Young was seized with the heaves (his youth was against him) and Eddie Cantor dictated a letter to his ever-present secretary, "Will take five thousand dollars and not a cent less, Yours truly, Eddie Cantor."

In barged Goldwyn. The parade was still on. "Stop," he screamed. "So. I get the most beautiful Spanish girls ever born in America and what? You cover them with dolls. Dolls. Bah. Here, throw those dolls in the river."

SO the parade continued without the dolls. And six men were removed unconscious. And Eddie Cantor dictated a letter, "Five thousand dollars. Not a cent less. Very truly yours, Eddie Cantor."

Three hours later the prop boy rushed in. Exhausted. A lather of perspiration. "Mr. Goldwyn," he gasped, "Mr. Goldwyn."

"What is it?" he answered. "Quick. Tell me at once."

"I can't do what you asked. I tried but I can't."

"Can't do what?" Goldwyn shrieked. "Don't keep me in suspense."

"I couldn't throw the dolls in the river. There was no water

in it." So they paid him thirty dollars a week to stay home. And were in money.

They took off John Miljan's own mustache. And that made him Spanish. They put one on Bob Young. And that made him Spanish. They dressed Eddie in green pants and pink socks.

THEN came Eddie's big scene. The two Spanish villains were to chase Eddie in and out doors, through patios and over balconies. The cameras were set, the doors were marked and the chase was on. Eddie tore and leaped and ran. Five minutes later, he bounded through a door and two carpenters in the room each swallowed four ten-penny nails, in surprise. "Get out of here," Eddie screamed. "You're spoiling my scene."

"What's the matter with you, young fella?" they said

"Why, I'm making a movie," Eddie replied, suddenly looking around. "Say, where am I?"

"Why, you're on the back lot, in Mary Pickford's prop room," they said. And ten minutes later a weary and sheepish *Kid* found his way back to his set. Where a surprised company waited.

"Where in heaven's name have you been?" the director asked.

"Oh, just up to Pickfair and over to Malibu for a swim," he groaned. And did they kid Eddie?

Ronald Colman and Kay Francis were making "I Have Been Faithful" on the same lot. A feud grew up between this company and Eddie's. For, no sooner did a man from the Colman company put his nose on the "Kid From Spain" set, for a peek





Eddie was gazing bug-eyed at Kay Francis. The stage door opened and there entered Mrs. Cantor and the five Cantor girls. "Papa," the girls screamed. "My heavens look at papa"

ILLUSTRATED BY
VAN ARSDALE

at those girls, than the electricians and cameramen were at him with a rush. And off he went. Usually on his ear. Eddie was vaguely conscious that people were being thrown out, but who or why, he hadn't the least idea. So, during an idle moment, he decided to visit the other set. Serenely he entered the stage door and almost as one they were at him. The director's chair was upturned, lights were overturned, and without knowing why Eddie ran for his life.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spied a bed on the set and made one leap under the covers. Instantly there was a scream. A yell. And there was Eddie gazing bug-eyed at Kay Francis. In the same bed. And to cap the climax, like the third act of a play, the stage door opened and there was Mrs. Cantor and the five Cantor girls.

"Papa," screamed the girls. "My heavens look at papa." And papa fell back in a swoon.

ALL the time the "Idkay from Ainspay" romped over the lot, and the beautiful Spanish "goils" pranced up and down staircases, they were constantly aware of the menace that did some high-class lurking on the rear lot. Five black Muira bulls. Glaring, red-eyed and snorting. Awaiting the bull-fighting scenes. While outside their pen sat a huge Mexican on guard, with two guns, and a can of "Flit." And no one could decide which glared the fiercest. The Mexican or the bulls.

Visitors were escorted quietly and in awe to a platform, high above the pen, where they looked down upon this mass of horned man-haters. And all left shaking with fear, and duly impressed.

Then, what ho, Sidney Franklin, the famous American matador from Brooklyn, was summoned to Hollywood to add some real color to the affair. The hero of many a bull-fight in Spain, he arrived at ten-thirty in the morning and by two in the afternoon, had gone actor with a bang. He fussed with photographers and make-up men. He worried over his eyebrows and his hair. He had no objection to being slightly gored in places, but he was going to look hot-cha while it was going on. And who could stop him? Practically nobody.

THE director, Leo McCarey, had thought bull, dreamed bull and planned bull, until he couldn't sleep. His nerves were wrecked and torn. Everywhere he looked, there were bulls, snorting, raring, goring. It was awful. He arose from his bed one night and determined to walk until exhausted. He walked as far as the corner and, suddenly, his wife heard a scream. She ran to him. And there he was. Throwing stones and shrieking curses at a "Bull Durham" sign on the other side of the street. While a large bull glared down at him. He ran a fever for days.

Then Franklin was taken to see his future playmates, the bulls. All the cast, as well as writers, reporters and publicity men, went along to get his reaction.

Franklin walked up to the gate keeper, spoke a few words in Spanish and, without a moment's hesitation, entered the pen. Two writers fell off the other side of the platform, Lyda Roberti let out a shriek, Eddie swallowed his huge wad of gum and could only gurgle noises, a publicity man ran for Goldwyn, a reporter lost his balance and fell toward the pen when lo, a nail caught him firmly by the pants and there he hung, directly over the bulls. Someone called the fire department. It was awful. A panic, nothing short.

While, down in the pen, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



The greatest stars of college football are here shown playing together. Every man is outstandingly famous and you will see them in Universal's picture of thrills and spills, "The All-American"

IT was the dream of Knute Rockne, the peerless coach of Notre Dame. And he was on his way to Hollywood to fulfill that dream when his plane dropped, in that fatal crash, over a Kansas farm and stopped his keen, eager mind forever. That was last year. Nevertheless, his unfinished plans have been put into execution, and the most remarkable football picture ever filmed is ready for release. "The All-American," more crammed with stars than a Christmas cake with plums, is a magnificent gesture to our second greatest natural sport—football.

Imagine a scene like this: The gray clad players turn out of their huddle. They come up to the line of scrimmage. A blue clad forward wall, two hundred pounds to the man, faces them.

A short, sharp "Hike!" from the gray quarterback, and they shift. Then the starting signal. The ball spins back from between the solid legs of Nate Barrager, Southern California's great center.

Tiny "Albie" Booth, Yale's mighty atom, takes it, turns like a rabbit, hangs for a second, while his interference forms, and he is off for right end. Only superhuman blocking can help him now, for Jerry Dalrymple, end for Tulane, is waiting. But there are supermen on the job. Jerry is smothered expertly by "Reb" Russell, the celebrated Northwestern back, and Jim Purvis, of Purdue.

Past the line of scrimmage disaster looms for little "Albie" in the embodiment of Marchmont Schwartz, Notre Dame's triple-threat back, and Gaius Shaver, beloved of Southern California.

It is the moment for the

By Relman Morin

midget's interference to function. And they function as only Ernie Nevers, "the blond switch-engine" of Stanford and "Red" Cagle, of the Army, can. Schwartz and Shaver are out of the play and Booth is in the open. But only for a second.

Out of nowhere comes the tackle; precise and powerful, lifting Booth off the ground for a moment before he is slammed down with terrific force for the down by "Ernie" Pinckert. It is the brand of tackling that has made Southern California's football hosts go mad with excitement.

But now there is no tidal wave of noise, no thunder from the stands, no cheering sections convulsed with hysterical joy and admiration.

Instead, one man says quietly:

"Not so good, boys. Let's do it again."

Not a nightmare, but a dream come true!

IT is the dream and ambition of every football player in this broad land, from the lowliest high school scrub to the mightiest varsity full-back to "make the All American." Today the selection of the All American by the All American Football Board has become the most important newspaper sports story of the year.

And as for coaches, they all have the same dream. And their dream has been to see an All American team in uniform on a field, in action.

But there was never any prospect of fulfillment until two seasons ago Carl Laemmle, Jr., wanted to make a picture, call it "All-American" and use the complete All American eleven in the leading rôles.



One of the most spectacular action scenes a camera ever recorded. Here Ernest Pinckert, former Southern California halfback, is doing superb ball-carrying

Stars Stars and STARS!

Every football coach's wildest dreams become reality in "The All-American"



And who could forget Frank Carideo, Notre Dame's great quarterback and famous ground-gainer? On the screen he fully lives up to his collegiate reputation



Richard Arlen giving his (screen) younger brother, Johnny Darrow, some pointers on football. June Clyde, as the love element, adds piquancy to the picture

With Knute Rockne's death the project was postponed.

Instead, young Laemmle made "The Spirit of Notre Dame" as a memorial to Notre Dame's great coach.

THIS past summer the dream came true. Six months' preparation was necessary, for the players had to be assembled from the four points of the compass.

Only one 1931 All American did not appear. He is Pug Rentner of Northwestern, who did not want to jeopardize his chances of playing with Northwestern this season by any financial complications that might becloud his amateur standing.

Just how these prima donnas of the grid-iron would behave was quite a problem.

Would college jealousies and playing rivalry carry over into the picture? That is what everyone wondered.

And what would happen when rival All American ends and tackles tried to prove no

mistake had been made in picking them? Football players, good ones, have just about as much temperament as any other champions.

How would it manifest itself?

The advance psychological dope turned out all wrong.

On the field these two great teams went about their work like wide-eyed high school kids, marvelling at each other's prowess.

During the making of the picture a warm friendship sprang up between "Albie" Booth and "Red" Cagle. Similarly built, small, rabbit-like, greased lightning in the open field, they had seen each other just once before. That was on a chilly November day, in the Yale bowl, three years ago, when Cagle was playing his last year for the Army, and Booth was playing his first year for Yale.

IT was in this game that the great Cagle was bottled up almost completely. Thousands who had come out to see him blast Yale into oblivion with his lightning-like thrusts, saw him stopped cold almost every time he carried the ball.

But it was a great day for Booth. Unknown, unwatched he slipped away for long gains time after time. A bitter pill for Cagle. To make it worse, Fred Linehan, the big Yale guard, was on top of Cagle in practically every play. Every time he smashed the "Red-Head" down, he'd crow:

"So you're the great Cagle. How do you like our little sophomore? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



Clarence Munn — of Minnesota—gets off a long, high, tricky punt. The fastest line-man in the Middle West



Ferenc

THE dream of every young man's heart—to have such a girl as this waiting for him! Bette Davis—who registers twenty-four years but who looks like fifteen, off-screen—caught George Arliss' attention by her simplicity and won that splendid rôle in "The Man Who Played God." Since then she has appeared in six pictures.

Bette Davis's husband — Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. — is a non-professional, and Bette says she prefers to have it that way. Here she is in a scene with Richard Barthelmess in "The Cabin in the Cotton"



She *was* Afraid *to* WED

ANOTHER Broadway stage actress was coming to Hollywood. The publicity department sent its representatives to the station to meet and photograph her—as is the custom of studios welcoming newcomers.

The representatives looked at each woman who stepped from the train. They saw no one who looked "actress." They returned to the studio—no photographs.

The telephone rang. A meek voice said, "I'm here."

"Did you come on that train?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you can't look like an actress. We couldn't spot you."

We tell that story at the beginning because it illustrates better than could any long-worded description—Bette Davis.

She doesn't look, act or talk like Hollywood's well-defined meaning of actress.

When the company's officials finally saw her, they shook their heads. Their New York men must have been mistaken in their choice. This was the day of glamour. Bette was school-girlish. Her autobiography read twenty-three. (She is now twenty-four.) She looked fifteen! Her hair tumbled over her head in uncontrolled, natural waves. There was nothing sleek or sophisticated about her. She wore adolescent-looking dresses. There wasn't a fur coat or neckpiece in her entire wardrobe.

They cast her as a meek, country girl in "Bad Sister." They typed her exactly as they cast her. Such parts were scarce. What producers wanted were more Crawfords, Shearers and Bennetts. When option time came, they let her go.

A story reached the press that she was rushing East to see Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., the Eastern boy whom she loved. It said she was happy to leave; she was anxious to get away from pictures; her heart had never been in Hollywood or a career but back in the East with the sweetheart of her school days.

Bette says this was untrue. She was in love with this lad whom she has since married, but she had left the East and the

boy determined not to let love interfere with a life-long ambition to become famous as an actress. In fact, Bette packed those trunks with tears which dampened the clothes.

If she really wanted to get away, why did she hold those packed trunks while she rushed over to First National to make a test with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God"? It was because she hoped this test might mean the opportunity which ambition always visions as peeping around that mythical corner.

It was. George Arliss was not seeking glamour. He was looking for a girl like those of Merry Old England. Someone natural; unspoiled—a good fellow. The wardrobe and make-up departments could take care of the glamour.

They did. They combed her hair down (at Arliss' suggestion) and photographed her from a profile angle. When the officials at First National saw the rushes, they blinked their eyes. This "child" whom Arliss had chosen looked like the svelte, smart, sophisticated Constance Bennett!

THESE same officials had paid Connie thirty thousand dollars a week for two pictures. They could get this girl, who looked like Connie's younger sister, for a few hundred.

They didn't worry about glamour. They knew, like George Arliss, that it could be developed. They signed her.

Bette regretted the comparison to Connie. Like all of us, she would have preferred the opportunity for success upon individuality rather than comparison. But if looking like someone else could give her a start—she'd take care of that individuality business later.

No girl ever unpacked trunks with more jubilant joy!

And she, too, is leaving that glamour business to screen experts. When she is not made up for a part, her hair still tumbles over itself; her cheeks are still innocent of rouge; her lips a natural pink. She still [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By Evaline Lieber

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *NIGHT AFTER NIGHT*—Paramount

HERE'S your new hero, girls. George Raft, himself. In what a picture! From start to finish it scampers along at a smart, snappy pace that gains speed, interest and pep as it travels.

George Raft (ah there, Georgie) is a third-rate pug who becomes owner of a smart New York "speak," goes after culture and a Park Avenue lady. And gets her.

Raft is a sure winner in this one, and Constance Cummings is simply elegant as the girl. Wynne Gibson's take-off of a "hard-berled" baby is grand, and Alison Skipworth, as George's teacher, is perfect. And how teacher does misbehave!

But wait till you see Mae West. An out-and-out riot, Mae is. It's snappy, and you'll love it.



★ *THE BIG BROADCAST*—Paramount

DIAL in on this one for an evening of fun, with radio stars who go movie in a big way.

Stuart Erwin, as an oil man from Texas, and Bing Crosby, as himself, are two despondent Romeos who decide to end it all, only to be rescued by a girl, Leila Hyams. Stu buys a defunct broadcasting station and arranges the big broadcast with the Boswell Sisters, Kate (the moon comes over the mountain) Smith, the Vincent Lopez band, Donald Novis, Arthur Tracy, the Mills Brothers, Cab Calloway with his "Minnie, the Moocher," and finally Bing.

Sharon Lynne is grand as the fickle dancer, and if you don't grow hysterical at Burns and Allen, you're hopeless. The story's pretty weak, but the music's grand. Are you listenin'?

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *THE ALL-AMERICAN*—Universal

IT doesn't make any difference whether or not you're a football fan. Even though you don't understand the fine points of the game, you'll sit on the edge of your seat when the All Star and All American teams meet in the last reel.

Thirty-five nationally famous football heroes act in this—among them Frank Carideo and Marchy Schwartz of Notre Dame, "Albie" Booth of Yale, "Red" Cagle of the Army, and Johnny Baker and Gaius Shaver of the University of Southern California. There's an interesting story about the filming of this picture on another page of this issue.

Dick Arlen walks away with acting honors, but Jimmy Gleason, as the always pessimistic but successful coach, is close on his heels. Andy Devine makes riotous comedy relief while June Clyde picks up the feminine honors and tucks them into her new puffed sleeves, in spite of adequate competition from Merna Kennedy and a newcomer, Gloria Stuart.

When a boy becomes a national football hero, just what new fields are there for him to conquer when he is through with college? That's the underlying theme of this film and it's chuck-full of humor, pathos and truth.

Be sure to take the children as well as the missus or the girl friend.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

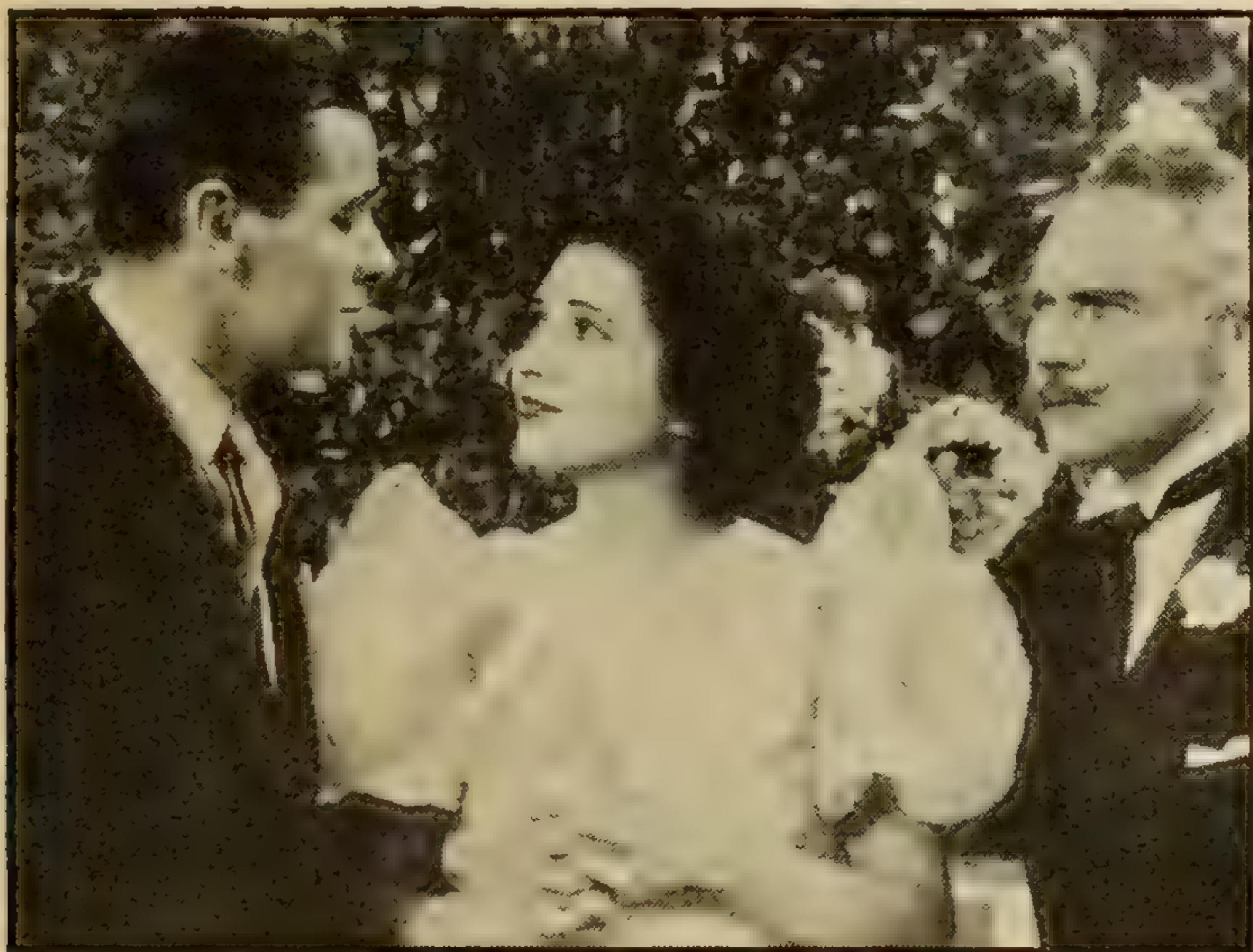
THE ALL-AMERICAN
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT
RED DUST

TROUBLE IN PARADISE
THE BIG BROADCAST
SIX HOURS TO LIVE
I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG
AIRMAIL

The Best Performances of the Month

Herbert Marshall in "Trouble in Paradise"
Miriam Hopkins in "Trouble in Paradise"
Kay Francis in "Trouble in Paradise"
Richard Arlen in "The All-American"
Clark Gable in "Red Dust"
Jean Harlow in "Red Dust"
Warner Baxter in "Six Hours to Live"
George Raft in "Night After Night"
Paul Muni in "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang"
Mitzi Green in "Little Orphan Annie"
Tallulah Bankhead in "Faithless"
Robert Montgomery in "Faithless"
Charles Laughton in "Payment Deferred"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 130



★ TROUBLE IN PARADISE—Paramount

YOU haven't seen the real Herbert Marshall until this picture hits your theater. And *hits* is what we mean, for you'll hear the impact echoed in audience applause. Besides the finished performance of Mr. Marshall, this film has all the other qualities that make real entertainment.

Marshall plays a super-crook and super-lover. How women will envy Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis! And the clothes those girls wear prove that Paris hasn't cornered all the dashing and novel style ideas. But that's incidental. What we want to say is that they turn in two charming and capable performances, Miss Hopkins' animated, Miss Francis' more subtle, each in keeping with her rôle. Aided by Charles Ruggles, Edward Horton and C. Aubrey Smith.

The theme and dialogue are sophisticated, in tune with the times, but Ernst Lubitsch directs with such finesse that it doesn't offend. Neither will the story be over the heads of an average audience.

It's about two crooks and a rich Parisian widow, and is one of Lubitsch's best productions, so we don't have to tell you not to miss it.

And don't forget—here is your first opportunity to see the Herbert Marshall who captured the New York stage in a screen play that gives him a chance to be his fascinating self.



★ RED DUST—M-G-M

THE virile Gable is back again, in one of those he-man parts that made him famous. With him is Jean Harlow, in her most likable rôle. The result is a picture worth seeing.

The story is laid on a rubber plantation in the jungle, with Clark the owner, and Harlow a flip little "Sadie Thompson" type with a heart of gold. To this hole of red dust, coolies and storms, comes Gene Raymond and his bride, Mary Astor. Gable falls in love with Mary and trouble begins.

There's a lightness in the direction, a sparkle in the dialogue, and a grand punch ending. Jean Harlow gets the most out of every line and all but steals the show.

Donald Crisp, Tully Marshall and Willie Fung contribute strong bits.



★ SIX HOURS TO LIVE—Fox

THE strange story of a man brought back from death. Warner Baxter's performance as *Paul Onslow* will be remembered a long time. A tried and true representative of his government, he holds out against all members at a world trade meeting. But a political enemy murders him before a final vote is taken. A famous scientist, however, has invented a ray to revive the dead for six hours. And *Paul* is given six hours more of life.

The story deals with those tragically short hours, and there is suspense and beauty in the scenes where *Onslow* gives up the girl he loves. Miriam Jordan is lovely; George Marion, Sr., excellent as the scientist, and John Boles fine as the rejected suitor. Skillfully directed by William Dieterle, and the settings and photography are exquisite.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

★
**I AM A
FUGITIVE
FROM A
CHAIN GANG**
—Warners



POWERFUL and timely story, packed with suspense and stark cruelty, that points an accusing finger at the prison chain gang system. Paul Muni gives a strong performance as the returned soldier, anxious to get away from routine, who becomes an accomplice in a crime and is sentenced to ten years on a chain gang. With Director Mervyn LeRoy, he has given us a fine, vivid, but depressing picture.

★
**AIRMAIL—
Universal**



THE hardships and terrors, courage and devotion to duty that go into the flying of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail have been thrillingly captured and woven into a virile background for romance. Ralph Bellamy is excellent as the airport superintendent, and Pat O'Brien equally fine as the daredevil stunter. Gloria Stuart, Lilian Bond, Russell Hopton, Leslie Fenton and David Landau all contribute good performances.

**FAITHLESS—
M-G-M**



AT last Tallulah Bankhead delivers a performance to cheer about. She plays a wealthy girl in love with Robert Montgomery, a rising, young advertising man, but unwilling to give up luxury. And then comes the crash. Tallulah emerges penniless and Bob jobless, she to take the downy path and he the rough one; later to be reunited. You'll forget the trite story in the sincerity of these two.

**LITTLE
ORPHAN
ANNIE—
RKO-Radio**



THE story's weak, but for once it doesn't matter. This picture, based on the famous comic strip, is a wow because it keeps you rocking in your seat with laughter. Mitzi Green tucks a fine screen performance right into her little pocket. Her mimicry is reason enough for seeing this. Five-year-old Buster Phelps is so good he hangs up a warning to Jackie Cooper. May Robson is magnificent as the rich old grandma.

**THREE ON
A MATCH—
First National**



AN unusual story that deals with three girls, friends in early school days, whose lives are suddenly picked up by a strange fate and thrown together in a whirlpool of events. And all because the three light on one match. To Ann Dvorak goes the lion's share of acting, with Joan Blondell and Bette Davis doing good work. Warren William and Lyle Talbot are the men in their lives.

**MADISON
SQUARE
GARDEN—
Paramount**



LOADED with prize-fighting, wrestling and six-day bike racing, this shows how the wheels go around in America's biggest sports factory, and it gives interesting glimpses of famous champions of yesteryear. Jack Oakie and Warren Hymer are the palookas who break into big time under William Collier, Sr.'s management. Marian Nixon is cute in the very slender romance, and William Boyd is the villain.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**THE
PHANTOM
OF CREST-
WOOD—
RKO-Radio**



WE would like to bet you didn't guess the identity of *Jenny Wren's* murderer if you followed this as a radio mystery drama. Well, here is that mysterious last chapter told as the climax of a diverting picture, but one that doesn't get you as excited as its chilling screams and eerie goings-on promised. Excellent cast, headed by Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez.

**SCARLET
DAWN—
Warners**



THE Russian revolution; the flight of a dissolute young nobleman (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), accompanied by his beautiful serving-maid (Nancy Carroll); their subsequent marriage and struggle for existence in a strange land. This story was Doug's own selection, but it's not a happy one. The picture lacks action. Lilyan Tashman, as an old sweetheart who persuades the young aristocrat to turn gigolo, is effective.

**WILD GIRL—
Fox**



TIRED of penthouse problem dramas? Then see this story from "*Salomy Jane*," set in gorgeous outdoor scenery, with none of the thrills left out. Joan Bennett's *Salomy Jane* may lack some of the fire and verve of the mountain tomboy, but you'll love her just the same. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy, Eugene Pallette, Irving Pichel, Minna Gombell and Sarah Padden, all fine actors, live up to their reputations.

**PAYMENT
DEFERRED—
M-G-M**



A MAN commits murder and is not discovered; later, his wife commits suicide and he is wrongly convicted and hung for it; hence, payment deferred. Charles Laughton made a remarkable personal hit in the same rôle in the stage play, and carries off the same personal triumph in the picture. But the story is hopelessly morbid—all right for adults who like heavy problem plays, but not for children.

**FALSE
FACES—
World Wide**



A STARTLING, vivid picture with a brand-new idea—an exposé of unethical medical practices. Lowell Sherman, besides getting the credit for the excellent direction, gives a finished and suave performance as the doctor who malpractices in plastic surgery. Peggy Shannon, Lila Lee, Berton Churchill and David Landau are some of the others who make this an entertaining film. There's a great punch ending, too.

**HOT
SATURDAY—
Paramount**



A MUSING, but just that and no more, this one trips gaily along without getting anywhere. You are neither for nor against Cary Grant, the city slicker, but you hope, in lackadaisical fashion, that Nancy Carroll, the cutest girl in the village, will marry her childhood sweetheart, Randolph Scott. Just as you are wondering when the climax is coming, the picture ends.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 104]

"WORRY! Who—Me? SAY!"

Spencer Tracy once had
"Hollywood nerves," but
he learned to conquer them

By Ruth Biery

OF course, I didn't believe Spencer Tracy when he first told me, "The one thing Hollywood has taught me is not to worry. Seeing everyone else worry so much has opened my eyes." I thought he was just talking for publicity.

For Hollywood is a city of high-tensioned nervous systems. "Temperament" is the common expression.

The actors continually live exaggerated lives because they, themselves, are exaggerated. And, proportionately, they exaggerate worry.

Greta Garbo, pacing up and down, up and down outside her set or dressing-room between the scenes of each picture.

Marie Dressler—talking, talking, talking.

This worrying has become a Hollywood disease. Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton have it. Yes, even Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor can't escape it.

But I have watched Spencer for a year since he made that statement. I have seen him make "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America," "Society Girl," "The Painted Woman," and "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," and I have become convinced that Spencer Tracy does not worry.

"I had to learn not to as a matter of self-protection. I had worried all my life. But there is so much to worry about in Hollywood that had I continued, I would have gone crazy."

YET, Hollywood has given Spencer more reason for worrying than it has the average Broadway actor.

In the first place, he arrived a week before the Hollywood bank closed its doors.

He transferred his savings, every penny he had, from the East to that bank. One week here and he was stranded.

"I had no money and I had no confidence. I used to stand before a mirror, look at my pan and say, 'It's no good, boy. You just can't do it. You haven't got a photographic face.'"

"Whenever rushes were shown, I'd hang around the projection room door—crouch back against the wall like a fugitive—waiting for executives to come out. I'd follow them on tip-toe to listen. I wanted to know the worst—to hear what they had to say about me."

He laughed. "They said 'Quick Millions' was the most marvelous picture ever made. All of Hollywood said it. I was so excited I didn't know what to do. Then that picture went out and grossed about a dollar and eighty cents."

"Well, if a picture which Hollywood said was *good* couldn't make money, perhaps a picture which Hollywood said was bad, *could*. So I stopped hanging around projection room doors and began thinking about this worrying business!"

But his worrying days weren't over like that—not in one moment of courageous thinking. He was cast in "She Wanted A Millionaire," opposite Joan Bennett. At that time, Joan was engaged to John Considine, Jr., the producer of the picture.



The gum-chewing lad thought the director was "laying" for him. And did he fret? He stayed awake nights and lost weight. That taught Spencer his lesson

It's hard to tell exactly how rumors commence in this town where they live upon nervous chatter. In this case, probably someone said, jokingly, "Have you heard that Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy are that way about one another?" and in two days the entire town had heard that they *were* that way.

ANYWAY, Mr. Considine heard it. And he didn't like it.

He commenced visiting the set. He all but camped upon it! At this time, Spencer was still calling Joan "Miss Bennett"—but no one could convince Johnny Considine that this formality was not for his benefit.

The coals of jealousy sizzled. Whether they would have burst into flame, no one will ever know for just at that dangerous moment, Joan was thrown from a horse and production was suspended. Spencer commenced to call at the hospital daily—as did half of Hollywood. But every time he entered, he met Mr. Considine leaving—or *vice versa*.

The fires sputtered again. Then—Mr. Considine stopped calling and Mr. Tracy continued!

And just at this point, Spencer Tracy was cast for the lead in "Disorderly Conduct"—John Considine directing.

Spencer heard Johnny had not wanted him for the rôle. He had desired Clark Gable and only accepted his home-lot pet peeve when Fox could not secure Gable. And then someone tipped Spencer (was it, perhaps, Joan?) to the fact that Considine was "laying" for him.

Friends warned Spencer:

"If there are any fight scenes in that picture, watch out. He'll get you, Spencer. He'll get you. It's an old Hollywood custom to get even through a picture."

Spencer studied the script. There was no fight, but there was a scene where Ralph Bellamy knocked him down. That would be the one. Spencer began to cultivate Ralph.

It sounds silly to us. It didn't to Spencer. He worried until he became physically ill. He lost weight. He had secured much success as *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile" and other stage plays—but there had been long stretches between productions when he could get no work. Like all stage actors, he appreciated the size and steadiness of movie incomes. Also, like most stage folk, he had heard the weird stories of vengeance, feuds, etc., in Hollywood. This would probably mean ruin; bad publicity; perhaps the end of his career in pictures.

He became thinner and thinner.

AND the day that the production finished, Johnny Considine walked over to his leading man, held out his hand and said, "Well, I certainly did you dirt, Spencer." There was a twinkle in his eye.

Johnny had heard those same rumors!

All of Spencer's worry had been for exactly nothing.

That evening he did more constructive thinking than at any single time before in his life. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Bruno

BORN Dorothy Rosher, daughter of a well-known cameraman, she began a film career at nine months. She played child rôles with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs" and "Pollyanna." From eight to fifteen she was a schoolgirl. Now as Joan Marsh, at eighteen, she's on her way up to stardom. "Speed Demon," for Columbia, is her next

Hollywood Wears Velvet

EVERYWHERE you go about Hollywood these evenings, you see velvet in one guise or another. It is a reigning favorite. The velvet capelet, shown at the left here, was sketched at a recent opening. It is made entirely of velvet ruffles graduated in size from the neckline. The interesting part of the cape is the way it is worn tied in the back with a large bow of the material. The collar consists of a small ruffle which stands up closely about the throat. Even though this has an old-fashioned air, it was worn with great sophistication over a velvet gown cut deeply in the back.

It should be a real thrill to know that you may wear an exact copy of this stunning evening gown designed by Adrian for Tallulah Bankhead's new picture "Faithless." The gown, as designed for Tallulah, had a long slim skirt of black velvet ending in a train. Since you wouldn't want to go swishing about in a train, it has been adapted with an even hemline—just right for dancing! The top of Chartreuse satin is much the same with perhaps a little more discreet décolletage at back! That's a soft velvet bow placed at the high waistline in front. Tallulah wears a short chinchilla fur cape with this in the picture. Note that she wears the favorite evening jewelry of Hollywood—two jeweled bracelets on her left arm. Tallulah has great chic and you can pick up many smart hints by watching both details and costumes chosen by her to suit various screen rôles.

FLOWERS are back with a bang. At the right is a band of them which may be worn across the front of the frock, as sketched, or down the back. These in blending shades of velvet and chiffon are arranged with three massed at the shoulder and four across the front. Charming note.

COQUE feathers started the rage for these little collarettes worn with evening gowns. This one is velvet—the petals cut like curling feathers. Very flattering for evening use.



In Many Guises—*Seymour*

VELVET hats come in for their share of Hollywood starring, too. This smart topper, at right, was seen recently at luncheon worn by an attractive blonde star. It is a French model by Marcelle Lely in brown with that little wing-like trimming in bright green. The shape is unusually distinctive, the crown is given a square draping with the brim sloped down at the side and over the eyes in front. As you can see, the brimline of new hats is less definitely slanted and much more to the front. Many are worn far over the eyes but you will want to modify this line slightly.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD again—and another triumph of Adrian's art. Tallulah wears this dress for a traveling sequence in "Faithless." It is a perfect dress for most any daytime demand. The dress is quite simple in design but the unique scarf collar lends a dashing air to the whole thing. Made of green crepe, the sleeves are full and the neckline beneath the scarf collar is shaped by small tucks. The scarf which is attached to the left side, begins with a strip about six inches wide. It is widened from this point and brought across the back, falling to a point in front and then thrown over the shoulder again to fall below the skirt hem in back. With this Tallulah wears a vagabond felt in a matching shade of green. Her accessories are black—brown would be smart, too.



HERE'S one of the cleverest bags of the season. It is unbelievably flat with a concealed frame and an unusual monogram set in the center. Black antelope with a monogram in silver or copper which is one of the smartest metal trimmings for bags, belts and jewelry

HOLLYWOOD loves its turbans this year—and doubly so if made of velvet. This turban, designed in Paris by Agnes, uses a crushed velvet draped up on one side and held by a cylindrical ornament. A strip of velvet below cleverly shows your hair.

A SCREEN fashion is designed to fit perfectly into some certain scene of a picture and to express the personality the star portrays. Travis Banton designed the dress, at right below, for Susan Fleming's rôle of smart, sophisticated young woman in "He Learned About Women." It not only suits Susan's rôle to perfection but you will want it for those many informal dinner parties this winter. It has been adapted for you in a pebbled sheer crepe with the same puffed sleeves slashed so becomingly, the same jeweled clips at shoulders and neckline—and in innumerable colors. Wear it with or without a belt.

Seymour

ZITA JOHANN wears the trim black woolen frock, sketched below, in her new picture "The Mummy." Vera West who designed it, has been most ingenious about combining two fabrics, wool and satin. The wool is very soft and sheer, the satin is cleverly used for the girdle in front and for a triangular vest-like arrangement at back. The triangle inverted, is repeated in front and stressed by unique silver clips mounting to the shoulders. Another silver clip holds the satin at the back of the collar.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in stores of those representative merchants whose firm names appear on Page 95.

A GRAY silk frock trimmed with gray galyak—what could be smarter? That is the combination which Travis Banton has used for a street costume worn by Sari Maritza in "Evenings for Sale." The dress, sketched at right, has an amusing collar. In front it just covers the shoulders, in back it dips down to the waist in a pointed cape edged with the galyak. The high bodice buttons down to a point just above the fabric belt which fastens with a double silver chain. The whole silhouette is straight and slender. With this Sari wears gray accessories. Her hat is a shallow brimmed affair of fabric with an ornament formed by two round clips.



A COSTUME flower of copper and black enamel.



A LOVE-KNOT bracelet in gold and silver. New!

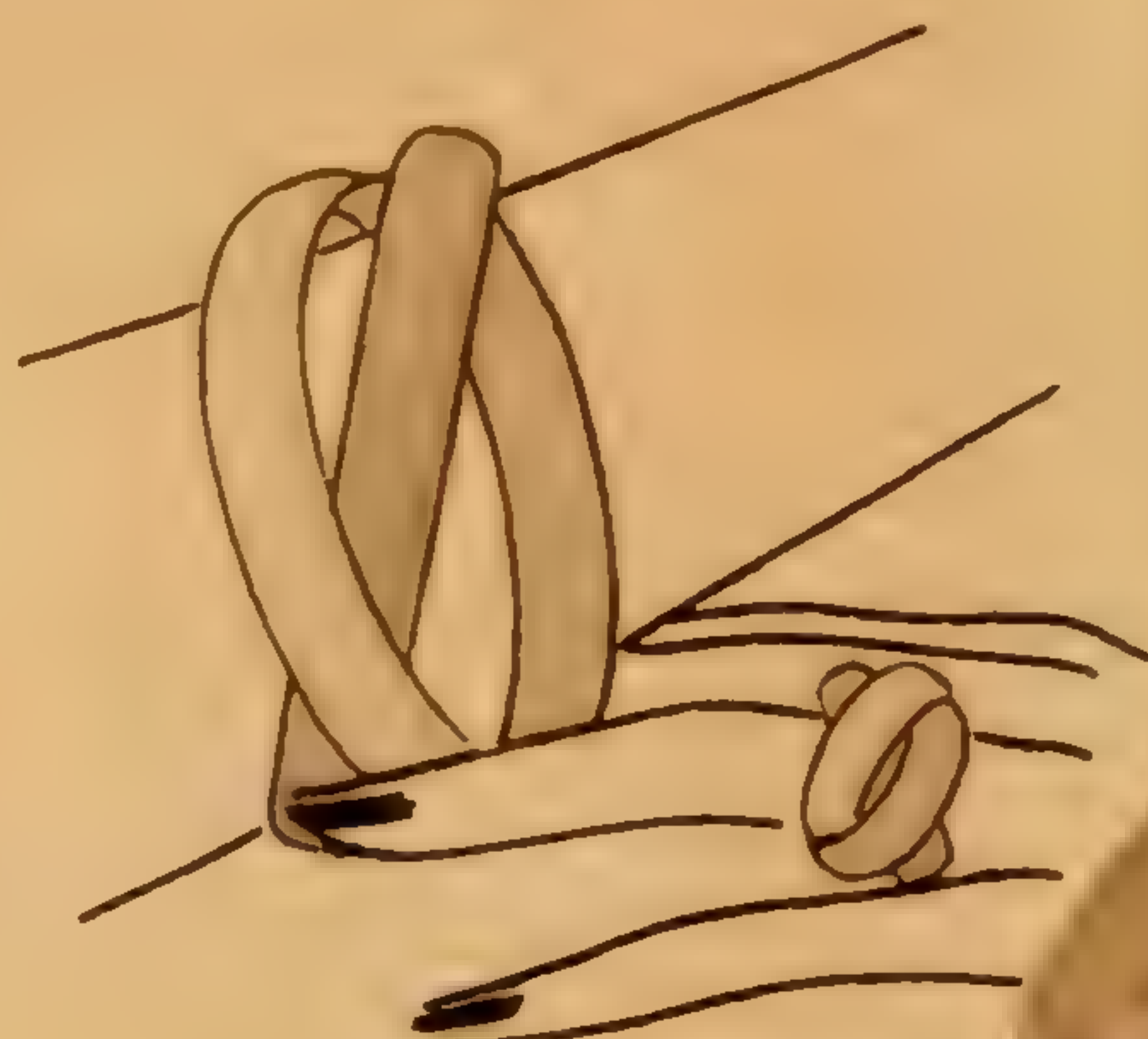


TWO shoe buckles, one enamel, one copper in fan shape.

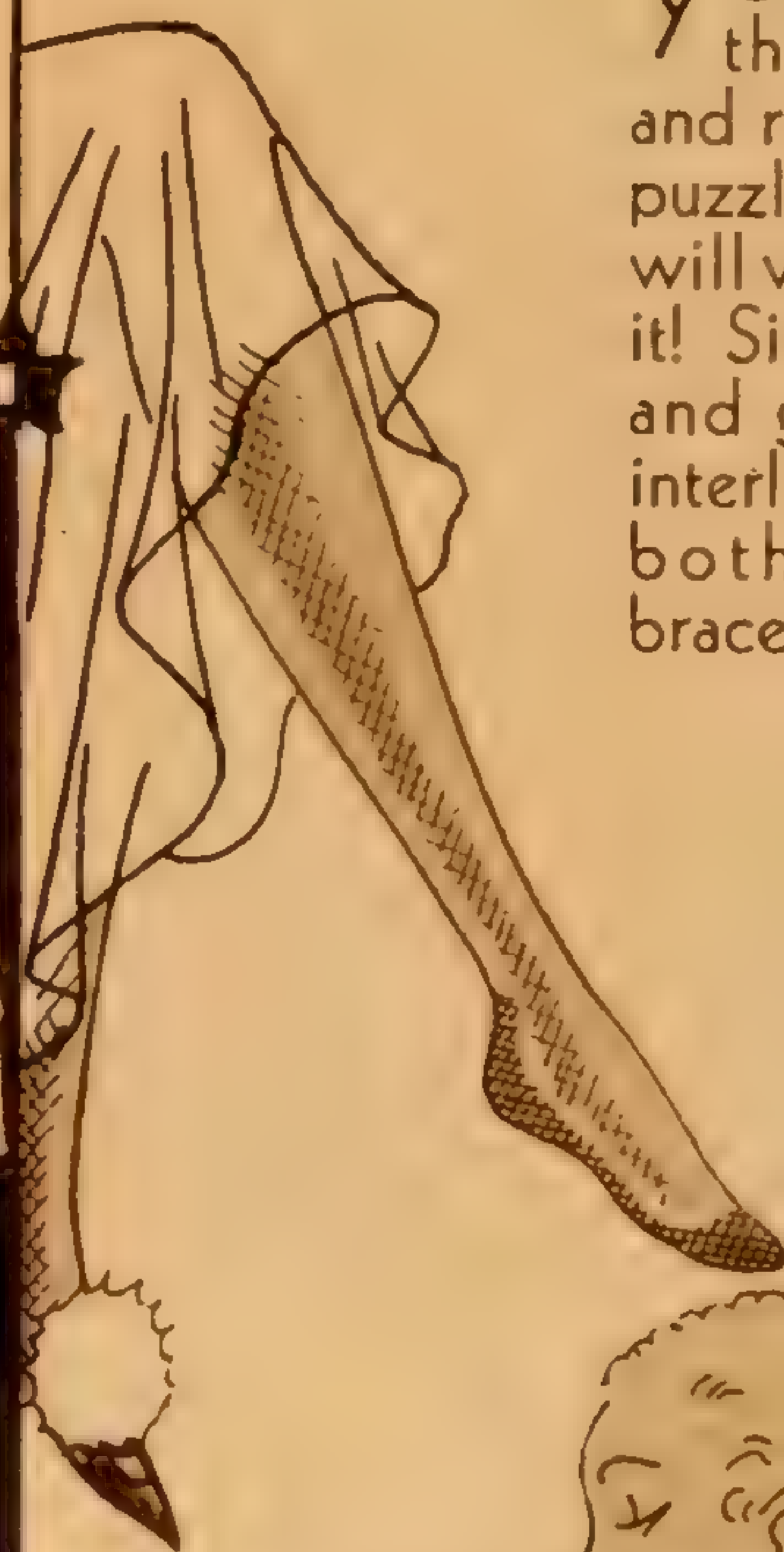
JUST when you are wishing for a new frock that is different, along comes a new screen fashion that is the answer! In "He Learned About Women," Susan Fleming wears a silk crepe embroidered all over in a small metal figure. Travis Banton created it for Susan's dark haired type in a lovely red flecked with gold. A scarf attached to the neckline, and sleeves with fulness massed above the elbows, are the outstanding details that accent the simplicity of this dress. The scarf may be worn hanging down in the back, as in the picture here at left, or it may be worn covering the surplice neckline in front. A fox trimmed red silk coat is worn by Susan in the picture, but only the dress has been adapted for your use. That's the coat on her arm. Susan's choice of accessories is interesting. Her hat is red velvet but her suede gloves, bag and shoes are a rich cocoa brown. A lighter tone of beige hose is also chosen—by the way, hosiery colors are tending toward a slightly lighter beige tone. Isn't the bow on Susan's turban a pert affair? You may select your dress in several different colors with metal embroidery.

Copper Is New In Jewelry

ORRY-KELLY has designed a charming, youthful frock for Ginger Rogers' new picture "You Said A Mouthful." It introduces a Victorian trend in the full tucked sleeves and quaint high collar. Buttons are used effectively on the bodice. Ginger's dress is a green silk with contrasting tucked sleeves. The skirt is given a slight flare by the adroit use of pleating.



YOU will think this bracelet and ring idea is a puzzle—but you will want to wear it! Silver, copper and gold hoops interlace to make both ring and bracelet—smart.



THE perfect stocking for sandals is this of mesh with toe and heel knitted in a double strength mesh.



HIGH necklines have brought the throat-fitting choker necklace into the fashion spotlight. This flexible link choker of silver and gold is especially flattering in design. A grand idea for new collarless dresses.

IN these days of making one dress look like several—Lillian Miles has hit on a clever idea with a dress she wears in "Plainclothes Man." Her dress of crushed crepe has a gay checked scarf—this can be interchanged for any number of other scarfs thus giving a new effect each time. Robert Kalloch, the designer, is the real creator of this novel dress. It has been adapted for you with long sleeves.



Costume Flowers Bud Anew

THERE'S something gay and young about this informal dinner dress worn by Marian Nixon in "Too Busy to Work." The white lace top with its puffed sleeves and ruffy collar forms a nice contrast to the simple black silk crepe skirt. This is the sort of dress you will wear and wear—afternoons and evenings—it's informal without seeming out of place for more dress-up affairs. Earl Luick designed it. In colors, too.



A FUR flower is the latest conceit for daytime costumes. Trimly tailored, it can be bought in a number of colors to harmonize with your costumes.

PATOU, clever French designer, thought up the smart idea of a metal belt and bracelet to match. Note that the bracelet is made like a cuff. Like it?



LILI DAMITA chooses this deceptively demure dinner gown for her rôle of gay young adventuress in "Goldie Gets Along." A bib effect forms a collar fastening on the shoulder, the arms are capped discreetly. Satin is the medium for this charming gown, it is just in-step length and the belt ties in a bow at back with streamers falling below the hemline. An Irene creation.



"I HAVE Been Faithful" is his latest picture. And isn't that title a summing up of his film code, for when has Ronald Colman ever let us down with a slipshod performance? The picture was made from the stage success, "Cynara." Ronnie plays an English barrister whose life is involved with two women, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry

Peggy

from

Pine Bluff

A publicity stunt began her stage career and another one nearly ended her screen chances

By Frances Kish



Is this the face of a comedienne, or should that gorgeous red hair crown a queen of tragedy? Peggy Shannon hasn't fully decided yet, but watch this girl when she does!

WHEN sixteen-year-old Winona Sammon left Pine Bluff, Arkansas, she little dreamed that a few years later she would be storming a big film producer's office and begging him not to compare her to Clara Bow. Winona was the star of the Pine Bluff basket-ball team, but Clara had already begun her swift ascent of the teetering ladder to picture stardom.

Winona, re-named Peggy Shannon, and Sylvia Sidney were the two girls brought to Hollywood from the New York stage by Paramount to take over rôles originally planned for Clara Bow. That was when Clara's microphone fright brought on a nervous breakdown and she fled to Rex Bell's ranch.

Peggy replaced Clara in "The Secret Call," and found herself publicized in every newspaper and picture magazine in the country as "the new Clara Bow," "the successor to the 'It' girl," "Clara Bow's red-headed rival," and soon.

She liked Clara and admired her as an actress. But she knew very well that, except for the red hair, they were as unlike personally and in their work as any two people could be. She knew, too, that it is almost fatal to a new actress to be compared with an established favorite.

So she begged the producer to do something about the flood of — to her — unwelcome publicity. For answer he brought out a sheaf of clippings from newspapers and magazines, all featuring the name and likeness of Peggy Shannon, but always in comparison with the flaming Clara.

"Stop this?" he argued. "Why, girl, that's the kind of publicity every young actress prays for. You're getting your name and

picture in every column of movie news in the country. Go home and say a prayer of thanks for such a break!"

Peggy went home and said her prayers, if any, for the patience and the ability to surmount such an obstacle.

"The Secret Call" emerged from final editing as a not-out-of-the-ordinary program picture, but the critics had nice things to write about Peggy. Some of them even made so bold as to say right out in print that she wasn't a bit like Clara, but showed great promise as Peggy Shannon.

More pictures followed, and then Peggy found herself with five months of her contract still to be worked out, but with no rôles planned for her. She asked Paramount for a release, and the story got around, due probably to the red hair, that she was temperamental and had staged some stormy scenes prior to leaving. It wasn't so. They shook hands all round, Peggy wished Paramount well, Paramount wished Peggy well, and that chapter was closed.

She made "Society Girl" for Fox with Jimmie Dunn; she was in Tiffany's "Hotel Continental"; she liked her rôle in "The Painted Woman" with its opportunity for drama. "But I'm really a comedienne," she insists. "That's the sort of thing I always did on the stage."

Much as Peggy had resented the activities of the Paramount publicity department, she has reason to like publicity men. It was one of their species that gave the sixteen-year-old [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Peggy's latest picture is "False Faces," in which Lowell Sherman plays an unscrupulous doctor



Here's Sylvia, that little dynamo of energy, who's telling you thin girls how to have beautifully rounded figures, compelling energy, pep and magnetism. Listen to her

THIN GIRLS *need* *Sleep, Food, Exercise*

By Sylvia

SYLVIA is known all over the world as the beauty expert of Hollywood. For the past five years she has been making the stars lovely and has received as high as \$100 a treatment. Now this masseuse de luxe is teaching you how to do for yourselves what she has done for the stars. PHOTOPLAY is the only magazine for which she is writing.

When Sylvia first began this series she talked briefly to you thin girls. Now she's telling you again how to develop generally, with special emphasis on your big worries—undeveloped bust, legs, arms and shoulders.

Work with Sylvia and see if you can't all start 1933 with a figure that pleases you! Here's the way, if you will really work and faithfully follow all of her suggestions!

IN these articles I've been much harder on the fat girls than the thin ones, for the reason that fat folks are inclined to be lazy and need to be whipped into action.

The thin girls usually have surplus energy that makes them very nervous, and for this reason I can't be too rough with them, but it is just as bad to be too thin as it is to be too fat. And the fight to build up is just as long and as hard as the fight to reduce.

Skinny girls usually have the most trouble with the bust, the legs and the arms and shoulders. Don't complain if your hips are thin—that's great! It is much more difficult to build up in spots than it is to reduce, therefore, the thin girls and women must build up generally and then—if they grow too fat in certain places—they must take the excess weight off with massage.

A consistent routine is vitally important to thin girls—and the most important part of that routine is sleep. Get ten hours sleep a night and put in as many hours before midnight as you possibly can. Three nights a week make it an infallible rule to get to bed by nine o'clock.

IN the morning take a lukewarm shower (never take hot baths at any time) and rub your body for ten minutes with a rough towel. Do most of the rubbing on your spine. It will start the blood circulating through your body, which is what you need. At the end of this article I am going to give you a general building-up diet which you must follow, for if you do what I tell you to do, you can gain fifteen pounds in one month. I promise you that.

Skinny girls can do a lot of things that fat girls shouldn't do. You skinny girls can swim,

vigorously, and you can do plenty of tap dancing, for you want to build up your muscles as much as you can. But you must learn to take life easy. Look around you at your fat friends and notice how many hours they spend sitting and resting. That's what makes them fat, the silly things—that and eating their heads off. Well, take a lesson from them. Eat and rest as much as you can.

But proper exercises are necessary too. Exercise is necessary to everybody, since it puts the body in condition.

Hundreds and hundreds of letters tell me that thin girls worry more about their bust than any other part of their bodies. In the first place—don't worry. That will make and keep you thin. Instead of worrying try to do something about it. But you must remember that the bust is the most stubborn part of the body. You've got to keep at bust exercises with all the persistence you have.



To develop bust, try this exercise, described in my article, before an open window. Repeat it slowly fifteen or twenty times every morning, and be sure to breathe deeply

HERE'S a grand exercise for developing the bust. Stand before an open window. Push shoulders back. Relax. With arms bent at the elbows, palms down, raise them at right angles to the body. Inhale as you do this. Turn the palms inwards. Then straighten the arms out. Hold your breath for eight counts and, exhaling, slowly lower the arms to the side. Repeat this fifteen or twenty times every morning. Do it slowly and breathe deeply.

Another way to develop the bust is to sing. Honestly, I mean it. Look at the grand opera singers you have seen. Every one of them is full chested.

Here's another excellent way to enlarge your chest measure. Standing before an open window, use your arms as if you were swimming with the breast



Most thin people are nervous. To overcome it, place hands on either side of the back of your neck, press the flesh firmly together, then release. Repeat until you feel relaxed



Another remedy for nerves! Press hard with thumbs at the hairline about an inch from the ears. Dig in deep under that bone. Do this when you're tired. It thoroughly relaxes you

stroke. Do this hard, feeling every muscle pull, as if you were really cutting through the water. It will not only develop your bust but your arms and shoulders as well, and it is better for you than real swimming since it will not make your hips fat. Do this every day for fifteen or twenty minutes. In a month you will be amazed at the result. But be sure to do it earnestly and vigorously, breathing properly the whole time.

WHEN you walk hold your shoulders up. That's vitally important, for most thin girls are inclined to slump. You can never hope to develop your bust if you slump!

Another very stubborn place to build up is that space between the legs that so many girls complain of. But, like everything else, it can be done—and don't ever get discouraged. You should build up the legs all over first. And I'll give you a grand exercise that will do just that. Lie on your back on the floor. Then with the arms still along the floor bring yourself up on your shoulders, with the legs pointing upwards. Spread the legs as far apart as possible and work them back and forth briskly just as a scissors works. Be sure that you feel the muscles tighten as you do this. Do it fifteen or twenty times a day.

Here's another. In the same position, with the legs tight together bring the knees down to your face, then shoot them straight up again. Repeat fifteen or twenty times. Also, in this same position use your legs as if you were riding a bicycle, just as fast as you can make the legs go. These movements will make your legs larger.

If, even after this, the space between your legs is still there, then do a little camouflaging. With your hands, knead some of the flesh off of the outer part of your legs. This will make the space look less pronounced.

The swimming stroke I have given you for the bust will also develop your arms and shoulders and it will help develop your back, but in order to get rid of the "angel's wings"—those prominent shoulder blades that thin girls have, you must build yourself up all over by my diet and plenty of sleep.

Enlarge Your Chest Measurement From Two to Four Inches!

HERE is a breathing exercise that will work wonders in chest development for you thin girls. Most of you know the regular swimming breast-stroke. If not, get someone to show you. Then do this movement every morning before an open window for fifteen minutes. And do it as if you were really cutting through water. It will develop your shoulders, bust and arms, and is better than actual swimming since it will not make your hips large at the same time. But be sure to feel your muscles pull. Measure your chest before you begin and again at the end of a month. Work hard and earnestly and you will be amazed at the improvement in a short time.

I'll wager that there is not a skinny girl in the country who doesn't suffer from a bad case of nerves. Now that simply must stop. Learn to take things more easily but, more important than that, learn to think about something besides yourself. I hate to say this, but the fact remains that most nervous people are selfish. Whenever you feel a spell of the jitters coming on start to think about something entirely different from what you have been thinking about. Get up and walk around the room. Look out the window and watch the most interesting thing that you can see on the street. Get out of yourself.

DON'T you notice that when you are nervous the back of your neck tightens up? Well, when you feel jumpy here's a little exercise that you can do at home or at your office. With one hand on each side of your neck at the back press the flesh of the neck together. Then release it and repeat, pressing hard, until you feel the muscles growing relaxed.

Then with the thumbs, press hard right at the hairline at the back of your head, about an inch from the ear. Dig in deep under that bone. This will relieve the jitters and will make you feel like a new woman.

Also, with your hands knead the flesh around the upper part of your spine, working outwards toward the shoulders. Don't be afraid to dig in hard and do it as often as you feel you should during the day. In order to get that drawn tired look from your face you must loosen up the muscles of your neck.

There—you thin girls. There's a general routine for you, but don't fail to abide by the diet which follows:

General Building Up Diet Breakfast

Big glass of orange or grape fruit juice.

Twenty minutes later

Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar.

Coffee or tea with sugar and cream.

Toast with plenty of butter and jam. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



"That Miss Crawford takes herself too seriously," some said. "It's a pose." But it wasn't. Joan's fame did not protect her from scandal-mongers. Her eyes reflected her hurt



It took a trip to London and Paris to bring back Joan's gaiety and laughter. She needed the change. In the carefree capitals of the Old World she recovered her sense of humor

Joan Turns *to* Laughter

THE girl with the "haunted face." The girl with the "soul-torn eyes" they called her.

And then Joan Crawford went to Paris.

Away from the eternal grind of making movies, away from Hollywood. Gradually that tired feeling, that tenseness of a panther crouched to spring, those Hollywood blues, just naturally rolled themselves under an insane French taxicab and—

She got herself a new, wide-shouldered coat, a bottle of French perfume, and smiled as though she meant it.

Then she sailed for home. All across the broad Atlantic the smile never left her. It stayed with her through the customs house in New York and across those three thousand miles home to Hollywood.

She got off the train absolutely happy.

They whirled their car around to the side of the house, she and Doug, tore open the side door and almost leaped at those waiting servants. Upstairs. Down. In. Out. Like a long-lost puppy, she tore. Home at last.

She even reached out a finger and touched the walls. "Gee, I'm glad to be home again," she kept whispering.

And then the front door bell rang. It was Jerry, from the publicity department of M-G-M studios and a good friend of Joan's.

"Did you come in by the front door?" he whispered wildly.

"No, why?" Joan asked.

"My heavens, Joan," he said, "it's all decorated up with vines and gardenias, your favorite flower, and in the middle is a wreath from the servants that says 'Welcome Home.'"

Without another word she tore into Doug's room, clapped his hat on his amazed head, grabbed up an unpacked suitcase in one hand and pulling Doug by the hand, raced down the back stairs out to the front and rang the bell.

The butler opened the door.

"Oh, hello," Joan grinned. By this

time Doug had spied the decorations, knew what it was all about and came to the rescue.

All the servants must be summoned while Joan went into detailed raptures over the front door decorations.

Like the songwriter who claims he found a million dollar baby in a five and ten cent store, Joan Crawford found her long lost sense of humor on the steps of a London barber shop.

A friend in Hollywood had asked her to please bring him a certain brand of toilet water from a certain chemist in London. He had forgotten its name, but it had a lemon and verbena base. That much he knew.

Joan sent her chauffeur to the address for the toilet water. He came back in a lather.

"They 'aven't it ma'am," he said. "I argued and argued but they just 'ave no lemon and verbena base toilet water."

The next day she sent her maid, with the same result.

A day or so later Doug dropped by and still no lemon and verbena toilet water.

THEN one day Joan was in the neighborhood and thought she'd try.

"I'm looking for a toilet water with—" she began.

"I know, lady, with a lemon and verbena base," the clerk interrupted, "but I just 'aven't got it and that's final. Maybe they 'ave it downstairs in the barber shop."

So Joan went down the stairs to the barber shop. A French barber was about to apply a hot towel to a stern English countenance.

"I'm looking for a toilet water"—Joan began very politely.

And immediately the barber grew hysterical. "With a lemon and verbena base," he shouted. "I knew it. I knew it. For days, weeks, what do I hear? Lemon and verbena.

Lemon and verbena." The hot towel flew wildly about his head and smacked

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Jeanne North

All the Stars Dine Here

If you'll wait at the door of the Brown Derby restaurant, you'll be sure to see every famous face in Hollywood



So you think you'll just run over to the Brown Derby and get a few famous autographs, do you? But look at the folks who are there ahead of you. The élite of filmdom make their way through this crowd every noon hour. Once Mary Pickford was held up for forty-five minutes just signing books. And this mob isn't at all unusual. People stand like this every day in the week



Once you are inside, you'll see more stars than there are in heaven — or "Grand Hotel." Here's Wally Beery giving brother Noah some extra service

Lupe Velez lunches on shrimp cocktail, instead of hot tamales as you would expect. Lupe makes the noon hour one prolonged circus

Our Photographer was in Luck Today



Introducing the most formidable contender for Clark Gable's crown—Big Bill Gargan, who knocked the Hollywood girls for a row of sound sequences when he played opposite Joan Crawford in "Rain." That's his wife there at the right and Mrs. Leslie Howard in the middle. Gargan played on the New York stage with Leslie in "Animal Kingdom" and now the two families, brought together in Hollywood, are inseparable



"I'll take that one," says Joe E. Brown to the waiter. There's no trouble about Joe's finding the place to put it



Just to prove that there isn't the slightest jealousy between two of Hollywood's "best dressed" women. Hey, Lil Tashman, where did you get that hat? Kay Francis wears more conservative head gear



Get the bright expression on Carole Lombard's face. Want to know the reason? Hubby Bill Powell has just entered the door

Just See what his Camera Caught



Thelma Todd's new husband doesn't like thin girls. That's why Thelma's plate looks like this



Cedric Gibbons, old boy, that must be a pretty fascinating story you're telling Dolores Del Rio to get all that attention. And married two years, too!



Phones are brought right to the booth. The lads are Cary Grant and Randolph Scott



Mrs. Neil Hamilton joins Neil for luncheon. Come, come, Mrs. H., what made your smile do a fade-out?

Ah, There! It's Chic Himself!



No dark glasses *a la* Garbo, nor black wigs *a la* Harding for him. His best disguise off the screen is his own face

IF the contents of Chic Sale's two enormous, filled-to-overflowing trunks could talk, they would, indeed, relate an interesting and amusing story.

For Chic doesn't go about obtaining his character costumes in the usual way. No property man "ages" a suit for him by wiping up dusty floors or polishing shoes with it.

Chic's characteristic outfits are actually "aged in the wood"; purchased, invariably, directly off the back of a character he is planning to depict.

The patches—if any—are legitimate ones, worn by honest toil; mended by tired, loving fingers. Garments that have served their masters well in the relentless struggle for existence . . . Life.

There is, for instance, the battered hat he wears in his *Lem Pull* characterizations.

Driving through Kansas, Chic stopped to ask directions of an old farmer who was plowing in a nearby field.

At Chic's approach, the old fellow left his team and came to lean sociably on the dividing fence, while he gave the required information. The hat he was wearing appealed to Chic as being highly atmospheric.

"How much would you take for the hat?" Chic asked.

"What hat?" the old fellow was obviously puzzled.

"The one you're wearing."

Yes sir, Chic Sale—that funny old fellow who sports whiskers and chews tobacco

By

Barbara Barry

Removing the desired object from his head, the man gazed from it to Chic, suspiciously.

"This'n?"

"Sure." Chic smiled reassuringly.

The old fellow wiped a faded blue sleeve across his steaming forehead.

"Now what in tarnation would anybody be a-wantin' with an old relic like this? My land, I been wearin' it, winter an' summer, for nigh onto seven years," commented the puzzled farmer.

So Chic explained who he was and just why he wanted that particular hat. A few moments later, the bewildered farmer, fingering a crisp new bill of pleasing denomination, watched the astonishing young man disappear down the winding road in a cloud of Kansas dust.

"Jumpin' cornstalks!" he probably murmured. "Won't Sary be tickled! Now we kin buy that pig we bin a-wantin'!"



The only Chic you would recognize, in a scene with Noah Beery from "Stranger in Town"

THE conductor's uniform Chic wears in "When A Feller Needs A Friend," was bought from a baggage man on the New York Central, at Scarsdale, N. Y.

"But," the fellow protested, when Chic offered him an interesting sum for the uniform, "I've been

wearin' it for more than twenty years! It's old—needs cleanin'—why, shucks, I was goin' to throw it away!"

"That's just why I want it," Chic explained. "It's seen actual service. It's *real*!" And, leaving a sum that would easily have paid for a brand-new uniform, with a red lantern thrown in, Chic triumphantly carried off his prize—a bundle of old clothes that a first rate rag man would have valued at less than two bits!

Out of the Los Angeles breadline came the frayed suit he wears in the poorhouse episode of "When A Feller Needs A Friend."

In this universal collection of flotsam and jetsam, one old man, hungry and weary, unnoticed and unwanted, stood far down the line, patiently awaiting his turn for the free bread and coffee, so generously provided by a well-known local organization.

Chic approached the old man and diplomatically suggested that they step aside for a few [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Up the Ladder with Jeanette

She sneaked into
the chorus back
row. That was the
first rung to fame



SHE wanted to go on the stage. She could dance a little, sing a little and act a little. And she wanted to be an actress. So does everybody, well, nearly everybody, else.

But Jeanette MacDonald wanted to be a big star. A famous, beautiful woman.

And so does everybody, well, nearly everybody, else.

Only Jeanette did. With plenty of odds against her, she did. After ten long, hard years, Jeanette became a famous woman. On a moving picture screen.

And if you're anxious to profit by Jeanette's experience, to avoid the pitfalls, and can take some good solid advice from a red-headed woman who knows, we'll tell you about the rise from a scrawny little Philadelphia High School kid to the recipient of Maurice Chevalier's screen attentions. And isn't that something!

She borrowed her older sister's fur coat and started out. She looked like something that had roamed down out of the mountains in search of food, but no difference.

She thought she was the last word as she waddled (the heavy coat kept getting under her feet) into Ned Wayburn's office and asked for a job. She kept going back and going back until Mr. Wayburn felt there must be some talent beneath the fur robe, and gave her a job. The last row in the chorus.

So the family moved to New York and the career was on. Or off, mostly.

Near the close of the show (note, please, that Jeanette didn't wait until the show was over) she decided to call upon Mr. Dillingham, the great theatrical producer.

She was told he was out of town. It didn't phase her. She inquired at the box-office how to get to Mr. Dillingham's office and the boy was so overcome at such nerve, he told her. Only, he called after her, Mr. Dillingham was out of town.

She climbed the steps and sat in the reception room. He may be in Algiers, but no one could say, in her old age, that she hadn't tried to see Mr. Dillingham. The office boy gave her a

"Can you dance—can you sing?" they asked Jeanette MacDonald. "Certainly," she answered—and then proceeded to learn how

black look, but still she sat. After all, it took but two or three weeks to get back from Algiers and she didn't have anything in particular to do, in the daytime, anyway. So, she decided, she'd sit right there. And she sat.

Presently the office boy disappeared and Jeanette tiptoed quietly about. She found a door and turned a knob. It opened. A handsome, gray-haired man sat behind the desk. It was Mr. Dillingham, no place but right there in New York. He sat very still and quiet. And appeared worried.

Jeanette went in. So sorry to be rude, she told him, but she'd been waiting such a long time and after all she had something to sell and he wanted to buy and dear me, did she lay it on thick. She went into detail about how good she was and what she could do and well, really, she wasn't the least bit backward.

AND the producer smiled and seemed amused as Jeanette went on to say she merely wanted a feature part with the agreement she was to understudy the star. And that was every last thing she wanted.

"Could she dance?" he asked. Now mind, could she dance. And could she sing, he wanted to know. And Jeanette nearly dropped dead at the suggestion she wasn't the world's best.

"Well," he smiled, "would she accept a place in the chorus of 'Nightboat,' playing in Rochester." We'll yes, she would. After one-half second's deliberation, yes, she would. Only that morning he'd had a wire wanting a girl to fill a vacancy and had been sitting there, worrying over whom to send.

So you see. Fools rush in where angels wouldn't be caught. But be foolish every so often. It pays. So off to Rochester dashed our heroine, only to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

By Frances Denton

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood



All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

WILL Joan Bennett's adoption of the beauty spot bring about a renaissance of its popularity? It's often a fascinating accent for the right occasion.

MARY MASON is in a very icy mood. She is illustrating one of Billie Burke's skin secrets—plenty of ice water for beauty. Delicate skins should use ice water; harder types, ice direct covered with gauze.



SLIGHTLY extended eyebrows are invariably becoming. Gloria Stuart adds a deft touch to her own. If your brows are black, use a black pencil. For other shades a brown pencil is far more becoming. Keep the line light and tapering and follow the natural shape, straight, arched or slanting.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



DOROTHY JORDAN delights in exotic perfumes. For day she sprays her astrakhan collar (perfume is lasting on fur) and applies a touch from her dropper bottle back of her ears. Dorothy changes perfumes often. Jasmine is a favorite.



RAQUEL TORRES' new permanent emphasizes two important hair points for the young girl. Reveal the forehead generously or try one of the new bangs. In-between styles are out.



ANITA LOUISE brushes a tiny dash of brilliantine through her brows to remove powder and to accent their darkness. Especially attractive on black brows and on lashes, too.

If You're Very Very Young—



THE back of Shirley's head is almost as nice as the front. Notice the irregular, cascade curl arrangement.



ALTHOUGH you may not be very big, if you're partying to, say your second or third birthday, or posing for a special picture, you need to think about your hair as much as the grown-ups. Shirley Temple, being very good, gets a curl in the middle of her forehead and a gay ribbon besides. Loose curls, natural or by aid of kid curlers, cover her head and are held just so by a bow.



JACQUELINE HAYES looks poetic and wistful in her mop of soft curls and full bang, a classical arrangement.



JOY DIMPLES, at eighteen months, goes unadorned, with a few curls, rather wind-blown but very alluring.



OR you may prefer a shingled bob like young Shirley Bloomfield, who goes in for a twirl and saucy bow.

Four Aids To Good Looks



NOW that liquid eyelash darkener is popular, a lesson in its application by Phyllis Fraser is very timely. Apply to upper lashes with upward sweep, to lower lashes with downward sweep. If stopper brush is awkward, use a glass rod or a wooden match.



LEMONS play an important part in Mary Carlisle's shampoo ritual. Juice of half a lemon softens the shampoo water; juice of a whole in final rinse removes all soap.



ELEANOR HOLM keeps her cuticle oil in a perfume dropper bottle, applies it nightly with dropper. A dainty way to use oil, for well-groomed nails.



DOROTHY JORDAN'S sole eye make-up for day is a brown line drawn with an eyebrow crayon on her upper lids just above the lash-line. A grand ruse to accent eyes.



COIFFURE DEBONAIR

IRENE DUNNE
a lovely new evening
coiffure designed for her by
Westmore. Before
Irene's simple, conservative
bob, as she wore it in
summer, to show a good day
style which may trans-
form itself into the Coiffure
Debonair for evening.



THE head silhouette is beauti-
fully confined by broad swirls
which break into cluster curls bank-
ed to the side. A lover's knot of
tiny diamonds is the sole ornament.



THE pristine
plainness of the
left side is broken
by a fringe of face
curls and a broad
swirl back of the
ear. This chic and
unusual coiffure
also accents hair
sheen and color.

VARIETY IN BANGS



If your hair is soft and silky, you may find a deep bang like Lilian Bond's the final touch for loveliness. Hair is circularly waved, ends turned up.

YOUTHFUL, vivacious Mary Carlisle needs only the suspicion of a bang to distinguish her bob. This style bang may be combed out or tucked under.

WOULD you believe that Fay Wray's almost Grecian coiffure could be combed into such a soft, becoming bob for day? For evening that forehead fringe is persuaded into lacy curls, the hair drawn tightly back and high where it blossoms into tiny curls. Try this arrangement for that party.



CONSTANCE BENNETT'S bang is different and bizarre. Extremely nice with smooth hair, big eyes, high forehead.

(For More Beauty Tips
Turn to Page 94.)



The New

The screen test is only the first difficult step in an exacting profession

The test that opened the way to a picture career for Marion Burns, new Fox player. This is the last-minute rehearsal, while the cameraman stands by for the "take" signal

HOW much do you really want an acting job in the movies?

How much physical pain and mental stress are you willing to endure?

Would you consent to having an operation on your ears or your nose (and perhaps pay for it out of your own pocket)? To have perfectly sound but out-of-line teeth drawn, perhaps to wear a dental brace for months? To have your ankles kneaded and baked daily to reduce their size? To go on a strict reducing diet?

Would you have the grit to face silent and sound cameras for a grueling test of acting ability, photographic value and voice—the sort of test that Mary Pickford has called "the greatest ordeal of a picture career"? To face it, knowing that your screen future may be made or broken by the results of that one day's work on the set, before the most critical audience in the world, the director and his technical crew?

THAT'S the kind of test Jimmie Dunn had to take, before he got his big chance in "Bad Girl." Jimmie passed with flying colors in the opinion of the director who conducted the test in New York. Fox Films took a three-weeks' option on Jimmie's services and the test film was sent to the Coast, to be passed upon by studio executives.

And then, just when success seemed sure, they turned thumbs down. Nope, the boy wouldn't do. He didn't have what it takes. Only one man in the executive offices—Winfield Sheehan—was satisfied



The actual "take." Now the director, too, must stand by, silent and motionless, while camera and microphone do their work. Here, after a week of intensive study and preparation, is the deciding test of talent and screen personality



He insisted that Jimmie

over when he made a test in. It isn't over, since his "Dance Team," and his own Broadway." Every test—now audiences are nbs down or demand that ictures, you don't merely ut you have to *stay* there. contract has a clause that says he must never, for the duration of that agreement, allow his weight to go over 160 pounds. There was a little matter of a second chin that showed up in Jimmie's test, and movie executives have a feeling that one chin is quite enough for an actor who plays romantic rôles. Let's look into the de-

Way of finding Screen Stars

By
Frances
Kish

tails of this mysterious process called a "screen test."

Even actresses of marked ability and long stage experiences are sometimes so overcome by camera and microphone fright at their first test that every faculty is temporarily paralyzed. So just imagine how you and I would be affected!

Well, what's so frightening about it, and what qualities does it take?

FIRST of all, according to the test director, it takes 75 per cent personality. "At the outset, a girl can get by with 25 per cent ability," he says. "Ability can be developed. But personality is God-given."

Waiting in his ante-room are always pretty young girls, of course. Pretty young girls who can't seem to realize, in spite of what PHOTOPLAY continually tells them, that mere prettiness and youth are a drug on the Hollywood market. There are personable young men; character actors; "types." Babies in their admiring mothers' arms; chubby, wide-eyed youngsters who speak "pieces;" frail old men and women. All of them caught by the glamour of motion pictures, the stories of riches and fame that await the successful player.

Few of these applicants qualify for even a preliminary silent test. Some have been sent through professional sources whose



Fred Riehl, make-up expert, studying Marion Burns' face, the line of her hair, the shape of her eyebrows, the curve of her lips. Make-up men are constantly experimenting to please the all-seeing, fault finding eye of the camera

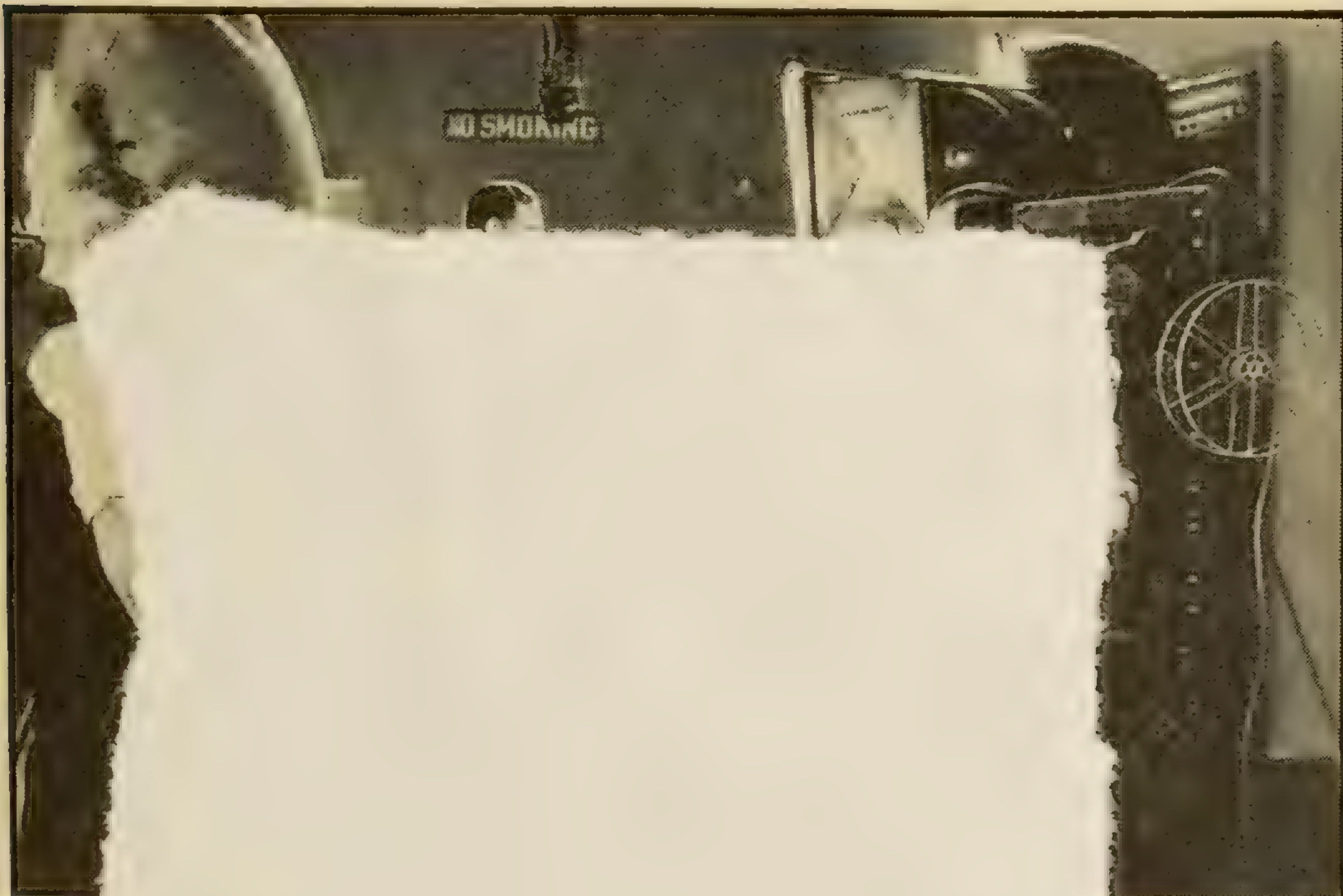
recommendation carries weight; some have been spotted in stage performances by picture "scouts;" sometimes the director has noted an obscure player in a vaudeville act and his expert eye has sensed picture possibilities.

At rare times an applicant comes unrecommended, unskilled and untutored; totally inexperienced. In that case she must at once suggest to the trained eye that she will photograph in an interesting way in both close-ups and long-shots and that her voice will register pleasingly.

THE applicant is first asked to do a dramatic scene, a recitation—whatever type of thing for which she has a special flare. If she looks like picture material, she is "weighed in." She steps on a scale, and both weight and height are recorded on a card, along with color of hair, eyes and skin, experience and other details. Sometimes she is told at once that she is overweight, that she must reduce a certain number of pounds and come back again. If she is more than five feet, six, the chances are she will have no test. Five feet, two is the average height, and girls as tall even as five feet, five or six present difficulties in casting them with men sufficiently taller.

If a girl's face is too round and fleshy, her shoulders too broad, her bust too large, these may bar her from pictures, even though she is slender otherwise. So many pictures are taken in close-ups or only from the waist up that the upper part of the body and the face must suggest

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



ident voice
dese, dose
ias started
er diction

Love and all That



In Roman times ladies swooned at the very thought of a kiss — C. B. De Mille would have you believe. This is how Elissa Landi and Fred March carry on in "The Sign of the Cross"



Salesmanship love. George M. Cohan puts over a big idea with Claudette Colbert in "The Phantom President." "How's it for a little ride in the country, baby?" asks George with a slight leer

At boarding school the first creams she ever used . . . As young society woman
Mrs. du Pont *says:* "I have kept right on using them. They are simply grand for the skin."



AT BOARDING SCHOOL. Mrs. du Pont in 1922 when as Miss Elizabeth Wrenn she was still in her teens. "At boarding school I used these two creams all the time."



AS YOUNG SOCIETY WOMAN. Photograph taken this year of Mrs. E. Wrenn du Pont. "Today I depend upon them to keep my skin fresh and smooth always."

In December, the stinging snows of St. Moritz . . . In March, the blistering sands of Bermuda . . . To Lake Placid . . . To California . . . By plane or train . . . Mrs. du Pont tells a spirited story of the sport-loving life she leads—and the two creams that keep her skin lovely through it all!



3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations

The Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening. *The Vanishing Cream*—protects, and holds the powder. *The Tissues*—more absorbent than ordinary tissues.

"AT boarding school," says Mrs. du Pont, "when I first realized the importance of caring for my skin, I turned to Pond's Two Creams . . . I wanted to look 'my best' for my first parties!"

"Today I am simply devoted to those same two creams!"

"In St. Moritz, I never went out without Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face. The air is so frightfully cold, and the sun so very brilliant, that unless you have a good coating of protection, your face goes absolutely purple!"

"In Bermuda, I found Pond's Vanishing Cream absolutely essential as a protection against blistering.

"Pond's Creams really are just *grand!*"

"*How I use the Cold Cream: A Swell Cleanser.* I never found a cream that goes into my skin better, and gets it both clean and refreshed at the same time.

"*To Rest My Skin.* When I've had a very trying day, a good cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, then a fresh creaming and a short nap with it on takes all the tiredness from my face.

"*The Things I use the Vanishing Cream for: Protects from Chapping and from Sunburn.* It's great for that. I can't say too much about Pond's Vanishing Cream as a protection.

"*It heals all sorts of little roughnesses whenever I have been careless.*"

"*The Best Finish to a Beauty Treatment.* It's the best base for rouge and powder. You

know you are going to look fresh and groomed for hours."

Try these marvelous creams. You will find, like Mrs. Du Pont, they are all you need.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples of Pond's Products.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
 114 Hudson Street New York City
 Please send me (check choice):

Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.

OR
 POND'S TWO CREAMS, TISSUES AND FRESHENER ☐.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Actually over



But these
lovely stars
know the secret
of keeping
Youthful Charm

"I am over 40!" MARY BOLAND

"There's no magic about keeping the charm of youth," says this popular Broadway star who triumphed last season in *Face the Music*. "It's just a matter of regular complexion care. For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap."

ANY woman can laugh at birthdays—if she is wise. The recent photographs above are proof of it! "Very few actresses look their age, you notice," says lovely Alla Nazimova. "It is easy to be lovely at sixteen or seventeen, but to be still lovelier at thirty, at forty, and over . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise."

Because keeping youthful charm is vitally

LUX

40_



"I'm over 45!" NANCE O'NEIL

"It is said that a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels," says this famous star of the stage and screen. "Several years ago, I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and I use it regularly."



"I'm over 40!" says NAZIMOVA

"Only the woman who looks it is afraid to admit her age," says this famous screen star who last season won fresh laurels on Broadway in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. "For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap and my skin is so smooth."

important to them, actresses take vigilant care of their skin. You will want to know how!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

One favorite soap keeps lovely 98% of the exquisite complexions you see on the screen. Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant, white Lux

Toilet Soap for their skin. It is the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

"There's no reason to care about birthdays if you realize the importance of *complexion care*," says Mary Boland wisely.

Start today to give *your* precious complexion the care nine out of ten screen stars use to keep youthful charm through the years.

Toilet Soap

The feminine figure is QUEEN of FASHION

THE modern mode has recaptured the elusive charm of femininity. Swim suits, pajamas, sports togs demand shapely limbs. Evening gowns discreetly reveal gentle, girlish curves.

The fashionable figure is the figure of health. So those who reduce wisely win health and smartness together. Proper exercise and a carefully planned menu are the only safe way.

So many neglect adequate "bulk" in the diet. Then faulty elimination develops. Complexions may become sallow. Eyes may lose their brightness. Wrinkles and pimples are other frequent effects.

Fortunately, a delicious cereal provides this needed "bulk." Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a fine source of "bulk"—similar to that found in leafy vegetables.

In addition, ALL-BRAN provides vitamin B to help tone the system, and

food-iron to help guard against nutritional anemia.

Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant pills and drugs!

Enjoy ALL-BRAN with milk, or use in cooked dishes. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. ALL-BRAN helps satisfy hunger without being fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



ROCHELLE HUDSON, RKO-Radio Pictures player, wears a molded evening gown of chiffon. Her tailored beach pajamas are of yellow and blue jersey. The sports outfit is in the vivid blue so fashionable this season.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. D-12, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name _____

Address _____

Ann plans a very elaborate Christmas menu whether or not she has guests, for Christmas is a gala occasion in the Harding household

Ann is here arranging a table centerpiece. She uses greens and bright red poinsettias, flanked by silver candelabra which hold red candles



A Hearty Christmas Menu

MENU

Clam and Tomato Consommé with Browned Soup Rings	Frozen Apples
Filet of Sole with Mushroom Sauce	Roast Goose with Chestnut Dressing and Giblet Gravy
Riced Potatoes	Glazed Silver Skin Onions
Pimento Timbales	Chiffonade Salad
English Plum Pudding with Sherry Sauce	Almond Cakes
Coffee Ice Cream	
Crackers	Bon Bons Cheese
	Café Noir

ANN HARDING believes that Christmas should be a real feast day. No matter whether she is entertaining a number of guests or only the family, she plans a dinner that is bountiful to its last perfect detail. Ann gives you her favorite menu, with recipes, so that you can serve her delicacies at your own table.

Clam and Tomato Consommé—this is prepared by making the clam water and the consommé separately and then combining the two. To make the clam water, wash thoroughly and scrub two quarts of clams. Put in a granite stew pan and add one-half cup cold water. Cover closely, cook until the shells open. Remove clams and strain the liquor through a double cheese cloth.

Add two cups each of the clam water and canned tomatoes to one quart of beef and chicken consommé. When cleared, add the soft part of the clams.

Browned Soup Rings—Cut

stale bread in one-third inch slices and shape with a round cutter. Spread with butter and, with a smaller round cutter, shape into rings that are as wide as they are thick. Cut the bread in one-third inch slices, spread with butter, and cut slices into sticks as wide as they are thick. Put both rings and sticks into a dripping pan and bake until brown. Serve three sticks through each ring.

Frozen Apples—Wipe, pare, core and cut ten apples in quarters. Put into a stew pan, sprinkle with sugar and add a few grains of salt. Cover with boiling water and cook until apples are soft. Rub through a sieve and add two-thirds cup of cider and two tablespoons lemon juice. Freeze to a mush and serve in cups made from bright red apples.

Glazed Silver Skin Onions—Peel small onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and sauté in butter, to which is added a small quantity of sugar, until delicately browned.

Pimento Timbales—Line slightly buttered individual tin moulds with canned pimentos and fill with chicken forcemeat. Set in pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake until firm. Remove from moulds, insert a small sprig of parsley in each and serve with mushroom sauce.

Here is the chicken forcemeat recipe: Cook two tablespoons butter, one-fourth cup stale bread crumbs and two-thirds cup milk five minutes. To this add one cup cooked chicken forced through a sieve. Add two eggs slightly beaten. Season.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Ask The Answer Man

LETTERS came in so fast this month asking for information about "newcomers" that the old Answer Man just had to pick the four about whom he received the most questions. They are Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Lyle Talbot and Adrienne Ames. Here is a short history of each:

Dick Powell, the lad who clicked in "Blessed Event," comes from a little town called Mountain View, in Arkansas. For the past five or six years he has been acting as M.C. (Master of Ceremonies) in various theaters. He went into the theatrical business because he liked to sing. He has wavy brown hair, blue eyes and a big grin that just thrills the girls who see him, both on and off screen. He likes making pictures in Hollywood because it keeps him in one place and he can have his mother and dad with him. He was married once, but it didn't last. In his spare time he plays golf and tennis. His best friend is Joe E. Brown. Dick got a nice contract with Warners after his hit in "Blessed Event."

Gloria Stuart, Universal player, has been in pictures since last February and has been steadily getting ahead. She is a native of Santa Monica, Calif. Has been celebrating her birthday on the 4th of July ever since 1910. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 118 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. For eight years, prior to going into pictures, she appeared in amateur theatricals. Has been married to Blair Gordon Newell, a sculptor, since June, 1930. Her latest pictures are "Airmail" and "The All American."

Lyle Talbot's career was practically settled before he was born. Both his parents belonged to the stage. His father owned stock companies throughout the Middle West. Lyle was born on February 8, 1904, in Pittsburgh, Penna. At the age of sixteen he started his career when his parents took him on the stage with them. He began as a magician but gave it up shortly afterward to return to school. At nineteen he went back to the stage in "St. Elmo." Lyle is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 172 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His real name is Lysle Hollywood, but because he knew no one would believe it was true he changed it to Lyle Talbot. He got a screen test at Warners which proved successful and was given a rôle in "Love Is a Racket." This was followed by "Big City Blues," "The Purchase Price," "Three on a Match," "The Thirteenth Guest" and "Klondike." Lyle likes bicycling, tennis, golf and handball.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Adrienne Ames had a movie career fall into her lap. When she and her millionaire husband, Stephen Ames, stopped off in Hollywood on their way back from a vacation in Honolulu, Adrienne wanted Ruth Harriet Louise, Hollywood photographer, to take some pictures of her. Ruth took the pictures and thought they were so good that she sent them to Paramount. Paramount sent for Adrienne and she was given a part in "24 Hours." Next came "Girls About Town," "One Hour With You" and "Guilty as Hell." Adrienne is a native of Fort Worth, Texas, born there on August 3, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 116 and has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Adrienne McClure.

BETTY HORTON, CHICAGO, ILL. — Wally Beery was born on April 1. No foolin'. Here's the low-down on your favorites, Don Cook and Bette Davis. Don was born in Portland, Ore., on September 26, 1901. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 147 pounds and has dark hair and dark eyes. Was on the stage in "Rebound," "The Rivals," "Spellbound," "Paris," and "Half Gods." His next picture will be "The Conquerors." Bette was born on April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. She is 5 feet, 3½ inches tall; weighs 110 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She entered pictures in 1930. Was married to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. in Yuma, Ariz., on August 18, 1932.

HATCHET, HERNDON, VA. — With a name like that I'd expect you to go into a war dance any minute. The Warner studios say that David Manners did all his own singing in "Crooner" and you'll have to believe them. They made the picture and they ought to know.

LOUISE LE CHIEN, PITTSBURG, KAN.—And I thought Pittsburgh was in Pennsylvania. Guess I must be getting old. Lots of folks think that Ken Murray nearly stole the picture "Crooner" from David Manners. Well, here's the low-down on Ken. He is a native of little old New York, born on July 14, 1903. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 179 pounds and has dark brown hair and light brown eyes. His real name is Kenneth Doucourt. He started in pictures in 1929. Appeared in "Leathernecking," "Ladies of the Jury," and "Girl Crazy." He and Mary Brian worked together in vaudeville for about nine months. Much romance was rumored about them during that time, but so far they have remained single.

VIRGINIA MORGAN, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Settling bets is my pastime and hobby. The young fellow who appeared opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Red Dance" was Charlie Farrell. Remember now?

MIRIAM BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA. — Charles Laughton, note the correct spelling, Miriam, was born in Scarborough, England on July 1, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 180 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Elsa Lancaster. Charles attended the Stonyhurst College in England and also the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. He appeared on the British stage for six years and on the American stage for another six years before he finally went into pictures. His first picture was "Devil and the Deep." Then came "The Old Dark House." If you're a Laughton fan now, wait until you see Charles as *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross." His hobby, believe it or not, is gardening.

FRANK LUKES, CHICAGO, ILL. — Frank, you're not going to see Marguerite Churchill on the screen for some time. She returns to Broadway in a new play called "Dinner at Eight."

MARY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary, how can you ask me to name the most popular "crooner" who ever made a picture? Do you want me to get my old grey beard pulled? With Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, David Manners and Dick Powell all crooning their best, do you think I would risk voicing an opinion? I'm leaving it to you to make your own decision.



Gloria Stuart, whose good work won her a contract with Universal



Lysle Hollywood is his real name. It was changed to Lyle Talbot



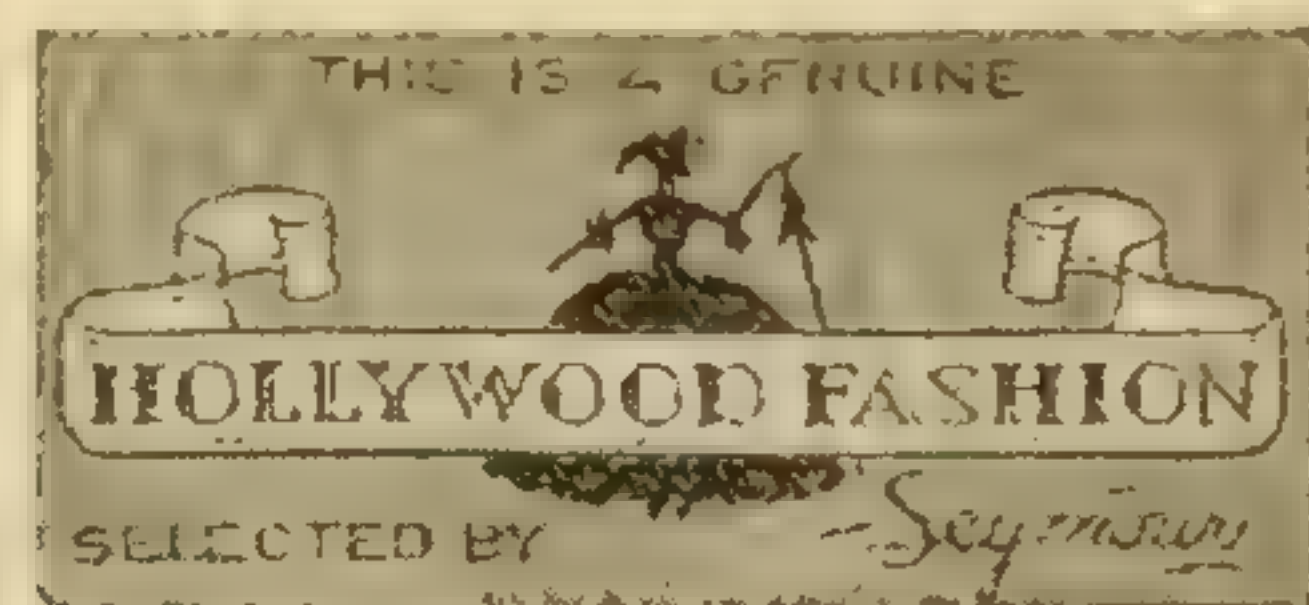
Adrienne Ames, society girl, got into pictures without trying



Dick Powell, crooning rival of Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee

Now at Modest Prices: Styles of the Stars!

FOR years you have admired them on the screen—the smart, distinctive, clever clothes of your favorite motion picture stars! Now, through the cooperation of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE with many of the country's leading department and ready-to-wear stores, you too may wear "Hollywood Fashions," faithful copies of the smartest frocks, coats and sportwear worn by famous stars in current motion pictures. (see Page 95)!



Look for the "Hollywood Fashions" label, shown above, in your movie frock; it proves its origin in the "style show of the films."



Upper Left: Ginger Rogers' smart frock, as she wears it in Warner Bros.' picture, "You Said a Mouthful."

Center: The trim afternoon frock of Sari Maritza, worn in the Paramount production, "Evenings for Sale."

Right: Tallulah Bankhead and the lovely evening gown she wears in the new M-G-M Picture, "Faithless."

Each month Seymour, stylist for Photoplay Magazine, selects ten outstanding fashions from pictures not yet on the screen. (See Pages 62-67.) If faithful copies of these distinctive garments are not sold by the leading store in your community, write Photoplay Magazine, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.

MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be purchased.

I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer). _____

My Name and Address is _____

Beauty Chatter From Hollywood



By
Carolyn
Van
Wyck

THE advantages of a triple mirror for your dressing-table are emphasized by this view of Una Merkel. Good looks are no longer confined to the front. Every little back and side detail must be considered.

IF you think your face curls and lacquer wigs of modern inspiration, then consider this spectacular coiffure of two thousand years ago designed for "The Sign of the Cross."



PEGGY SHANNON looked very gay and happy as she showed me a smart, brown bag with metal frame of Chanel inspiration. "I'm taking one of these to all my friends in Hollywood," she explained. Busy lady of the screen, on a brief vacation in New York, a thousand and one things to do! Yet finding time to buy a gift for each friend, and a charming one and a practical one!

I took a little lesson in Christmas giving from Peggy. That day of days is just around the corner, you know, and there are mothers and aunts and sisters and friends to think about. If you are in a quandary about gifts, especially small gifts, do give something for beauty. The costliest of perfumes now come in junior sizes to oblige the slimmest of purses, both in size and contents. Even modern grandmothers thrill to new and lovely perfumes.

Then there are compacts. Who ever has enough of them? Loose powder, compact powder, rouge, lipstick or even an accent for the eyes, if you want them that complete. And such adorable cases. It seems to me that one of the most gracious of American gestures to-day is the removal of a lovely compact from a smart handbag. Red or green compacts accent the black or brown costume; white is very new, a perfect touch with black or brown, also, and as appropriate for evening as for day. Or you may prefer blue; indeed any shade you desire is sure to be found.

Then there is the more practical aspect—complete treatment outfits, effective, economical, gifts that do something grand for your face and your spirits as well.

These are the types of gifts that I think will be more welcome than ever in this Christmas of 1932—gifts of beauty, gifts that carry the true spirit of Christmas. Somehow, I think these modern jewels of beauty are not far removed from those ancient gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

BANGS, it seems, are going stronger than ever in Hollywood. Clara Bow is one of the latest recruits to join the banged group with

IF you are looking for a perfume that is new, a gift or compact that is different, send the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope for our Christmas list. Beauty problems are still in order, too. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

a Trilby coiffure, a thick forehead fringe and a shoulder-length bob. This is for her rôle in "Call Her Savage."

HOLLYWOOD, which, as you know, goes blonde, brunette, platinum or red-head at will, now adds another hair shade to this list. The newest is blue hair, introduced by Beulah Christian, an atmosphere player in "Evenings for Sale." Miss Christian has been gray since she was thirteen. By rinsing her hair in ordinary laundry bluing she produces a bluish shade which she finds makes her either a blonde or brunette at will. The shade is controlled by the amount of light played upon her hair. What next?

THE pictures of Dorothy Jordan, which you will find in the front pages of this department, were taken in the same dressing-room at the Capitol Theater which Dorothy used several years ago when she was a member of a Chester Hale dancing group. Now Dorothy returns to the same room as a star.

PAULETTE GODDARD'S platinum curls are gradually growing out in their natural light brown color, in anticipation of a picture she will make demanding this hair shade. When and if you see her *au naturel*, I think you will like her better. In spite of the screen popularity of the platinum blonde, sometimes it places the player at a disadvantage. If there are still readers who yearn for the silver locks, I hope they will pause and decide that blonde or brown locks are very well and good.

Hollywood Fashions

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

- ABRAHAM & STRAUS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
- J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,
Buffalo, N. Y.
- S. A. BARKER COMPANY,
Springfield, Ill.
- J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,
Omaha, Neb.
- CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,
Nashville, Tenn.
- CLARKE & COMPANY,
Peoria, Ill.
- THE DAYTON COMPANY,
Minneapolis, Minn.
- DEV BROTHERS & COMPANY,
Syracuse, N. Y.
- MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,
Chicago, Ill.
- WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.
- WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,
Worcester, Mass.
- G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,
Hartford, Conn.
- THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,
Memphis, Tenn.
- WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
- THE GORTON COMPANY,
Elmira, N. Y.
- HARZFELD'S, INC.,
Kansas City, Mo.
- HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,
Baltimore, Md.
- J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,
Charlotte, N. C.
- FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,
Washington, D. C.
- THE KILLIAN COMPANY,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
- THE LINDNER COMPANY,
Cleveland, Ohio.
- LINN & SCRUGGS DRY GOODS CO.,
Decatur, Ill.
- HARRY S. MANCHESTER, INC.,
Madison, Wis.
- THE MORTON COMPANY,
Binghamton, N. Y.
- ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,
Birmingham, Ala.
- OWENS, INCORPORATED,
Rockford, Ill.
- M. L. PARKER COMPANY,
Davenport, Iowa.
- H. C. PRANGE COMPANY,
Green Bay, Wis.
- H. C. PRANGE COMPANY,
Sheboygan, Wis.
- ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,
Milwaukee, Wis.
- SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY
DRY GOODS CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.
- SEAMAN'S,
Battle Creek, Mich.
- THE STEWART DRY GOODS CO., INC.,
Louisville, Ky.
- THE STYLE SHOP,
Kalamazoo, Mich.
- G. C. WILLIS,
Dry Goods,
Champaign, Ill.
- WOLF & DESSAUER,
Fort Wayne, Ind.
- YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,
Des Moines, Iowa.



WOOLENS fluff up clean in IVORY SNOW

Use the new quick-dissolving IVORY SNOW when you wash your fine woolens. It is pure Ivory Soap . . . safe for a baby's tender skin . . . safe for all downy and silky fleeces.

DISSOLVES AT A SWISH IN LUKEWARM WATER

Ivory Snow is not cut into brittle, flat flakes, but BLOWN into soft round particles which melt like snow itself. You don't need to start with hot water and get your hands so hot that they can't tell when the suds have cooled enough for your woolens. With Ivory Snow you can begin

with safe, lukewarm water and instantly get velvety suds.

NO STIFF, DISCOLORED SOAP SPOTS

Ivory Snow dissolves *completely*. It has no flat particles that can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. That is why, when you wash your woolens or your silks in Ivory Snow, they look so new—so evenly soft and clear colored.

Use Ivory Snow lavishly — the extra-large package costs only 15¢. And here's a tip — it makes the quickest, thickest, soft-on-your-hands suds for dishes!

ADVICE FROM MAKERS OF FINE WOOLENS AND SILKS

Ivory Snow is "the ideal soap for woolens" agree the weavers of Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills. "A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu.



99 4/100 % PURE

They Leaped the Hurdles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Una Merkel—once the shyest girl in Hollywood—would you believe it? She proves that any girl can clap the lid on self-consciousness



Maureen O'Sullivan came to Hollywood just for a lark. Then she lost her picture contract, went broke, to return in "Tarzan"



and made more good pictures. And out of a clear sky she fell in love with the wrong man. Hollywood tried to tell her. To warn her. "But I'm sure he's sincere," she insisted. "I'm sure of it." But he wasn't. And it broke her heart. She lost her contract. She had no money. She, who had always had plenty. And for the first time in her life, probably, she had to fight her way up from the bottom.

She overcame the obstacle of extravagance. She learned to economize. To listen to older and wiser heads. When M-G-M finally sent for Maureen, she was down to her last cent.

She came back in "Tarzan," and won a contract. Today, she's a new Maureen. Her money is carefully saved. Acting in pictures is no longer just a new thrill. It's a serious job to do, and she's overcome that terrific handicap of having plenty without working for it.

THEY called Dorothy Jordan "Little Mosquito" in Hollywood. Her voice was a soft, delicate whirr, her clothes, even after a year on Broadway, were hopelessly small-townish. She had no vim or force, self-assurance or poise. She was quiet, naïve, and looked afraid.

The parade in Hollywood moves quickly. You've got to keep step or fall behind. Dorothy, looking about her, saw the whirl and push, knew she was a small town girl in a big town racket and would have to get over it.

She practiced things with that voice. It grew and expanded. She even gathered up enough spunk to fight for good parts. She put up a battle for "Min and Bill," and got it.

She looked at herself, her little "down South" dresses and knew they were no go in Hollywood. So one day it was a blue voile and the next day Hollywood clutched its swollen, aching head and stared in alarm. The chic, the smartness of that Dorothy. She had blossomed into a seductive butterfly. Those clothes.

A few short months ago Dorothy Wilson sat pounding a typewriter in the scenario department of the Radio Pictures studios. Just a cute little stenog. Nothing more.

Today, Dorothy's a movie actress. But hold on there, Mamie, it didn't happen that easily. You can't go from the notion counter to modeling French doo-dads without some little preparation, can you? No, of course not. Neither could Dorothy.



Did you know that Jean Harlow was once a cripple? As a child she had spinal meningitis. But by exercise she overcame her handicap

Her arms were long, she walked awkwardly, she hurried her lines—well, name about anything that isn't right. It belonged to Dorothy.

But the Dorothy in "The Age of Consent" wasn't so bad, was she? No, indeed! But you should have seen what lay between.

Hours of practice. Hours of study. Hours of watching. Of times when a good old typewriter would have looked like a gift from heaven.

Each night after work, when her feet hurt, her back hurt, her feelings hurt, she stayed and went over the next day's work with the director. Over and over. Over and over.

And then she went home. But not to bed. Not yet. She stood before her mirror. Going over every gesture, every word, every line.

Finally, bit by bit, she overcame the heart-breaking obstacle of being an awkward, inexperienced young girl to blossom into a good actress. Most girls require several hard years of stage training to make the transformation.

Dot made it in those several months of intensive effort.

But she wasn't through. She must have poise and self-assurance. So they told her she

must make a personal appearance with her picture.

And so, with knees knocking so loudly that a stage hand looked comically around and said, "Come in," with hands shaking and lips quivering, she overcame another obstacle on the road to fame. And stepped out onto that stage.

They sent her to San Francisco, Salt Lake City, and everywhere "The Age of Consent" went, Dorothy—like Mary's lamb—was sure to go. And gradually stage bowing grew less and less of a nightmare and Dorothy acquired considerable poise and self-assurance. Another hurdle taken.

OH, they all have to take theirs in the run for fame, Mamie. Even the most gorgeous beauties of them have hurdles to take. Look at Gwili Andre. And isn't that an easy thing to do? But what good is a beautiful face if, every time you get the least bit excited, your voice squeals like a fire siren. And that, horror of horrors, is exactly what Gwili's did. Her voice rose to high heaven every time she was the least stirred up. And you know, Mamie, if you know anything, you're in a constant state of stir-up in these movies.

Well, here was a man's size obstacle, if ever there was one. And Gwili made it. Here's how.

She used the gag of Demosthenes, the ancient Grecian orator. She filled her beautiful mouth with pebbles and talked. It was agony, but she did it. And was sure she was full of pebbles after every lesson. But she kept on.

She overcame that squeak, toned her voice down to a lovely evenness and so, what?

Una Merkel had to overcome shyness. She nearly died of it. But now she's become a miniature Charlotte Greenwood, rolling about and making a cute little monkey of herself without the least self-consciousness.

Wynne Gibson has had to overcome the hard-boiled-sister typing that's been her lot lately. And Wynne has waged one of the most beautiful one-woman battles ever waged, though she hasn't got it licked yet. She gained ground in "Clara Deane" only to lose it again in "Night After Night." But she'll make it. You'll see!

Just try to realize some of the obstacles these actresses have overcome and then, instead of going into fits of despair, do something about it. Shame on you, Mamie!

"Worry! Who—Me? Say!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

When he was cast for "Society Girl" with Jimmie Dunn, he didn't waste a moment worrying about which man would get the best of the picture. He cultivated Jimmie. The two became friends. Now, two leading men are not supposed to be friends while they are working together. They are supposed to out-worry each other; try to steal one another's scenes.

The moment he read the script of "The Painted Woman" he felt it was going to be bad. It couldn't be anything else. But he didn't worry. Went right ahead and made what he knew would be a poor production without saying a word about it. Taking the bad with the good.

A person who has worked on the Fox lot for ten years said, recently: "Spencer Tracy is the most nonchalant person I ever knew. He seems completely indifferent and yet he can't be because he always turns out a good performance. He's so easy and natural and never asks questions—I can't understand him."

His contract comes up for renewal the first of the year. And he's not worrying about that, either. He wouldn't object to returning to the stage for a play or two. Either way it goes is all right with him.

And he hasn't added a gray hair since that memorable evening when he made his decision—Life is too short to waste any part of it in worry!

Heart Throb

I'm a crippled girl twenty years old. No one knows the heart-aches, the loneliness in those three words, "a crippled girl."

When my sisters dress up for their beaus and their parties I just sit and smile. But deep in my heart there's an ache, a pain, for I'll never have a beau and I can never dance.

I sit for hours in my wheel chair reading PHOTOPLAY from cover to cover. Then in the evening, dad rolls me to the nearest picture show, and in the interest of watching Jackie Cooper, Sylvia Sidney and others I forget my misfortune.

Lira Anderson,
Mobile, Ala.

Cut Puzzle Fans

The judges are at work carefully checking the thousands of entries submitted in the annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

Winners will be announced in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY

on sale at all newsstands
January 15



Quick relief from colds plus 66 cents in every \$1 saved

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or \$1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

YOU'RE trying to save money. But instead of saving it you're losing it if you don't understand the difference between Pepsodent Antiseptic and the other kinds of antiseptics. There really are only two kinds on the market. In one group is the mouth wash that *must* be used *full strength* to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics.

Goes 3 times as far

Hence Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against stubborn colds and throat irritations. When choosing your mouth antiseptic, be sure you choose the one that, even when diluted with water, kills the germs! Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—be safe!



FREE! Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

HERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces and is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the

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Eddie Goes Spanish

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Franklin paused to gaze at his eyebrows in a pocket mirror (he was sure they wouldn't photograph well) and uttering a low wail of "toom, toom, toom, toom," for all the world like a jungle drum, stood in the pen completely surrounded by bulls. "Toom, toom, toom, toom," the low cry went on and, suddenly, the fiercest bull was advancing. Head down. Coming slowly at him. "Toom, toom, toom, toom," he was coming.

He lowered his head, the deadly horns sweeping from side to side. He reached Franklin and leaned over tenderly while Sidney gently scratched his back.

The sun shone down brightly the next day, as Eddie and Lyda Roberti stood on an old Spanish balcony and made violent love. Eddie had kissed until he was purple in the face. And still the director wasn't satisfied. Over and over, he took the giggling Roberti in his Spanish arms and made Spanish love that would surprise any Spaniard living. And suddenly he saw them down there below. Two of his daughters. Gazing, pop-eyed and open-mouthed, at papa.

He leaned over the balcony, and called to them softly. "Listen, children," he said, "don't tell mama. Papa's got to work for his living, you know."

THE next scene called for Eddie to be tied on a pole, with wires, and swung directly over the bulls' pen. Everything was set. The lights were set, the camera placed and the director called, "Cameras, go," when Eddie called, "Stop, I forgot something." His secretary came running. "Listen," said Eddie, still hanging to the pole, "did I say five

thousand dollars in that letter or five hundred? Put it five thousand comma and not a cent less, yours very truly, Eddie Cantor."

And the shooting continued.

Finally the day of days arrived. The big bull-fight where Eddie fight-a-de-bull-a. He arrived in a suit completely covered with Christmas tree trimmings. Eddie's youngest took one look and ran home to hang up her stocking. You could almost hear Santa and his reindeer in the distance. Two Spanish clad attendants stood at the gates that opened to the bull pen. And, inside the arena, waiting for friend bull, stood Eddie. His cape ready. His banjo-eyes fairly popping.

THE grandstand was crowded with spectators, señoritas in lace mantillas and Spanish lads in tight pant-illas. The place was a riot of color, while beneath the surface ran a tremor of fear. After all, a bull is a bull. Even in Hollywood.

And now, everything was ready. The cameras were placed within a strong stockade at one end of the arena. On top, just out of reach, sat the director.

The signal was given. The gates were opened. The sound of beating hoofs could be heard. The bull was coming. And then. There he was. Through the open gates he plunged. Eddie feebly waved his cape and turned a bilious green. On came the bull. Suddenly it stopped and took one look at Eddie. And never budged another inch. No sir, move he wouldn't. The sight of Eddie had completely licked him.

Sidney Franklin, the brave matador, stood outside the fence and poked him with a pole.

Still he stood. Then Franklin, the hero of Spain, stood outside the arena and calmly shot pebbles at the bull, with a sling shot. Oh, if Spain could only have seen that. And still the bull was either too overcome or paralyzed at the sight, to move. So they led him away.

A new bull was tried. The plunging hoofs sounded harder this time. And then, there he was. In the arena. A huge tuft of red hair, like a grotesque wig, grew out from between his horns. Eddie took one look. "My Gawd," he screamed, "it's Harpo Marx." And ran for his life, with Harpo after him.

Through the safety, he tore. And through the safety, the bull tore. Snorting and bellowing. Now, he was out of the arena. People were screaming. The assistant director took one look and made for the Hollywood hills. He isn't back yet. Someone ran for Goldwyn. Castro, a brave little Mexican matador, waved his cape. The bull plunged. And missed him by an inch. And then it spotted Eddie half way over the fence and straight for the rear of Eddie, he made. There was a loud roar. And the "Kid from Spain" suddenly took an unexpected and unplanned journey through the air and landed, over the fence, in the fat Spanish lap of an extra woman in the top row.

THE gate boy ran screaming to the director. "Say, a bull just now checked out the front gate. Shall I mark him off the payroll?"

While Eddie lay gasping and gurgling, in the grandstand. Dictating a letter. "Ten thousand or nothing. Yours truly, Eddie Cantor."

And thus we go Spanish. Castoroila, Hunk-adoria, Adios!

Ah, There, It's Chic Himself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

moment's conversation. The watery blue eyes turned yearningly toward the kitchen, wandered along the living trail of hungry humans that separated him from the meager handout, back to the end of the long line.

"Could you wait—just a little?" the old voice quavered. "I been here for two hours, an' if I step out now, I'll lose my place."

"Come along, dad," Chic smiled kindly. "We'll go over to the restaurant and have our talk over a real meal."

Wonderingly, the old man followed him, and, over a steaming, soul-satisfying dinner, they talked.

In a few words, Chic explained his mission. He wanted that suit.

The blue eyes were perplexed. "Why, I'd be glad to give it to you, mister, but—" apologetically—"you see, it's the only suit I got."

"I'll take care of that," Chic assured him. And, an hour later they emerged from a nearby haberdashery, two happy, satisfied men.

Chic was in possession of the frayed suit, and the old man, newly outfitted from top to toe, a ten dollar bill in his trousers' pocket, looked as imposingly prosperous as a United States senator.

BORN and raised in a typical small town, Chic has known personally every character he portrays.

His characterizations are honest and true to life, and anyone raised in the confines of an American village will have little difficulty in recognizing the authenticity of his portrayals.

Chic's respect and honest affection for the

characters he depicts is as sincere as the man himself. To bring them to the screen, honestly and sympathetically; to encourage the movie-going public to know and love them as he does, is his greatest desire.

OFF the screen, Chic Sale is unbelievably young and personable. To his great amusement, no one recognizes him.

Attending the premiere of "The Expert," he fooled the curious on-lookers completely.

As he entered the theater, someone "in the know" exclaimed, "There's Chic Sale!" and immediately a thousand eyes looked toward him, only to turn away, still eagerly seeking a glimpse of the star.

A fluttery, celebrity-chasing dowager touched his arm.

"Pardon me, but the announcer said Mr. Sale came in just now. I'm dying to get a look at him! Did you see him?"

"Sure," Chic told her. "He just went around that corner."

And, without even pausing to thank him, the curious lady dashed off in pursuit of the very gentleman she had unwittingly addressed!

Once, when he was playing in a musical show, he registered at a hotel in Denver.

The desk clerk, who had seen the show, took advantage of the opportunity to ask a few questions.

"What do you do with the old fellow in the show?" he said curiously. "He's so feeble. I should think this traveling around all the time would be pretty hard on him?"

"Oh, I take care of him," Chic replied se-

riously. "He's huskier than you'd think, to look at him."

"Well, I don't know," the fellow shook his head dubiously, "he looks mighty shaky to me."

In the Grand Central station, Chic encountered one of his funniest and most expensive adventures.

A typical small-town smart aleck stepped jauntily from the train, yellow gloves in one hand and a nineteenth century valise in the other.

His suit, a trifle tight in spots, lavender shirt, brilliant tie and socks, and the mountainous-toed, brown buttoned shoes he wore, shrieked loudly of desperate conniving with a popular mail order house.

Gleefully, Chic pounced upon his "find."

"I'm Chic Sale," he said, by way of introduction, "and I'd like to have that suit you're wearing. How much would you take for it?"

The fellow regarded him suspiciously. "Never heard of ya," he said, not too graciously. "Whadda ya want with my suit, anyhow?"

CHIC explained that he was a vaudevillian and wanted to use it in his act.

"It's just what I've been looking for," he continued. "I hope you'll consent to part with it?"

"Aw, I dunno . . ." the small-town Lothario considered doubtfully. "There ain't another like it in th' whole dern county."

"It certainly is one in a million!" Chic agreed warmly.

"But—I guess if it's worth enough to ya

Reaching into his pocket, Chic drew out his billfold and extracted several bills. With the money almost in his hand, the bucolic man-of-the-world drew back.

"Jest a minute," he said cautiously. "Don't crowd me! You city fellers are pretty fast. How'd I know but mebbe that's counterfeit money?"

"Well, let's see," Chic considered, quaking with inward laughter. "Suppose I take you to a store, let you pick out any suit you want, in exchange for the one you're wearing, and pay for it? Would that make it all right?"

Failing to see where he could possibly lose by the arrangement, the doubting Thomas went along with our generous hero to the nearest haberdashery.

"Any one I want?" he asked, eyeing some nifty plaids on a fifteen-dollar rack.

"Any one you want!" Chic assured him magnanimously, reasonably confident that his suggestion had been both wise and economical.

WARILY, the cautious chap went from rack to rack until, finally, accompanied by the enthusiastic salesman, he disappeared into a fitting room at the rear of the store.

Fifteen minutes later, he emerged, resplendent in a striking model of British make.

"Okay," he grinned happily. "This is her!"

Chic took one look at the tag and groped for a chair. The price was seventy-five dollars!

"Well, I paid for 'her,'" Chic chuckled, as we finished our coffee in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot. "But it was a long time before I recovered enough to go on any more clothes hunts!"

Simple and honest, with a boundless faith in and understanding of humanity, Chic Sale is one of the best loved characters on the screen today.

His ability to combine humor and pathos, the tear and the smile, successfully, is unsurpassed.

Real folks, that's Chic.



Betty Furness keeps tab on the time of day by hanging her watch about her neck on a long gold chain. Betty's watch isn't an ordinary timepiece by any means, it's a piece of crystal with the watch face and works set into it

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WRIGLEY'S

M-49

Their Real Roles Were Tragedy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

too bad. But instantly he saw the little fellow was in earnest. Charlie actually believed the tragedy of tragedies had happened. His radiator was warm.

So without saying a word, the mechanic calmly hooked onto Charlie's car and towed it in. Charlie continued his way on the street car, and gratefully paid the towing fee.

Then there was the time Sennett was called to New York on business. They had a man posted to watch the day he returned. He arrived to find an apparently deserted studio. He ran wildly, linen duster, goggles and all, from corner to corner. Calling for Fatty, for Mabel, for Chaplin. He was almost wild with despair when they finally ran out from hiding.

"IMAGINE," Fatty said to me just last week, "imagine a whole studio taking time out to play a joke on a producer today."

It was grand fun, this bringing laughter and happiness to the world. To a world that forgot so easily when these three needed a bit of friendly understanding.

Mabel, Charlie and Fatty. As far apart in temperament as the poles, they were welded together by a bond of friendship and mutual love of their work.

Gradually these three forged ahead. The name Muriel Fortesque was dropped. Mabel took her own name. Charlie's name was almost a by-word. Everyone knew Fatty.

Big names now. Big money. Big pictures. Success. And with it came big heartaches. And came with a suddenness that nearly knocked the ropes from under them.

Mabel's came first. One day it was Mabel in "Mickey." Remember the song, "Mickey, Pretty Mickey"? And Mabel's swell performance? And tousled curls and big, laughing eyes? The world fairly cheered her. And then as quickly it forgot her, apparently. She appeared in no more pictures. A love affair, which turned out badly, sent her into seclusion.

"I'd go home from the studio," Fatty said, "and the butler (yes, he was in the butler class now) would meet me at the door with, 'Miss Normand and her books arrived today, sir. She just wants you to go on as if she weren't here. She doesn't want to bother you or interfere with your plans. I took the liberty of taking her dinner up on a tray, sir.'"

"In the daytime she'd sit out in the garden and read," Fatty said. "The butler told me she's go right out after I'd leave for the studio and read all day. She knew what she read, too. As smart a woman as I ever knew. Away over my head. And there she'd sit, and never ask for one thing. She would eat when and if they brought her anything. Then back she would steal to her room."

AND while the laughter and the merry-making, the gay times went on downstairs, not a soul dreamed that, locked upstairs in a back room, Mabel Normand sat alone, with her books. The house of her old friend was the only quiet refuge she had in those troubled times.

"Maybe a week later," Arbuckle said, "the butler would tell me she had gone, with her books."

A week! And in all his busy, popular days, he hadn't as much as glimpsed her, for Fatty was a big star then. He was surrounded by mobs, hangers-on.

Money poured in. He was young. Life was grand.

But suddenly fate stalked another member of the trio.

A death. And Fatty—good natured, lovable Fatty—of all people, held responsible.

No words can depict the horror, the terror, the ghastliness of the moment.

Fatty, who had given years to bringing fun into drab, every-day life, was accused. Acquitted by the court, he was found guilty by the very people who had drunk in so greedily all he had to give through the years. Done, at the very peak of his career. Through. His mind turned to Mabel now, and to Charlie, going on without him.

But Mabel didn't go on.

More scandal came. A shooting in which Mabel had no part. But who cared about that? Mabel was in and that was all the world needed to know. Headlines shrieked her name. Eyebrows were raised. The hap-

piness she had brought, the thousand and one things, wonderful things, she had done were shrugged away.

It crushed the spirit out of her. The radiant, bubbling smile came slower now.

And she had just learned to smile again, to burst forth into peals of laughter, to open her brown eyes to the joy of living, when this blow fell, as if fate had said, "Don't smile. Don't look up. I haven't finished with you yet."

ANOTHER mess. And Mabel again innocently involved.

Those who saw her at the time still remember her cries, "Don't, don't," she begged, "don't do with me as you did with Fatty. Don't keep me off the screen."

But Mabel Normand never went back to the screen. Her health broke, along with her heart. But her irrepressible good humor shone through to the last. Grateful for every little favor—a book, a small bouquet, even a card, bringing tears of gratitude to her eyes. Mabel, who gave so much.

And Charlie, the third member of the trio, the only one to go on—what of Charlie?

To him, the funny little duck from London, has come, perhaps, the greatest tragedy of all. For what, after all, is the meaning of success, after long years of toil, of fame, of money, if we are unable to share it with those we love? To bring them a share of happiness, too? Just ashes.

Haunted always by the poverty of his childhood, of the terrific struggle of his mother to keep more life in the bodies of her boys, he dreamed of the time, just as every one does, when success would come and he could dump all the luxuries of the world into the lap of his mother and say, "Look, mother. It's for you. All for you."

This was denied Charlie Chaplin.

When success came to him, his mother, broken by the long, pitiful struggle, never knew her son had reached the peak. Her mind was clouded.

It always remained with its poverty. All the beautiful things Charlie heaped upon her, the comforts, the luxuries, meant nothing. They came too late.

To want to give, to repay, and can't, is, no doubt, the greatest tragedy of all.

And again the same fate that pursued Mabel and Fatty (for every venture Fatty embarked upon proved a failure) marked Charlie for its own.

Two unhappy marriages.

The first to Mildred Harris. Charlie was almost childish in his happiness. A baby was coming.

He talked of nothing else. His career, everything was forgotten in the anticipation of the little son who was to come.

It came. Charlie's little son, and lingered just a few short hours. And with its passing, a part of Charlie Chaplin died. Something spontaneous, alive, eager, died within him.

He buried it, this "Little Mouse," as he called it, on a warm, sunny morning. And into that little grave went the heart of Chaplin.

MILDRED and Charlie, entirely unsuited, soon separated.

The headlines carrying the details. And then another marriage came to Chaplin. Another woman not suited to his temperament.

Two boys were born. Then came that bitter divorce that drove Charlie Chaplin, then in New York, to his bed, to toss about in a delirium of fever.

He suffered in those days, perhaps deeper than had Fatty or Mabel.



No, this is not Sally Eilers dressing up in an old coat from the attic—it is Sally wearing the very latest word in evening wraps. Turquoise blue velvet makes it even more reminiscent of the "mauve decade." Long tight sleeves of ermine meet the puff sleeves of velvet. The neckline is finished with an ermine scarf and the coat sweeps into a regal train at back

He emerged from his troubles a man changed with sorrow, his hair white.

But Charlie's troubles weren't all behind him—not yet.

Only a few weeks ago he arose from a bed of illness to fight in a crowded court-room for a normal, carefree boyhood for little Sydney and Charles Jr., his boys.

Mrs. Chaplin had arranged a movie contract for her and the two boys. A large sum of money was to be paid for the boys' services.

"I have provided well for my boys," Charlie said very quietly from his place on the witness stand. "Please. I know what it means to work while other children play. This will do something to my boys, influence their whole lives. Please," he begged.

THE judge decided he was right. But it isn't over. Long, harrowing court scenes may loom ahead in which Chaplin will have to fight and fight.

No, his troubles aren't behind him.

But Mabel's fitful life is over. Her troubles are behind her. Mabel is at rest. In a quiet spot with a shady tree waving above, Mabel rests, safe from any more worldly heartaches.

"It wasn't the big names, the big people, the big successes, Mabel bothered with," Fatty said of her. "It was the underdog, the one who never quite made the grade, the poor, the forgotten, that Mabel loved best."

Yes, Mabel rests.

But will the injustice done Mabel Normand be a lesson to those who judge blindly and cruelly?

Roscoe Arbuckle has begged for another chance.

Through long, weary years he has begged to come back.

And now he's been given his chance.

He stood, not so long ago, before a microphone for the first time.

He was to laugh, to mimic, to bring back all the old Arbuckle humor.

Instead, he stood there, very still. And two large tears rolled down his face. It was here. He was doing the thing he wanted to do for all those years, and it was too much for him.

Openly and shamelessly he wept, while all about him strong, hard-boiled workmen blew loudly into handkerchiefs, and wept with him.

He's trying again. They cheered him long and loudly in New York.

He may make it. But comedy has changed, lives have changed and fans have changed.

And Fatty knows it.

But, at least, he's having another chance.

No, it's Chaplin, with all his money and fame, who looks long and deepest into a lonely future.

We sat next to his table in a Hollywood restaurant shortly after he came back from Europe.

He and his companion laughed gaily and happily.

Then, suddenly, into his eyes came a far-off look, a deep, troubled look. His companion would lay a white hand on his arm and instantly he was back again, laughing and chatting.

But just a little later he would be gazing again, far off into some mysterious future—or past, perhaps.

I COULDN'T help but wonder if sometimes he isn't looking back to a big lumbering fat man walking across a crude movie lot, saying, "Arbuckle is my name, Roscoe Arbuckle."

"Normand's mine," a little imp replies, "Mabel Normand. And the funny little duck over there with the cock-eyed feet, is Charlie, Charlie Chaplin."

And the little fellow strolls over and they stand there together.


A strange trio!

Bound together with a strange bond of friendship and a mutual love of work.

Bound closer together twenty years later by a strange and fearful bond of tragedy. Of a fate that had even then marked for its own—Mabel, Fatty and Charlie.



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The three bright lights in the picture are Joan Blondell, Warner Brothers' star, with two of a battery of 5000-watt MAZDA Lamps.

Up the Ladder with Jeanette

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

discover there was no vacancy. The girl had decided to stay. Here was a fine how-to-do. But (and jot this down in your notebook, you aspiring young artists) Jeanette stayed and henpecked and tortured everyone until she got a job right in "Nightboat." And while Ernest Torrence, Willie Collier, Sr., Hal Skelly and the White sisters spoke the lines, Jeanette romped in the chorus.

AND then a certain gentleman connected with Mr. Dillingham's office took a great interest in Jeanette. She rehearsed whole plays for him. Took to her singing in earnest and worked diligently. And then one night he suddenly seized her in his arms. He pressed his mouth on hers and held her tightly while he promised much. She struggled free. And knew she must make a decision quickly.

She made it. And it cost her her job in "Nightboat." And it was exactly eight months before she got another bit of work to do.

Jeanette MacDonald thinks it wouldn't be fair to talk about her ten long, weary years of struggle without mentioning that unfortunate episode. She managed to succeed on her own. Her success belongs to herself. And she wouldn't trade that knowledge for five years of life. Now mind, the going was rougher. And slower. But if you think success can't come by being true to oneself, look at Jeanette. In fact, she wants you to. And to know. And she isn't preaching, either.

Days of weary tramping. Weeks of haunting stuffy offices. Trudging, tramping streets. But behind her stood a loyal dad and mother. And now a word to these other mothers and fathers of young world-beaters. If you could know, Jeanette claims, how much it means to have someone believe in you. To stand behind you. When feet are weary and heart is sore, to have someone steal into one's room at night and whisper, "It's all right, honey, I know you're good. I believe in you." It helps.

And then came a chance to try out for Mr. Savage in a show starring Mitzi Hajos, the little Hungarian actress. She rolled her music under her arm, pulled on her galoshes and went. The music was a little high and she asked the accompanist to play it an octave lower. So they began. He playing it exactly as it was written. She stood there alone on the stage and sang. And suddenly she came to the high note and she couldn't make it. She froze in horror. Her voice cracked.

She looked down at Mr. Savage. "Why, I always could take that note," she said. "Well, never mind," he said, "let's see you dance." So Jeanette removed her galoshes and went into her dance. Halfway through she sprawled flat on her face. Slowly she gathered herself up. "I—I think you make me nervous," she said, and went home. The next day he sent for her. She had the part.

AND then Jeanette's father died. And everything depended on her. Somehow her shows kept folding up under her. And then there would be months and months of more tramping.

It was tragic. So often the golden apple was held out, only to be snatched away. She never managed to find herself in a hit.

She took a test for Warner Brothers that was a darb. She looked exactly like old aunt Dinah.

For some reason she had photographed a dark brunette.

She was down to the last dollar of her savings when the chance came to play in "Yes, Yes, Yvette." Jeanette isn't sure whether she was the Yes, Yes, or just Yvette and even if it wasn't the biggest hit in the world her name

went up in lights and Maurice Chevalier came to America. Two great events in her life.

Lubitsch was hunting a leading lady for "The Love Parade." He'd seen every one in New York.

And then he came back to Hollywood and began looking at old tests. And there was one Paramount had made of Jeanette and forgotten about.

Her show was in Chicago. He went to see her. "You are too thin," he told her. "You must gain fifteen pounds at least." So Jeanette set about gaining fifteen pounds by worrying herself silly and not sleeping nights. She ate potatoes during the day and then worried away two pounds for fear she wouldn't gain fifteen.

So she left the show and went to a milk farm. She would gain weight or die. And she nearly died.

Appendicitis overcame her and when the once vivacious Miss MacDonald stepped from the train in Hollywood some few weeks later, Herr Lubitsch took one look and gasped, "Mein Gott, I'm ruined," for she weighed exactly twenty-five pounds less than she had in the beginning.

But she drank milk on the set and ate candy. And as the picture progressed she grew rounder. In fact, life as a queen agreed with her. By the end of the picture she was just right.



The big muffs, like those your mothers used to carry, are back! Constance Bennett shows how stunning is one in fox to match a huge blue fox collar on her ensemble. She carries the muff on her right arm—it almost looks like one big cuff, doesn't it? Note the three-quarter length of the blue woolen coat. The hat is fabric and ribbon

But something happened during the making of the picture that, she feels, may have hindered her success. Just a little thing, of course, but little things count. So if you do reach the top as Jeanette finally did, watch for them.

The vogue for false eyelashes had just reached Hollywood. And no matter how long or thick one's own lashes might be, false ones had to be worn. No one knew exactly why, but they did. So Jeanette was handed a pair of lashes and put them on. They didn't want her to see the daily rushes. But after several days of suspense she sneaked in, and the sight of herself in those lashes about finished her. They did something strange to her eyes. So without saying a word to anyone, she appeared the next day with her own lashes.

No one noticed a thing. But a day or so later Lubitsch came over and peered at her closely. "Have you done anything to yourself?" he demanded. "You look different." "Why, no," Jeanette assured him, she hadn't.

AGAIN he peered at her closely. "Open your mouth," he commanded. He peered anxiously down her throat. "Huh," he exclaimed, "everything seems to be there."

"Maybe it's the eyelashes," Jeanette ventured. And he hit the ceiling with a bang. She had ruined his picture. But Jeanette knew in her heart the lashes, for her, were wrong. They viewed the rushes together that night and agreed. Be sure you know what is right, and stick to it. But be sure, first.

Now, many an actress has come to the screen from the musical comedy stage and flopped. One or two pictures, and their career on the screen was over. Grace Moore, of the exquisite voice, is an example. Marilyn Miller, another. But Jeanette has gone on to bigger and better pictures. She holds a unique place on the screen. And guards it carefully. It isn't enough to have arrived, you know. A place at the top must be held and fought for, if necessary. And with her far-seeing manager, Bob Richie, Jeanette MacDonald has waged a beautiful battle.

For instance, she has no contract. And won't accept one. And fancy that, in a contract-grabbing land. But her bitter taste of mediocre pictures that followed "The Love Parade" showed her the pitfalls that await young actresses from the musical stage. So she picks and chooses and does a good job of it, if you ask Hollywood. "Monte Carlo," "One Hour With You," and "Love Me Tonight" were hits.

She turned down the lead in "Back Street." It wasn't for her, she felt. Someone could do better than she in the part. And she was right. Irene Dunne was perfect as *Ray Schmidt*.

BENEATH that red-gold hair is a lot of hard, common sense. She has builded this beautiful, glamorous woman from material that was not one bit richer than yours. It's the truth, I promise you.

As a kid she was known as "broomstick legs." "Hey, hey," the kids taunted, "there goes broomstick legs." And instead of Jeanette sticking out a tongue of scorn or weeping crocodile tears, she did something about it. For one thing she took a good long look at her legs in the glass and realized those kids spoke the truth. Her legs were thin and shapeless. From this point she went on. Exercising her legs. Piling up her arithmetic and speller on the floor and practised stepping up and down. Up and down.

Hour after hour she kept after it while the neighborhood kids played hopscotch and had all kinds of fun.

And oh, those legs now.



Hal Phylfe

Her skating costume is no more authentic than that cotton snowball June Vlassek threatens to pitch, but what of it? It's a tricky outfit, and the girl who wears it is a cute trick, too. Her press-agent calls June "a Fox Film junior." As far as we're concerned, she's at the head of her class

In the show, "Nightboat," she was actually and truthfully known as the ugly duckling. Gorgeous, golden Jeanette. And again she wasted no tears but did things about it. She learned to walk properly, to do things with her hands. She studied her complexion, her hair.

After her first picture, "The Love Parade," a New York critic wrote he liked the work of this Miss MacDonald, but her buck teeth, long neck and jutting jaw left him cold. Naturally, Jeanette has none of the defects, but instead of flying into a tantrum or simply saying, "Why, the man's crazy," and dismissing it, she thought it over calmly and sanely and went again to see the picture through his eye. And saw exactly why he might reach such comical conclusions.

She hadn't used the proper make-up on her neck and she experimented and thought until she discovered a darker shade of powder on her jaw made it less full.

And again she profited and learned. And thanks him for it.

SHE claims we all look at ourselves with eyes of love. Blind to our defects. That's why Mrs. Brown looks ridiculous in that new hat and never suspects. And why we are apt to look just as comical and imagine we're the last word. View yourself critically, Jeanette says, and not through eyes of self-love.

A famous theatrical producer once told Jeanette a secret of success that works. She's passing it on to you.

"Go to your room and shut the door," he told her. "Stand before the glass and say very earnestly and sincerely to yourself, 'I will be a successful and beautiful woman. I will.' Say it over and over and watch the confidence and poise and assurance that comes stealing over you."

So while the other girls rushed off to the good times Jeanette MacDonald sat by herself in a dingy little dressing-room saying over and over and over, "I will be a beautiful and successful woman." And worked for it.

And so she is.

CHARLOTTE...
Brown kid, black kid.



DIANA...
Brown kid,
black kid,
patent.



MABEL...
Brown kid,
black kid.

This news about value is traveling fast

Women today are looking more closely at what *they get* for what they pay. News of the value which they find in Vitality Health Shoes is traveling fast.

Here is popular price combined with qualities rarely found except in expensive footwear. Style as authentic as in costly shoes. Perfect fit as with exclusive models (a complete range of sizes, widths; narrow heels and combination lasts). A quality of workmanship and material totally unexpected at Vitality's price. And lastly — every shoe constructed on the famous "Vitality principle" which means so much in body balance, shoe comfort and foot health.

We invite you to visit your local Vitality dealer and see the shoes for yourself. Vitality Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo., Division of International Shoe Company.

\$5
A FEW STYLES \$6



VITALITY

Health Shoes

SIZES 2 TO 11 • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE



NORMA...Brown
kid, patent, black
kid, white faillene,
black faillene.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

KONGO—M-G-M

AS lurid a tale of hatred and revenge as ever Lon Chaney played in, but without his genius to make it come to life. Walter Huston in a rôle unsuited to his personality; Lupe Velez with little chance to act; Virginia Bruce's prettiness sacrificed to a sordid part. For those who like their jungle stories filled with horror, here is strong meat, but children should stay home and study their geography.

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio

IN spite of fine action shots of sport events, in spite of Robert Benchley's funny dialogue and good performance as a sports broadcaster, in spite of Skeets Gallagher's amusing portrayal of the cameraman, this remains a weak story. Joel McCrea and William Gargan are buddies on the football field who go their separate ways after they leave college, Joel having a series of misadventures as a professional player and Bill going on and up as a sports writer. There's the basis of a good plot, but somehow or other it fails to jell. Marian Marsh is the love interest.

SHERLOCK HOLMES—Fox

WHAT would Sherlock Holmes do if gangsters tried to "take" London? See this and you'll know the answer. Clive Brook plays *Sherlock*, and wait till you see him made up as an old maid! Ernest Torrence is the sinister *Professor Moriarty*, and you'll like Miriam Jordan, a newcomer. Good stuff, full of thrills and chuckles.

HER MAD NIGHT— Mayfair Pictures

AGAIN a mother makes the supreme sacrifice for her daughter. Irene Rich, as the mother, shields her daughter, Mary Carlisle, from the ugly stain of murder, but is herself saved at the last minute by the daughter's confession. Conway Tearle is splendid as the district attorney and the man who loves Irene. Kenneth Thomson is a shrewd villain, as always.

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia

THRILLING polo playing by Jack Holt, Hardie Albright and Walter Byron makes this picture lively. Jack Holt gives an assured performance; Walter Byron makes a convincing villain, and Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp a satisfactory pair of young lovers.

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox

IT brings a lump to the throat to think of Will Rogers in an insipid picture like this. They tried to make Will go dramatic. And who wants him other than himself? You'll enjoy parts — Will couldn't make a picture that is all bad.

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia

BUCK JONES, as *White Eagle*, an Indian brave, drives the pony express for the pale-faces. War breaks out when his redskin brothers are accused of horse-stealing. Buck captures the real thieves and rescues Barbara Weeks, whom they had kidnapped. There's a surprise ending.

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal

TOM MIX in another thriller, the high spot being a forest fire. Tom is falsely accused of robbery, but is saved by little Judith Barrie with the help of his faithful horse, Tony. Nice stuff for folks who like Westerns and, of course, the kids will love it.



Stax

Those perennial favorites, "Our Gang" comedians, perched on the ladder of fame. From top to bottom they sit: Stymie, Dickie Moore, Dorothy Echo De Borba, Spanky and Pete the Pup. And their latest is Hal Roach's "A Lad an' a Lamp"

THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL—Warners

THE story of how the telegraph was laid from East to West, with plenty of hardships and Indian attacks. John Wayne is good as the brave young soldier who tackles the final stretch. Frank McHugh and Otis Harlan furnish the fun and Marceline Day the romance. Children will love this as it is full of action.

RACKETY RAX—Fox

HERE is Victor McLaglen again in the kind of roughneck comedy that made him famous. It's an utterly nonsensical plot, about a big shot racketeer who buys a college so he can have his own football team and cut in on the football racket. There are some good dance numbers by a chorus of cuties and some sprightly tunes. Good for a lot of laughs on a dull winter's evening.

THE FIGHTING GENTLEMAN— Freuler Film

A FAST moving picture with some excellent prize fight scenes. It's an old, trite plot, but William Collier, Jr., Josephine Dunn, Natalie Moorhead, Pat O'Malley and Lee Moran breathe a little new life into it. James J. Jeffries, former heavyweight champion, appears as a fight referee.

THE FOURTH HORSEMAN— Universal

TOM MIX'S best picture and best performance in a long time. Not much dialogue, but truly thrilling and peppy action. Take the children, by all means.

VANITY STREET—Columbia

CHARLES BICKFORD in the rôle of a radio-car policeman who, instead of arresting her for breaking a window, befriends hungry and desperate Helen Chandler. She falls for him, but he remains only friendly. So she turns to gigolo-villain George Meeker and is arrested by Bickford for his murder. But all ends well.

THE KING MURDER—Chesterfield

THE story keeps you on the edge of the seat every moment. A Broadway butterfly dies of poison from a scratch, but how did she get the scratch? Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects.

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—RKO-Radio

HERE'S a badly handled story that is almost lifted from the commonplace by fine acting. Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel give excellent performances. It's a long-winded tale, showing how suffering and a prison sentence inspire a musician to compose his masterpiece.

THE GOLDEN WEST—Fox

A ZANE GREY Western, starting with a Kentucky feud killing which separates two lovers, and winding up with a massacre which ends only when they run out of Indians. As the *White Indian*, George O'Brien wears next to nothing, and can he wear it? Bert Hanlon is outstanding in a satisfactory cast.

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.

AN honest police doctor turns dishonest to trap a gang of crooks. His sweetheart misunderstands, but you know better. Just another of those stories that would never have been written if just one word had been spoken in explanation. Must lovers always suffer so? Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr., haven't much chance with the material this offers.

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide

A NUMBER of animals, wild and semi-domesticated, enact an interesting story with little interference from humans. Caesar, an Australian trained shepherd dog, is the star. He battles his master's enemies, protects his flock from a mountain lion and almost gets killed when suspected of treachery. If you have a fondness for dogs you'll like this.

THE MONKEY'S PAW—RKO-Radio

THIS film has little entertainment value although the British cast is a capable one. Wesley Ruggles' direction, too, is good but seems wasted on such a dull story. It's about a monkey's paw and the superstition that its possession will bring tragedy.

**THE COWBOY COUNSELLOR—
First Division-Allied**

BACK to the good old days of sheriffs with big, black moustaches. Hoot Gibson is a typical book salesman of the nineties. He's a doctor when he's peddling medical books and a lawyer when he has legal ones. A beautiful girl begs him to defend her. What could he do? Sheila Mannors' work is so good you wonder why you don't see her in bigger pictures.

**THE PRIDE OF THE LEGION—
Mascot Pictures**

VICTOR JORY wins individual honors by his realistic interpretation of a cop turned yellow. Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., saves him from suicide. Too much dialogue and too little action slow up what might have been a good picture.

**RENEGADES OF THE WEST—
RKO-Radio**

TOM KEENE serves a term in the penitentiary to discover who killed his father, joins a gang of cattle rustlers, judges a baby contest, out-rides, out-shoots, out-wrestles and out-fights everybody else to bring the culprits to justice and win the girl. Betty Furness is the love interest and Rosco Ates does the clowning.

THE CRUSADER—Majestic Pictures

A DISTRICT attorney (H. B. Warner) is trying to wipe out crime, and a reporter (Ned Sparks) is out to dig up scandal. Sparks digs up a story that involves the district attorney's wife, sister, a blackmailer and a reformed racketeer. Lew Cody is the racketeer, and Evelyn Brent, as the attorney's wife, looks stunning.

**THE BALL (Le Bal)—
Vandal-Delac Prod.**

YOU don't have to understand French to follow this amusing story of a middle-class French family who suddenly become rich. The ball given by them is a comic high spot that helps to bolster up the otherwise weak plot.

I'm just delighted with

TWO-WAY STRETCH

HICKORY

Girdles

made with the new

WONDERWEAVE ELASTIC

—says Miss Polly Walters

of R.K.O.—Pathe Pictures



You admired beautiful Miss Walters in RKO-Pathe Pictures: "Girl Crazy," "5 Star Final," "Young Brides," etc.



This 12 inch model is all of Wonderweave Elastic—Side Lacing—perfectly beautiful! \$2.



This delightful 12-inch model is a most alluring value at \$1.50. Other 12 and 14-inch models \$2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL BALL

Miss Walters told our stylist further: "Hickory gives me just the trim figure the new styles demand—it's so very comfortable and easy to slip on. It stays in place—perfectly!" Hickory Two-Way Stretch Girdles are the only girdles made with Wonderweave Elastic—that stretches *up* and *down*—no slipping, creeping or bulging.

Standing—sitting—stooping—somer-saulting almost—they stay in place. Perfectly styled, charmingly tailored and so inexpensive. Imagine! The chic model on Miss Walters sells for \$2.50. Other attractive creations—\$2 and \$1.50. At your Notions or Corset Department, in flesh or peach. Get the genuine Hickory. Write us if you do not find them.

Joan Turns to Laughter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

an astonished and dignified Englishman across his ear, knocking his hat into a lathered face across the room. For all the world like a Sennett comedy. The place was in an uproar.

And Joan Crawford sat down on the steps of a London barber shop and laughed. Really and honestly laughed. For the first time in months. And with the flood gates broken, it needed only Paree, the frivolous witch, to complete the miracle of Joan Crawford.

Now mind, there was plenty of reason for the sad, haunted-faced Joan that Hollywood knew. Plenty of reason to be blue. For, without doubt, she was one of the most maligned, most gossiped about young women in pictures. And Joan knew it. Her rapid and sure success put her right out in the open. A target for those who hadn't reached that coveted top. Her every move was watched with the same intensity that a snake gives a charmed bird.

"There's a young man in my next picture that's going to be a knockout," she said some time ago. "You mark my words the boy has everything. His name is Clark Gable, and he's headed for the top."

AND that was enough. Instantly, the tongues wagged. "What star is interested in her leading man?" a local scandal sheet demanded. And even if it had been true (which, of course, it wasn't), the amount of injury done Joan Crawford was all out of proportion to the offense.

And there was that incident that happened

in a Hollywood restaurant. Joan and a woman unknown to a certain writer, sat at a table in the corner. The writer barged over. "Oh, Joan," she gushed, "I just saw your picture 'Possessed,' last night and you were wonderful. You were inspired by someone, I know. You can't tell me after those love scenes with Clark Gable that you aren't crazy about him. The way you looked at him—" and on and on it went.

Joan sat very still and quiet through it all. She waited until the writer was through. And then turning to her said in that quiet, cultured voice of hers, "May I present my good friend, Mrs. Clark Gable?" And the ensuing stillness could have been cut with a knife.

A certain director, with a rush of importance to the head, gave out bits of information that eventually found their way into print. In the story Joan was made to look pretty much the cheap, the envious and the obvious type of person.

Doug was late coming home to dinner the night that story appeared. "Where's Miss Crawford?" he asked a servant. "Upstairs," he answered. "She came in some time ago, but she must be sleeping. I haven't heard her moving about."

Doug climbed the stairs quietly. Gently he pushed open the door. And there she lay. On the floor under the dressing table. Sound asleep. The magazine, a crumpled mass, was still clenched in her hand. She hadn't succumbed without a lonely but well-fought bat-

tle, it seemed. Her cheeks stained with dried tears. The famous, the glamorous, the alluring Joan Crawford. Laid low by Hollywood. Once again.

SHE'S like a child in lots of ways, this Crawford woman. Her eyes are fixed on the brightest bauble of fame high up on the tree. The brightest, highest, gayest bauble on the tree. She wants it for her own.

She'll get it.

Not satisfied, she's built herself over, and completely, too—torn down the old walls and knocked out the thin partitions.

She has erected, brick by brick, a solid and substantial building. Hours of singing, of study, of dancing, are going into the decoration of that building.

She's even regained her sense of humor, her good cheer, the one last thing she needed to make that building secure. Now, at last, with that regained sense of humor she can safely look out of that upstairs window and laugh, even at herself. For she does the oddest things and thinks the oddest things. Only now she knows they're funny.

Moreover, she can look down at that group of people busily engaged with the slinging of mud-balls at a solid brick wall and laugh, for at last she knows it's funny.

And there'll be no more weeps, no more gloom, no more taking of life so seriously, for Joan.

Not for a long, long time, anyway.

Red-Headed Rebel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Bolshevistic statements. Nor to be late on sets and keep high-priced companies waiting. Nor to "go up" on his lines and make numerous retakes necessary. Jimmy can learn lines. He's as bright as the proverbial dollar. But perhaps he didn't study when he wasn't feeling chummy with the big fellows.

In other words, Jimmy is to sprout wings and then see to it that they are kept well preened.

He's doing a splendid job of the sprouting. He's keeping mum and keeping his arms limber with well-timed back slapping.

JIMMY'S not the first little lad to turn good because the Hollywood papas promised him an extra bite of plum pudding. Nor is he the first to kick and scream and run home to mother because he decided he wasn't being well treated.

The money disease is one of the most contagious in Hollywood.

Remember Valentino? He was the first to say "I won't play." Lew Ayres? Recall how long he stayed away from Universal? Clark Gable? Clark's gone home twice and waited until new contracts were written. Greta Garbo? The silent Swede stayed home seven months. Remember?

There have been others. Many others. They come to Hollywood happy to get seventy-five dollars a week. Like Jimmy Cagney.

Jimmy was an instantaneous success. He could not foresee that he would be, when he signed his original contract. Neither could Warners. He was just one more experiment to be tried upon the ever-yearning-for-new-heroes public.

Two hundred a week seemed like stupendous money to Jimmy from New York. It was a fair gamble for Warner Brothers.

Of the thousands of unknowns upon whom producers have gambled, Jimmy was one who clicked. The producers would make up what they had lost upon the other 999 from this one sensation. Common sense—from their standpoint.

Only Jimmy didn't care what they had lost upon others. Jimmy had not been away long enough from those lean, lanky days of happen-chance bits as a "hooper" to forget that a guy's got to protect himself and let the devil care for the hindmost.

Besides, Hollywood's first disease had bitten into his system. He was playing on a lot where he learned that Corinne Griffith had once made ten thousand dollars a week and Colleen Moore twelve thousand; where Dick Barthelmess was still making one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars per picture and Ruth Chatterton about seventy-five hundred weekly.

AND "The Public Enemy," Jimmy's picture, had topped them all. His fan mail was already larger. Interviewers crowded around his door like flies around an open milk bottle. Why shouldn't he cash in? He could clean up a fortune in a couple of years and retire to study medicine—a profession for which he had always secretly hankered.

He was polite in his first request. They were polite in their answer. Of course, they must have smiled.

"My dear boy, you may be a flash in the pan for all we know. How can we tell? In a few months, the public may have forgotten you as they have others. What if we should give you a poor story? Where would you be then? Besides, think of the money we have spent on you. We have given you these fine stories, have we not? We advertised your name

throughout the world. Who ever heard of you until we furnished the opportunity?"

These may not have been the exact words, but they represent, at least, the context. Producers have been using the same arguments since Valentino first threatened to run home to mother.

JUSTIFIABLE words. There is no use arguing against them. Any fair-minded person can see the common sense in these oft-repeated statements. More especially can we view them with fairness when they are made under present economic conditions.

But artists are not expected to see two sides to a question. They would not be *artists* if they were mathematicians.

Jimmy went home and stayed there, even as Garbo had done four years previously. Only Jimmy was more dangerous than Garbo. He could speak English and express his opinions to the eager press. Garbo knew no English. She could only remain silent.

Yet, he was not truly threatening in the beginning. Warners knew perfectly well that Jimmy couldn't work for any other company—not even for Mary Pickford who wanted him for "Shanty Town"—until they released him. They had a contract for his exclusive services and, besides, producers have a nice, friendly, gentlemanly agreement that a child who is naughty at one studio will not be hired by another. Not until the contract has expired.

Jimmy threatened to produce his own pictures. Even that didn't stir up any excitement. No company would release any picture made by run-away Jimmy.

Then Jimmy took another tack. He threatened suit.

But while Irish blood heats rapidly, it also cools eventually.

Perhaps Jimmy began to look over the situation with a more discriminating eye. Perhaps he realized that he was not, after all, a crusader for right, but just one of many renegades. There had been Charles Bickford. Charlie had talked big, too. He had called producers everything that Jimmy had called them.

But now, Charlie was being a very good little boy. He was taking the pictures offered, stuffing the money in his sock and chirping about the perfect gentlemen who run motion pictures.

And Clark Gable was doing what he was ordered to. Perhaps Jimmy wondered if there were any connection between Clark's last demand for a salary increase and several very, very bad rôles which followed and which hurt his popularity materially.

As for producing his own pictures. Someone probably reminded him of the well-known story of Gloria Swanson. What a fool she had been to turn down twenty-two thousand dollars a week on salary to make her own picture. All that worry and responsibility!

As for that court battle—Jimmy couldn't foretell the outcome. He might spend his whole stake on lawyers and court costs and then find himself with nothing left but his pride.

Pride! You can't live on that. None knew that better than Jimmy.

Besides, Jimmy Cagney is a regular fellow. When he cools off from his Irish explosions, he's the gentlest kind of person.

So perhaps Jimmy's really more contrite now than we are prone to credit. Although we imagine it's easier for a natural Irish rebel like Jimmy to be contrite when the difference between seventeen hundred fifty dollars and thirty-five hundred a week for six months is something like forty-five thousand dollars.



Happy newlyweds arriving in New York on their way to Europe, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce face the future as well as the cameraman with a smile. Virginia declares she is leaving pictures for domestic bliss

I KNOW I'M JUST A SKINNY SCARECROW —BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

DO WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING. HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GAIN 10 LBS. QUICK

Posed by professional models

Thin? New way adds firm flesh quicker than BEER

New discovery brings astonishing gains. Imported beer yeast, richest known, concentrated 7 times. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

HERE'S the last word in scientific weight-building! An amazing new discovery that is quickly rounding out scrawny arms and legs, flat chests, hollow cheeks and bony shoulders for thousands.

Everybody knows that for years doctors prescribed beer for skinny, rundown men and women who wanted to put on flesh. But now with this new scientific discovery you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands gaining pounds of solid beauty-bringing flesh in a few weeks—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy quickly vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then ironized—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion—glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skininess dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. Do it before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 512, Atlanta, Ga.

14 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"Before taking Ironized Yeast I was skinny, weak, my skin muddy. In 2 weeks I gained 14 lbs. and my skin cleared." Maria Jacovielle, Bronx, N. Y.

22 Lbs. in 2 Months

"I have gained 22 lbs. in 2 months with Ironized Yeast. Now in perfect health." F. R. Bowers, Winemucca, Nev.

29 Lbs. in 6 Weeks

"Ironized Yeast gave me pep. I gained 29 lbs. in 6 weeks." Anna Stumbras, De Soto, Ill.

Peggy from Pine Bluff

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

small town girl a chance to join the famous Ziegfeld Follies.

She was visiting New York with her mother and little sister, and a friend, who wanted the fun of seeing those big eyes grow even rounder with excitement, took her backstage at the Follies one day. An alert press-agent, noting the slim little red-head in checked gingham and long curls, had her picture taken with the late Florenz Ziegfeld and, as a publicity stunt, announced that she was the newest recruit to the Follies, chosen right before the beautiful painted faces of more sophisticated applicants.

NO one knows why the matter didn't end there, but Peggy found herself in the Follies chorus. She learned to dance *after* she joined. A little later, a seasoned veteran of seventeen, she danced in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Then she advanced to ingénue leads and appeared in about fifteen stage plays, one right after the other, all of which barely survived the opening night. Undaunted, she posed for photographers and appeared in Texas Guinan floor shows.

At twenty-four, she has been Mrs. Alan Davis for six years. Alan is a stage actor and because of their respective jobs there have had to be frequent separations. Reporters have spread the usual divorce rumors, and Peggy and Alan read the stories of their contemplated

divorce and laugh over them together. But they're sorry such stories are printed.

She wishes she could be a little more swanky. "But how can I be?" she asks. "I haven't any chauffeur. I drive my own car—it will be my own when I make the last payment. I don't need a lot of maids and service. I like to cook some of the meals for Alan and me, when we're alone and I have the time. Swank? How does one learn to put it on and get used to it?"

When she first appeared at the Paramount studio she didn't even own a make-up box. Her stage make-up, which was all wrong for pictures, was neatly packed in one of those round tins in which reels of film are stored.

She was so thrilled the first time she saw her name in lights outside a movie theater that she stepped back into the street for a better perspective and was very nearly run down by a street car. She keeps out of car tracks now, but still thrills to her name in lights. And to the whispered "There's Peggy Shannon" comments when people recognize her.

Eats anything she wants when she isn't working, but is more careful when she is. Her working routine is an all-fruit breakfast, lunch of salad or some plain sandwich and coffee, dinner about the same except the nights she works late. Takes no chances then, but eats

a hearty meal to keep up her energy. She weighs one hundred ten pounds and is five feet, four and one-half inches tall.

She drinks Coca-Cola by the gallon, and ought to compete with Tallulah Bankhead for the Coca-Cola Consuming Championship of California. Probably both would win.

Her unbobbed hair is so red it sends out a glow, and her mind is as bright as her hair. Nice combination, that. The kind that should take a girl far.

Her eyes change from hazel to green and back to hazel again, and her nose is just enough retroussé to be cute.

LOWELL SHERMAN is one of her favorite actors. Her part opposite him in World Wide's picture, "False Faces," is comparatively small, but she would have done a mere walk-on for a chance in a Sherman picture. She thinks Madge Evans is a grand actress. They've been friends since ten-year-old Madge met little Winona Sammon down in Arkansas, where Madge, then a child star, was making personal appearances in the interests of the Madge Evans hats.

Peggy's thirteen-year-old sister, Carolyn, is often asked, "Aren't you Sylvia Sidney's little sister?" Carolyn has dark brown hair like Sylvia's, plans to be a writer, and is proud of being Peggy Shannon's little sister.

"Alice, Please Come Home"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

and eyes on his ragged cuff and waving a grimy little hand as long as he could see her face.

They correspond, Alice and Mickey, regularly.

IN Alice White most people recognize something they can understand. A girl like themselves who started from scratch. And never quite erased the scratch. She did the things they would have done, said the things they would have said, made the same mistakes they made, and thus this tremendous bridge of understanding that spans the gulf between Alice, the movie star, and her followers.

A bridge that some stars can never build.

Her advance agent would approach the manager of a theater in a certain city. "What," they'd say, "book Alice White? Naw, she's all washed up. The people won't go for these has-been movie stars, anymore." But when Alice did play that city, did their eyes do some bulging? The only other line in town was the breadline and there hadn't been a line like that before his theater for years.

And so the nine long months of touring brought out at least two million people to see Alice White, and the printed accounts were viewed with alarm in Hollywood. And Hollywood could stand it no longer. So they said in effect, "Alice, please come home. We need you!"

And wasn't that a personal triumph for the little girl; for Hollywood is usually too proud to admit it's wrong—even when it is. So she listened to their pleas and returned. A new Alice. The sunken cheeks, the tired eyes, the emaciated little form, the unsure manner—gone.

Her cheeks were round and lovely. Her eyes bigger and brighter. Her little form rounded out. There was more assurance about Alice. She had been places and learned things.

But Alice doesn't confess (the imp) that with all this rested look, this new assurance, she has gotten herself a new nose. A removed cartilage has certainly done things for Alice.

Today she's right back in the same studio she left so suddenly two years ago. Warners heard the clamoring of the fans, saw those thousands of letters and dozens of packed theaters and, being wise, cried, "Welcome home, Alice."

So Alice is making "Employees' Entrance" at Warners.

The trouble between Alice White and Hollywood was simply this: Hollywood resented the White kid.

THEY resented her easy step into the bright spotlight and big money. Too many actors and actresses had worked long, hard years for that coveted spot. Had suffered hardships and trials. Had studied and worked and withstood disappointments. And only after the hardest years of trouping, had made it.

And here was this flip little kid, just a sassy, untrained script girl, stepping into the place they had been struggling toward for years.

It rankled.

But if Alice had used tact and gone humbly, quietly and gratefully about her work, all might have been eventually forgotten and forgiven.

But, no sir! You weren't going to soft-pedal Alice. Alice was as good as anyone. This with a loud, irritating snap of the fingers.

On the First National lot at the time (this was five years ago) were Billie Dove, the ultra and lady-like Corinne Griffith and the star of stars, Colleen Moore. And into their refined midst stepped Alice. Which was just the same as putting a lighted firecracker under the bishop's chair.

Within Alice burned a flaming desire to succeed.

The whole catastrophe of this misguided kid, if viewed from the stage by an audience, would have honestly brought a lump to the throat and tears to the eyes. She was so wrong in her reasoning. But Hollywood was too close to the thing to see it with anything but a disapproving eye.

She never hesitated to do anything the studio asked her to do. The world's worst publicity fell to Alice. The kind that had to be done and no one else would do. She offered suggestions and planned things herself that were often very good.

AND then she met Sid Bartlett. The one person that really took the time and interest to do things for Alice. She absorbed and learned and quieted down considerably.

And then Alice made the worst blunder she'd made to date. She went elegant. Oh, so elegant. With lavish apartment and chauffeured limousines. Deah me! She grew standoffish with the studio and it was all pretty awful. The little script girl had gone hoity-toity. Hollywood snickered.

And so it went. Hollywood as blind in its views as Alice was in hers.

But the movie patrons loved her. She was real, genuine and just herself. And they knew it.

And there was plenty about this Alice White to love and admire, too. Don't forget that.

For instance, there was that certain star, a big name then, who lost out on the screen. It was Alice who came along and helped her out. Quietly, this time, with no crashing of cymbals. Another little blonde favorite fell from favor and again Alice was the only person who came forward with a helping hand. With no noise or publicity.



The lipstick that Leila Hyams is here shown using is really a cartridge taken from a compartment of her bracelet. Other cartridges in the band contain an eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow. A novelty which will interest you

She made twelve pictures in something like fourteen months and still she held her followers. But Alice was always the hot mama in every picture and even her admirers refused to see their favorite in the same old story. But they still loved Alice.

So along came option time and Alice's option wasn't taken up. She was out. For six months she bravely faced Hollywood without doing a day's work. Still in her chauffeured limousine she went about, her funds dwindling. Without a whimper or a word of complaint. The little blonde head was never once lowered.

And then came that amazing tour with those amazing results.

So now we wonder.

Alice has had some pretty hard knocks in the last five years. She's acquired some of that tramping other stars talked about so much without Alice understanding. But now she does understand. She's learned about movie stars from stage-hands all over the states. How they did this and were criticized. And Alice has learned and tramped and become quieter. So now we'll see what Hollywood has to say about Alice this time.

"You see," she said in talking about the city of Washington, "the taxis have no glass partitions between you and the driver so the conversations can go on." It had never occurred to her that perhaps conversations with taxi drivers did not always go on.

And there, right there, is the secret of this hold Alice White maintains on her admirers.

There is no glass partition between them and Alice.

Change of Address

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TREAT a cold quickly and treat it *decisively!* Don't fool yourself with half-way measures. Half-way measures lead only to half-cured colds. A cold calls for a COLD remedy. Don't depend on preparations good for half a dozen things besides colds. Many popular remedies actually make a cold worse because they are constipating and also make the system acid.

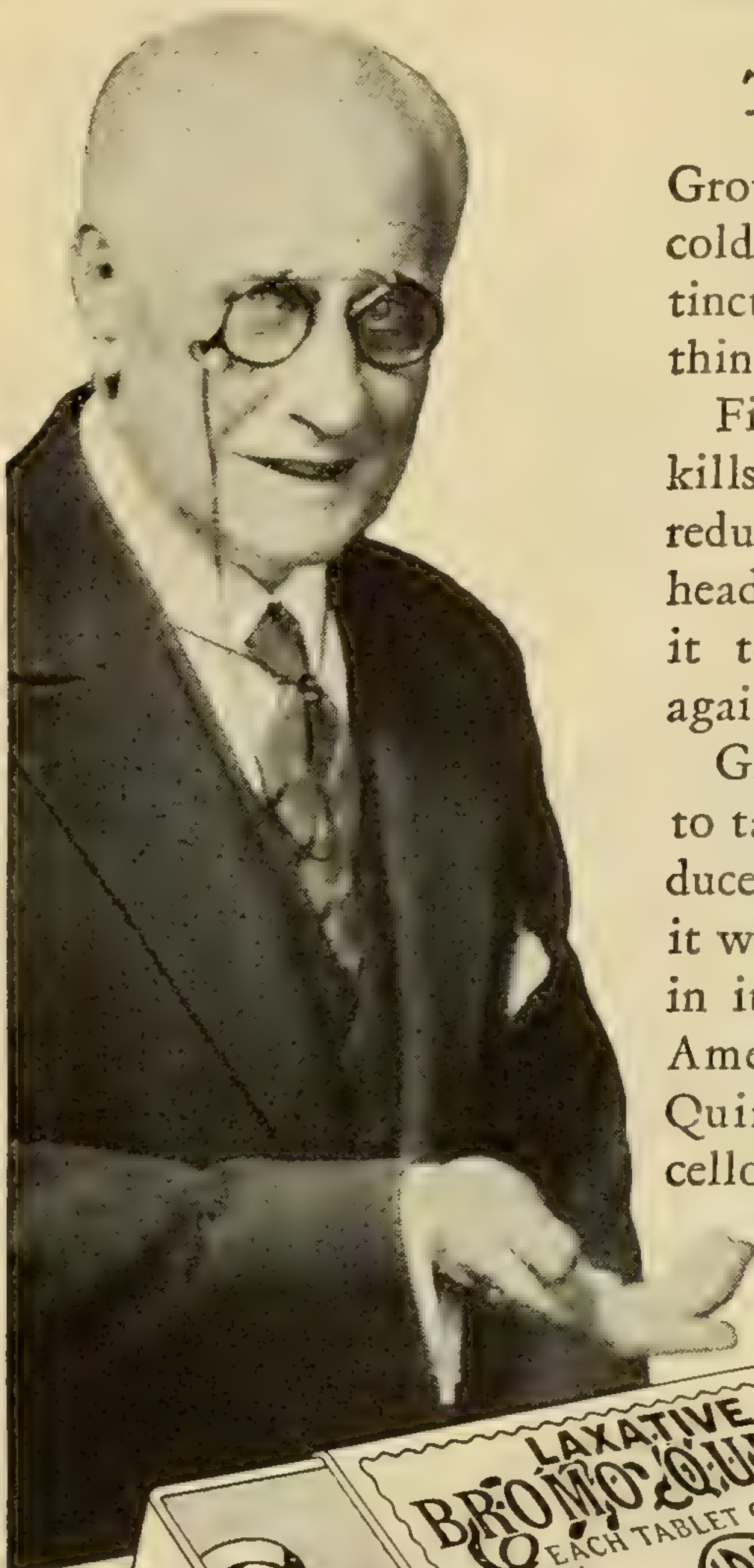
Don't depend, either, on mere surface treatments. A cold is an *internal* infection and calls for internal treatment.

The Four Things Necessary!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine kills a cold and kills it quick because it is distinctly a cold remedy and does the four things necessary to relieve a cold.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is safe to take! It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Taken promptly, it will usually expel a cold overnight. So in its use lies safety. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Convenient, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get it today!



*"I Couldn't
Write a Better
Prescription
Myself!"*

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

She Was Afraid to Wed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

dresses in neat little frocks which remind you of mother's girlhood starched gingham.

And the finished actress you have seen in "The Man Who Played God," "The Rich Are Always with Us," "So Big," "The Dark Horse," "Cabin in the Cotton," "Three on a Match" and who will be the lead opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Parachute Jumper" is as simple as that.

"Perhaps I should wear ermines," she says. "That's what they expected when they met the train. But I am not a politician. I can't be anything but what I am. I hope I can act for the screen, but I know I can't act as a person."

IF I were asked to describe Bette in two words, I'd say "common sense." Perhaps that is because "common sense" is the thing to which she clings in making her decisions.

She never tested that out as thoroughly as when she was making up her mind, recently, whether to marry or not to marry. There was so much to be said on both sides!

Love stood on the credit side in huge, undeniable letters. Bette and Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., had graduated from Cushing Academy (prep school) together. They had been in love then. Mr. Nelson finished at Amherst College this past June.

He came to Hollywood to see her the past summer. And three days after his arrival, First National sent her East on personal appearances.

True love has rough riding, you know. He waited in California for her.

But he had no job! He has musical talent

and hopes to become an orchestra leader. But hopes are not cure-alls for financial evils.

He didn't wish to become known as Mr. Bette Davis. Still doesn't!

Bette didn't want him to suffer what so many celebrity-husbands suffer. She'd seen too much of it.

"We'd better wait—" It was a mutual decision.

But they had already waited six years. Love becomes more and more impatient. As Bette progressed, would they grow apart? Should they snatch at the happiness which seemed to be in their grasp?

If they didn't, would they go down the years—regretting?

Bette was so afraid of marriage, so reasonably, logically frightened. Her mother and father had been divorced when she was a youngster. That was a frightful experience for Bette.

When she graduated from prep school, her father had wanted her to take a stenographic course so she could immediately begin making money.

But her mother had fought for Bette's right to fulfill a childhood dream, the dream of becoming an actress.

Her mother did more than fight. She worked in a photographer's shop until she had enough money to take her girl to New York City, walk into John Murray Anderson's school and say:

"Here is my daughter. Will you take her and train her?"

It was Bette's mother who had faith when Bette was cast as atmosphere in George

Cukor's company of "Broadway." She said, "You wait, Bette. I just know someone is going to sprain an ankle. If you learn all the parts—"

Bette learned those many rôles to please her mother. And on the first Wednesday matinee, the ingénue sprained her ankle. Bette replaced her.

It was Bette's mother who secured Bette more than one position.

The child was ushering in the theater of The Provincetown Players. Laura Hope Crews seeing her, said:

"If you can sing 'I Pass by Your Window' by tomorrow I'll have a part for you."

Bette's mother went to the tiny music store. They did not have that song. She stopped the first man she met on the street. "Can you tell me who is the church organist in this town?"

"Why, I am, madam."

Bette learned the needed piece from the organist and secured the part.

IF marriage could make a lovely woman like her mother unhappy, well—But Bette was lonesome.

"Hollywood is the most lonesome town in the world. I suppose that is natural where people make so much money. I felt I couldn't stand another year here alone. Mother was going East on Friday."

It was at the dinner table on a Wednesday night.

Bette's mother and aunt had to leave for Boston on Friday. Harmon said, "It isn't fair to judge marriage by one experience."



"Keep it simple," says the stencil on the camera, but can you blame Ronald Colman and Phyllis Barry if they aren't able to? For shame, all you Peeping Toms! Weren't you young yourselves, once? We'll say, though, under the circumstances Ronnie's carrying on manfully in this scene from "I Have Been Faithful"

My parents have been as happy as yours have been unhappy."

And suddenly, Bette's common sense began working. "I suppose there's something difficult about every marriage. If it weren't fear and being a picture actress, it would be something else. Marriage is to overcome difficulties—"

Bette's mother nodded.

At one-thirty, they piled into Bette's car. Mother, Bette's aunt, Harmon and Bette. The three-day California license law would not allow them to be married before mother left. They must go out of the state. They started for Yuma, Arizona. They thought it was about fifty miles.

They were on the edge of the desert before they learned it was three hundred.

THEY were married at three-thirty in the afternoon by a minister from the Indian reservation—when it was so hot that even the Indians were having their siestas.

Bette had dreamed since childhood of a wedding veil, bridesmaids, the fragrance of roses.

She had pictured romance amidst soft greenery rather than torture on a desert. But marriage doesn't really depend upon wedding bells and fragrance and honeymoons—her common sense told her. And the outcome of that marriage has proved that Bette was right!

"I have discovered I didn't want a husband who earns a livelihood by peddling his kisses for the amusement of the public," she says. "Hollywood men too often forget that screen love-making is just a part of the script." And maybe Bette is right again!



International

Remember Anita Stewart? Long retired from the screen, she is a prominent member of the social set of Hollywood. Married and happy and more beautiful than she has ever been, here's the way she looked when she attended a recent theater opening

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They go to expensive Masseurs for regular, health-building and slenderizing massage.

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BODI-MASSAGER

The Bodi-Massager comes fitted with two large and two small soft rubber sphericals, as shown above. For facial massage, the small model shown at the right is most convenient. For scalp massage, use the Hemp scalp applicators, shown at the left. Many people buy the complete set—Bodi-Massager, Facial Massager and hair applicators. Here's something "different" as a Christmas gift.

**The Conley Company, Inc.
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA**



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



Almost (but not quite!) as good as being invited to tea at Marie Dressler's is this first chance to look into the living-room of her new home, done in shades of cream and peach, with dark blue-green rug. Homey, comfortable and lovely—like Marie

ROMANCES, coming and going:

It's all off with the Arnst-Weissmuller thing. Bobbe has gotten her divorce and Johnny can now howl like a bull ape in single-blessedness as far as Bobbe is concerned. Ah there, Tarzan!

The rift between Marian Nixon and hubby, Eddie Hillman, grows wider. And everyone is sorry Marian and Eddie couldn't make a go of it.

Lookie, who got married. That nice comedy actor, Eugene Pallette. Eugene went up to Sequoia National Park to make a movie and made a match ('scuse, please, it's the weather). Her name is Marjorie Cag-nacci. Or was.

Rose Hobart (remember Rose in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?) has married William Mason Grosvenor, Jr., of New York. Miss Hobart is back on the New York stage.

Don Alvarado left a good movie part in the lurch and trailed after Marilyn Miller to New York. What do you make of that, Watson?

More clashing temperament is the reason given for the Nils Asther-Vivian Duncan rift. Nils has taken himself off to a hotel and Vivian has taken herself off in a huff. And they looked so elegant together. Dear me!

SOME of Hollywood's successful marriages:

Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have reached their third wedding anniversary. Janet was far out on the Pacific making scenes for her new picture, "Tess of the Storm Country." Lydell hired a boat and got to the location scenes. They spent their third wedding anniversary together.

Kenneth MacKenna received a wire asking him to open in a New York play with one of the most glamorous of our stage stars. Ken turned it down. It meant leaving wifey, Kay Francis, behind.

ELISSA LANDI, the lovely English star, was so anxious to have all Hollywood meet John Lawrence, the man to whom she has been happily married for several years, that she gave one of the gayest and best parties of the year.

No one there could doubt the genuineness of Elissa's happiness.

Joan Bennett refused to leave husband Gene Markey behind when Fox asked her to go on location. But here's a bit of a laugh. Joan took thirteen trunks, and the usually well-

dressed Gene took only one pair of blue overalls which he wore all the time.

DICK FOWELL and Mary Brian.

Yes, they've got spring fever right in the middle of the winter!

BUCK JONES and Barbara Weeks, who has been his leading lady in the last two pictures, seem to be making goo-goo eyes at one another.

For one thing, after playing opposite Buck once, Barbara asked for the assignment a second time. Greater love hath no girl than to want to be leading lady for a Western star.

YOU should peep into Wally Beery's dressing-room these days. You'd think you had dropped into the training quarters of Jack Dempsey. Wally's taking this "Flesh" business seriously. He's hired Pete Dando, famous trainer (who once handled Dempsey among numerous other ring celebrities) to get him into condition and Dando's turned the dressing-room into his headquarters. The smell of eucalyptus oil strikes you in the nose twenty-five feet from the door.

THEY were making "Sport Pa-

rade" over at RKO. The director decided there should be a bit of a love scene between Marian Marsh and Joel McCrea. Marian objected. "This picture doesn't call for love scenes and I don't see why I should be called upon to play them," she stormed.

In sympathy Joel assured her he wasn't any more eager to play them than she, and gently patted her on the shoulder. Haughtily she drew away. "Don't do that," she rebuked. "*Mister Barrymore* never patted me on the shoulder."

Congenial Joel nearly swooned.



"If I've earned the right to anything, it's a little comfort," Marie Dressler said when she planned her bedroom for the new home. Deep chairs, well placed lamps, spaciousness—and a cool scheme of cream and rose and green. The furniture is enameled.

WILLIAM GARGAN may be a new-comer, but he's learned Hollywood's number!

Everyone was rushing up to congratulate him on his performance in "Rain." "You're great, Bill. Simply wonderful."

Billy listened for several days and then he sent for a couple of guys he knew. "I have a job for you. It won't last long, but I want it done well. Everyone is giving me the glad hand about 'Rain.' I want to know what people really think. Mix around with the crowd and knock me. Hear what they have to say. I want a true report on how I went over."

A man who doesn't believe the "yes" men of Hollywood is a novelty—and novelties make news.

RAN into Ann Harding the other day. She was looking gorgeous. Red broadcloth suit with black fox collar and cuffs. No hat because her hair is thick and the knot on the back of her head too big to make hats becoming.

Two months ago she looked like a ghost. Now she's the prettiest we've ever seen her. Getting a little plump, viewed from a film angle. But that's glorious. Shows she's got her old pep back, which she lost so completely when she and Harry Bannister parted.

But she's restless. "I've got to get back on the stage. If only for four months. I must get away from here," she says.

The stage was her great professional love. Hollywood has not been too kind to Ann. It has brought her heartache and shattered ideals. Now that she is beginning to be herself again, it is natural she should turn to that first love.

Since it's that way, Ann, we hope you get your wish. But you will probably be just as glad to get back to the movies.

YOU'VE heard the old refrain, "The show must go on!"

Stu Erwin reversed that favorite recently: "The show must wait." After all, a man doesn't have a first-born but once in his life.

June Collyer Erwin was in the hospital waiting. Stu's picture, "He Learned About Women" was ready to start. And Paramount waited three days—a record for studio patience. Stu wouldn't leave his wife!

THE lovely Gwili Andre has become reconciled to the idea of bathing in public in "No Other Woman."

But the climax was reached when a studio employee and ardent admirer of Miss Andre asked her to autograph the tub with black paint.

Just to keep among his souvenirs!

RAMON NOVARRO has shaved his head until it's as hairless and shiny as a navy bean. For his picture, of course, "Son Daughter" with Helen Hayes.

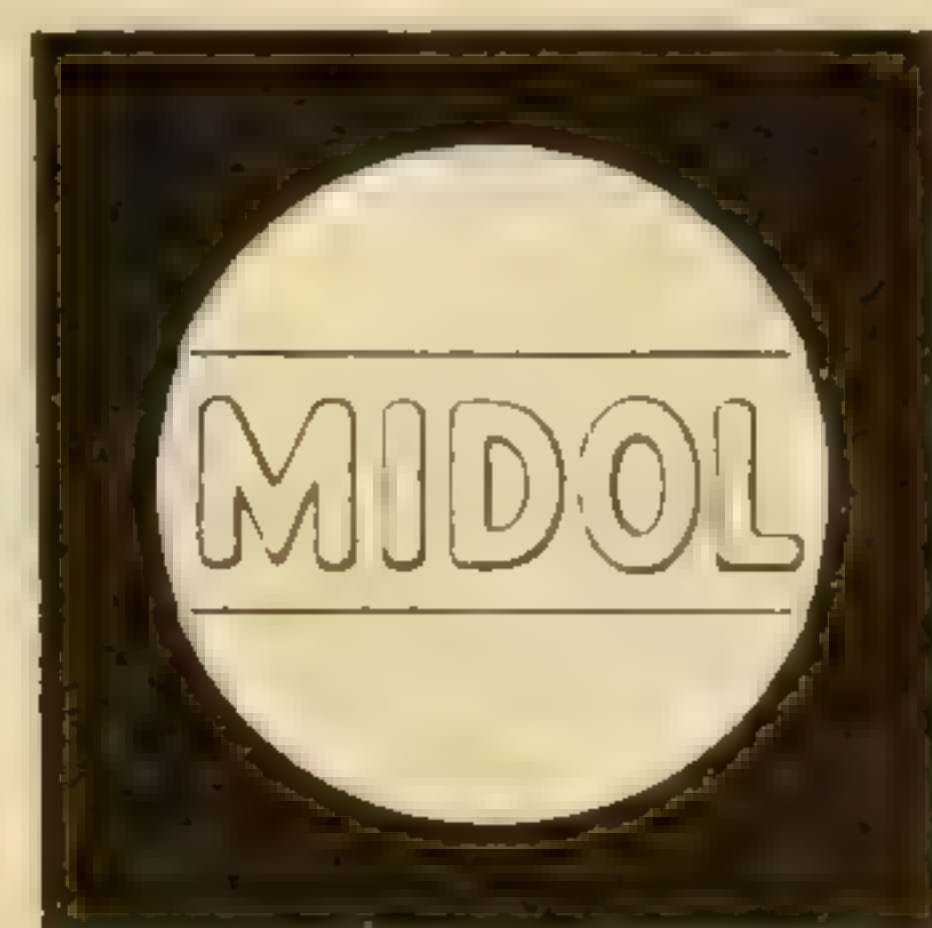
THEY were filming a scene in Ruth Chatterton's new picture, "Frisco Jenny." It represented the San Francisco earthquake. As the walls caved in, a pillar against which Ruth was leaning fell. A girl had been hired to dub in the sound of screaming, but Chatterton cut loose with a shriek that shook down what little building remained standing.

"Stick to me," confided Director Bill Wellman to George Brent, who stood in the background, "and you'll learn things about your wife." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



THAT DREADED TIME OF MONTH!

The old story. "Cora's sick!" She doesn't know science has found the way to *block* all menstrual pain. Midol, the discovery of specialists, *ends* such suffering. It does not merely bring relief, but removes every vestige of pain. And it does this for women who once had to spend the day in bed! Midol is a specific that goes straight to the seat of this organic pain. You can't get the same result from any headache remedy. Midol is an absolute antidote for menstrual pain throughout the period. Midol means that any woman can menstruate in absolute comfort. And it is perfectly harmless; it is *not* a narcotic. At any drug store; ten tiny tablets in a smart little box. Simply ask for Midol.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113]



Wide World

Lupe Velez is playing a mother part now—oh, dear no, not on the screen! Even more amazing, it's a real life rôle. Lupe recently adopted her sister's child, four-year-old Joan Del Valle. Mama Lupe, working in "Phantom Fame," keeps one eye on the clock she's so eager to get home to Joan

GEORGE WHITE, famous for his Broadway revues, has been frantically wiring Jeanette MacDonald. It has been a long time since Jeanette played in New York. It is known that Paramount is negotiating with her for a new musical and M-G-M, Radio and Universal have also made overtures. But just what Jeanette is planning to do next, only Jeanette knows.

JOEL McCREA and William Gargan had never met before they reported for work on "Sport Parade." It was a fight scene and the director made it clear they were not to pull their punches. And then Joel interrupted. "Before I land on Mr. Gargan's jaw don't you think we ought to be introduced?" And they both laughed so hard they couldn't shake hands.

THERE'S a girl in Hollywood who has completed the cycle of human emotions and gone virtuous again. "The only thrill left," she told us. In pictures, of course.

ONE more picture and Ann Harding finishes her current contract with Radio. The studio may take up its option for an additional four next year, but Ann is hoping she may obtain a release.

Ann may go to London to play "Holiday" on the stage. "Holiday" has never had an English production. Leslie Howard, with whom Ann is co-starring in "Animal Kingdom," is author of the London idea. He will produce "Holiday" and play opposite Ann in it. The luck of the English theater-goers. What a production that will be!

GEORGE RAFT is homesick for the lights of old Broadway. Not that George has anything against Hollywood. He's anxious to get back again for a visit. But they keep George jumping so fast from one picture to another these days he just can't make the trip.

And, incidentally, it's being rumored about that George's wife may soon be hitting the trail for Hollywood to sever those matrimonial ties. George, however, is mum on the subject. Very mum.

I'VE heard tell that a star is a great influence to the other members of her cast. And now I know. On the Ruth Chatterton set for "Frisco Jenny," there was Ruth chewing away at her inevitable gum. Her stand-in chewed even harder, the director, William Wellman, never let up for a moment, the cameraman chewed, the electricians chewed and to cap the climax, in stepped George Thomas from the publicity department. He took one look around and pulled out a package of his favorite gum. A regular chewing spree. Now beat that!

WILL Claudette Colbert re-sign with Paramount?

Paramount was cold on the little black-headed Frenchie. Then Claudette made "The Phantom President." It was only a fair lead, at most, because the picture went to the men. But she made it stand out like a red rose on a black bonnet.



Jackie Cooper on his ninth birthday with a dozen or so of his little guests. How's this collection of gifts for a lad who, like Jackie, is allowed fifty cents a week spending money? That big boat is a present from Joan Crawford

AROUND the tea table in Ruth Chatterton's studio dressing-room, there sat the other day, Ruth, her new husband, George Brent, and her former husband, Ralph Forbes, having the jolliest time you can imagine.

Kind of nice, isn't it, to have no bad feelings in the family?

WELL, well, Rosco Ates went Izaak Waltoning.

He caught a fish, which slipped off the hook, which hook immediately sank itself into Rosco's bare wrist.

And d-d-d-d-did he b-b-b-burn u-u-up?

THOSE two old troupers, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, are famous for "going up" on their lines. But no one ever blames them.

People who are loved as much as Marie and Polly somehow don't get blamed for little things like forgetting.

Incidentally, "Prosperity" was slowed up in production because Marie has been allowed to work only four hours a day. She's back to perfect health again, but the producers want to keep her that way.

JIMMY DURANTE was ready to leave for New York when he had finished "The Phantom President" with George M. Cohan. Jimmy hasn't been back to the "sidewalks" since Hollywood made him famous. And did he want to see them rise to pay him honor. Did he! But Producer Irving Thalberg said, "No. We may need you."

Was Jimmy boined? Jimmy was boined! He dashed off into the high mountains of California to go fishing. And he didn't leave

any address. If the fish won't bite, Jimmy's going to bite the fish and get even.

JANET GAYNOR is the most popular star in England. Even more popular than Garbo or Dietrich.

JOAN CRAWFORD is taking singing lessons. Old Cal, roaming about the M-G-M lot the other day, wandered onto one of those huge sound stages and way over there in a corner was Joan and her accompanist practising their "do re mi's" for dear life. And you should hear Joan sing "You're Blasé"! Dear me! 'Tis rumored all these singing lessons may lead up to Joan playing "The Merry Widow." There's usually a good reason behind everything this Miss Crawford does.

THEY were showing a visitor about the set where "The Penguin Pool Murder" is in progress. "See that fish there," they pointed out, "it's insured for fifteen hundred dollars and we pay one hundred and fifty dollars a week for it."

Whereupon a little extra behind them piped out, "And I had to be born a human."

JOAN BLONDELL came out of the theater after the preview of "Three on a Match" in a rage. Her work was no good, she said. She was through with pictures.

Boy-friend George Barnes said, "All right, honey. You stay home. When we're married, you won't have to work any more, anyway."

Well, we're banking on Joan's next picture living up to all that's been expected of this smart little comedienne.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]



FEU FOLLET Brings Romance to the Holidays

The fragrance of Christmas and the essence of Romance have been captured by Roger & Gallet in their newest fragrance, *Feu Follet* (FLAME OF FOLLY)—a dancing will-o'-the-wisp—light, stimulating, intriguing—the very *spirit of youth*. If you have used *Fleurs d'Amour* or *Le Jade* you know why Roger & Gallet's perfumes hold their supremacy. There is no more appropriate gift for Christmas than a Roger & Gallet fragrance. Extract, face powder, soap, talcum, sachet, toilet water. Popularly priced. Send coupon below for FREE copy of "Fashions in Fragrance," showing how the Parisian woman is using *Feu Follet*.

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FRED NEHER

"A SERIAL! AN' I GET THE CHAIR NEXT WEEK!!"

Stars, Stars and Stars!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Watch him, and you'll learn how to make yards."

When Cagle related this to Booth during the shooting of the picture, it was funny for everybody but Fred Linehan, for the Army's great back and Yale's midget quarter ganged on the Yale lineman every chance they got and his ribbing came home to roost . . . with three years' interest. All of which came under the general heading of fun on a football field.

Any preconceived notions on the part of the players that their trip to Hollywood was going to be just a great big picnic, vanished when they went to work. During a college football season the players go on the field at half-past three for practice and play until dark and for most teams Thursday and Friday, before a game, sees only signal drill and rest.

Not so in a motion picture. They had a six o'clock call at the hotel; breakfast at seven and they were on the field shortly after eight . . . every morning. By nine the cameras were set up and from then until late afternoon, when the light was too weak to photograph, they were hard at it. And no football players ever fought harder for the dear old Alma Mater.

FOR that reason the shooting of the football scenes took only four weeks, for Director Russell Mack found he had thirty experienced and highly trained actors—for the parts they were playing. If he wanted Arlen to knife through the line of scrimmage, almost fall when half tackled but break free and gain good yardage, just as three men were cutting down the backfield for him, that is exactly what happened, with speed and precision that made the All American Football Board's mouth water.

And there was a dramatic moment when the players were first introduced to Dick Arlen and Johnny Darrow, specially Arlen.

"He's an actor," the athletes said. "He doesn't want to meet us."



Lanky Irvine Phillips, former captain and end for California, as he is about to let fly a forward pass

"Gosh, those guys are famous." This from Dick Arlen, and with plenty of embarrassment. "They'll laugh themselves to death when they see me in a football suit."

BUT Dick did want to meet them and they did not laugh themselves to death for the reason that Arlen used to play in the backfield for St. Thomas College. It did not take long for some of the feel of the game to come back to

him. Once, when Dick made a slashing tackle of the elusive Booth and "Albie" stayed down, too, the Yale quarterback rolled over and said:

"You certainly tore me down, Dick. You're wasting your time in Hollywood. You ought to be on somebody's football team."

When the players discovered that Arlen and Johnny Darrow made first rate football players and when Dick and Johnny discovered the athletes were first rate actors—but that's the next part of the story.

Very few of the players were self conscious when it came to reading their lines. According to Director Russell Mack, the acting ability of the men assayed pretty high, with, of course, one shining exception. That was the great Ernie Nevers, who is rated by "Pop" Warner as one of the outstanding players of all time. Now Ernie doesn't know how to lose his temper, but he was supposed to fly into a blistering rage at Arlen, supposed to have taken money to "throw" a game.

Well, they worked until three o'clock in the morning on that scene, but Ernie simply couldn't get mad. Finally the despairing director had an idea.

"Don't get mad, Ernie," he said, "just look surprised." And it went that way, for a surprised Nevers is far more dangerous looking than an

angry one and if you don't believe this, just ask them at California, or Oregon, or Washington State or Southern California.

And as for the comedy scenes in the picture. A number of them were extemporaneous, like the scene between Johnny Baker and "Hurry" Cain, the drawling Alabama player. After Cain had monopolized the sponge and water bucket during a rest period, for too long to suit the California linesman, the latter said:

"How about some of that water for me?"

"Pahdon me," drawled Cain, "I thought all you Californians drahnk nothin' but orange juice out here."

And when "Hurry" was having his bruised



The All American and All Star teams, who display their most brilliant football in the film, "The All-American." Left to right, standing: Phillips, Nevers, Linehan, Mullins, Wickhorst, Booth, Carideo, Quatse, Howard, Dalrymple, Barrager, Munn, Baker. Kneeling: Russell, Cagle, Saunders, Purvis, Hibbs, Hanley, Schwartz, Cain, Yarr, Orsi, Pinckert, Kelly. In front sits trainer George Stevens. Their collegiate records are on the opposite page

nose bandaged, he kept putting his hands up to it until the doctor slapped it away with the curt admonition: "Keep your hands off that thing."

"But doctah," protested Cain, "ah'm interested in that thing."

After the four weeks of work, into which they crammed more football than most teams see in four seasons, were over, the players scattered again. "Albie" Booth wanted to remain to act in pictures, but he went back East, to attack the picture business from another angle, the selling end. Fred Linehan remained to play extra parts. But the others have all gone, leaving only a photographic record of modern football as all players have dreamed it should be played.

AND this record has been woven into a dramatic story about two brothers, Dick Arien the elder, and Johnny Darrow the younger. It tells how Dick, an All American, became ensnared by a college siren, sold out

to get money for her and thus achieved disaster.

After he has vanished, his young brother becomes an All American on a later team in the same school and he, too, falls for the siren.

Matters come to a climax during a charity game played by the 1931 All American team against a collection of former All American stars. It is in this game that we see all the football great in action, and it is during this torrid struggle that Dick, playing with the older team, manages to fight his kid brother, on the 1931 team, back into the paths of straight and narrow football and morals.

UNDER the direction of the Football Board, Frank Carideo and Rockne's former assistant, Mannie Vezie, almost every sensational play of the past few years has been utilized and put into execution by these two dream teams, whose coming together resulted in a great picture and perhaps the greatest thrill a dyed-in-the-wool football fan will ever get.

The Stars of "The All-American"

1931 ALL AMERICAN

PLAYER	COLLEGE	POSITION	RECORD
Marchmont Schwartz	Notre Dame	Halfback	All American 1931
Gaius Shaver	Southern Calif.	Halfback	All American 1931 (Voted best all-round Far Western rider)
John Cain	Alabama	Halfback	All American 1931
Jerry Dalrymple	Tulane	End	All American 1931-32
Jack Riley	Northwestern	Tackle	All American 1931
John Baker	Southern Calif.	Guard	All American 1931
Tom Yarr	Notre Dame	Center	All American 1931 (Capt. Notre Dame)
Clarence Munn	Minnesota	Tackle	All American 1931 (Rated the fastest lineman in the Middle West)
Jesse Quatse	Pittsburgh	Guard	All American 1931
John Orsi	Colgate	End	All American 1931 (Rated best end in East)
Ernest Pinckert	Southern Calif.	Halfback	All American 1930 (Voted most valuable player in Far West)*

ALL STAR TEAM

Chris "Red" Cagle	West Point	Halfback	All American 1927-28-29
Ernie Nevers	Stanford	Fullback	All American 1925 (Rated equal to Jim Thorpe by "Pop" Warner, coach)
Frank Carideo	Notre Dame	Quarterback	All American 1929-30
Albie Booth	Yale	Quarterback	
Fred Linehan	Yale	Guard	All American 1930
Lee Hanley	Northwestern	End	
Reb Russell	Northwestern	Tackle	
Irvine Phillips	California	End	All American mention
Frank Wickhorst	Navy	Tackle	All American 1929
Jesse Hibbs	Southern Calif.	Tackle	All American 1929
Larry Mullins	Notre Dame	Halfback	
Jim Purvis	Purdue	End	(Rated greatest end in Middle West 1930)
Al Howard	Notre Dame	Halfback	
Russell Saunders	Southern Calif.	Fullback	All American 1929
Paul Schwegler	Washington	Tackle	(All-Coast Tackle 1930)
Roy Baker	Nevada	Guard	
Marger Apsit	Southern Calif.	Halfback	
John Kelly	Southern Calif.	Guard	
Nate Barrager	Southern Calif.	Center	(Captain S. C. 1930)

ALL AMERICAN BOARD OF FOOTBALL

W. A. "Bill" Alexander	Georgia Tech
Glenn S. "Pop" Warner	Stanford
Jesse C. Harper	Notre Dame
Edward L. Casey	Harvard
Christy Walsh	

*"Pug" Rentner was afraid to play because he had one more year of collegiate football. He was All American half on the 1931 selection. Ernie Pinckert, took Pug's place on the team.



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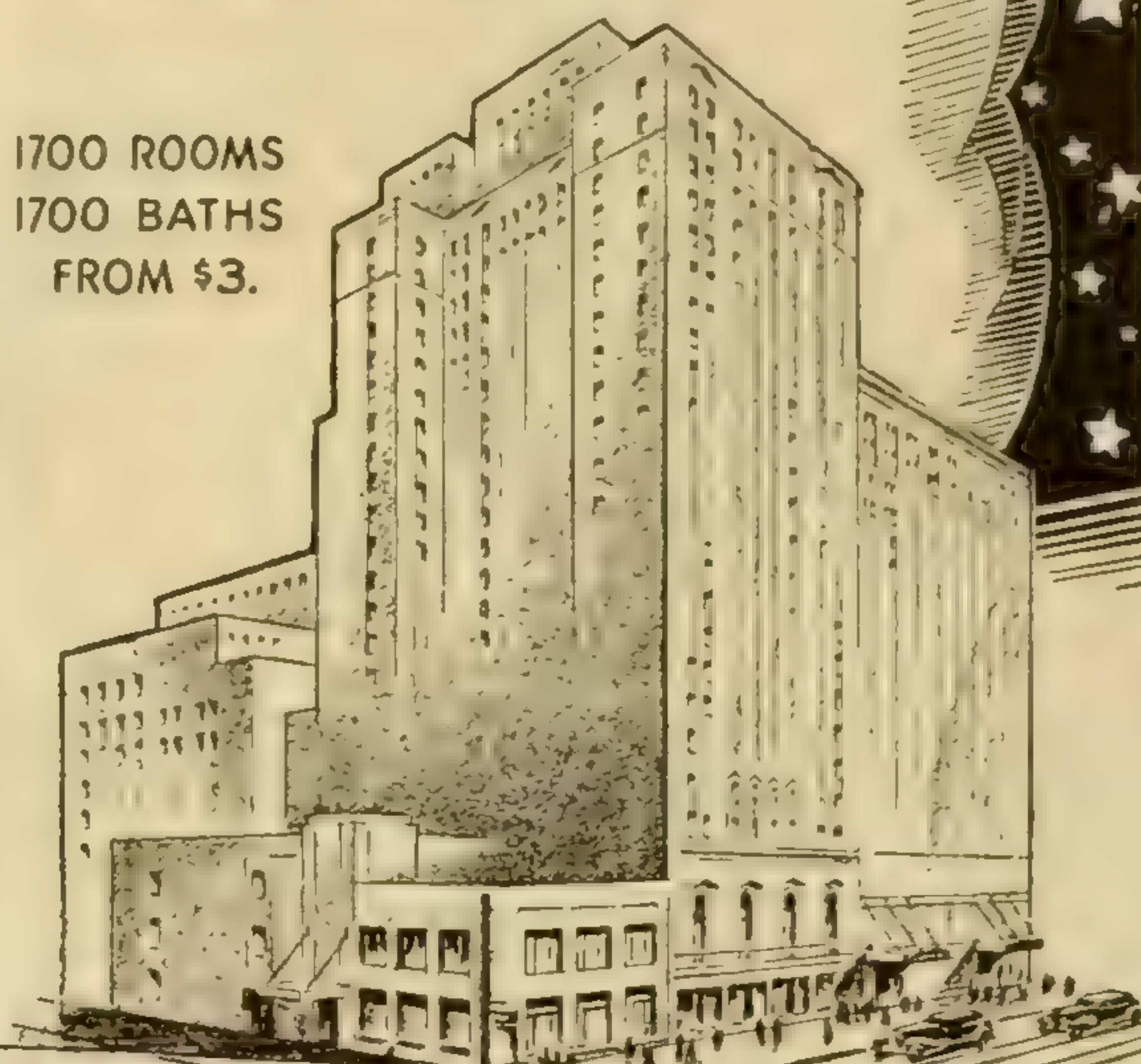
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Why Clark Gable Says "I Am Paid Not to Think"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"Possessed." She insisted with vehemence, too.

Even went to the "front office" and refused to make the picture unless Clark played opposite her.

The parts chanced to fit his screen personality in these pictures. But the race was on. Marion Davies must have her turn and Norma another chance since Joan had him twice. The fact that he didn't fit the part in Norma's "Strange Interlude" was forgotten. Women are apt to forget seemingly minor points when they are fighting for their own way. Even Greta Garbo must have her turn. The rôle in "Susan Lenox" was not appropriate, either.

IN none of these cases was Gable asked whether he would like to play the picture. "I found out I was going to do 'Susan Lenox' in Del Monte," he says. "Read it in the paper. I also read in the paper that I am to go to Paramount to play with Miriam Hopkins in 'No Man of Her Own.'"

"When I walked on the lot, one day, they told me I was to play 'Red Dust' in place of Jack Gilbert."

"But 'Red Dust' is great for you, isn't it, Clark?"

"It was originally chosen for Greta Garbo."

"But you have a strong, virile rôle in 'Red Dust'?"

"It was bought for Greta Garbo."

I paused; looked at him closely. His face was non-committal. The story had been bought to star a woman. And unless they changed the script completely, it was a woman's story. Jean Harlow! Since our conversation, "Red Dust" has been released. The script was evidently changed, because it emerges as a man's story—Clark's—and only the exceptional performance of Jean Harlow made her part equal to his.

Well, men had been starred before in a woman's story.

"What should a story contain to make it interesting?" I asked.

He took his time answering, as though thinking aloud. He had forgotten he was paid not to think.

"You must have characters in a play in which the audience is sufficiently interested to care what happens to them. I learned that in stock. It is true of pictures. The characters in themselves must be interesting. As they were in 'Possessed.' If the character isn't interesting, no actor can make him so."

"I did a play on the stage. It did not reach New York. I would like to do it in pictures. It was called 'Broken Windows.'"

SUDDENLY he stopped, looking as though he had awakened abruptly from a dream. He laughed, slightly embarrassed.

I changed the subject quickly. "How's your polo?" I asked.

"I don't play polo any more."

"Oh, I forgot. They won't let you play because it's too dangerous."

"Yes, they just want to give me more of the kind of work I have been doing, so I can play polo sooner."

Some bite in those words!

For a man of whom thinking is neither expected nor wanted, it seems to me that Clark Gable's mind is exceptionally active.

Can't you read between the lines one of the outstanding reasons for his great popularity and success?

Barbaric Touches Enliven Hollywood's New Costumes

by Seymour

HOLLYWOOD seems to be torn between looking quaint and going primitive! The two trends are certainly far enough removed from each other—but the gist of the thing is that barbaric notes in costume jewelry and accessory trappings have come in with the vogue for jungle and exotic Far-East pictures.

Pagan ladies on "The Sign of the Cross" set are weighted down with heavy metal jewelry. And Tala Birell, in "Magana," wears African tribal necklace and bracelets. A gauntlet of silver rings is one of these bracelets. There are lots of metal and wooden gadgets being seen

about town and it is a trend to watch carefully. Incidentally, those heavy metal necklaces are lovely when worn with the plain high necklines of current fashions.

BLACK velvet is almost a Hollywood uniform for evenings this winter. The other night at a night club opening I spotted any number of stunning gowns or ensembles in velvet. Joan Blondell was wearing a dress with a high square neck in front and deep V in the back. Over this went a black velvet jacket with high collar and puff sleeves of sable.

Colleen Moore wore a black velvet with puff sleeves of ermine; her wrap was a sleeveless bolero of the fur. A clever idea.

JOAN CRAWFORD appeared at a play opening in Los Angeles, wearing a wine red velvet ensemble that had a most unique wrap. It had only one sleeve caught into a tight cuff and the other side of the wrap was a wide cape. That's a thought to jot down for your next evening appointment.

Olga Baclanova, who is appearing in the stage production of "The Cat and the Fiddle," essays a most daring costume color combination. She wears a street outfit in yellow, brown and deeper-than-coral shades. That alone is striking—but wait, with this she wears two wide bracelets in two subtle shades of red! It takes a real flair for chic to attempt anything like that.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S next picture offers some advance summer fashion tips. She wears, for instance, a zebra print dress in green and white. Sounds stunning, doesn't it? Watch striped effects—they will get a big hand. Carole is very fussy about her accessories. She has to have just the right shades for every costume—even hosiery shades are chosen with a hawk eye for matching.

Red fox is increasingly popular with the stars. And Connie Bennett wears a collar of cross fox with muff to match on a tightly belted navy blue coat. She likes those little hats that are slashed to show a bit of hair, too.

SPEAKING of fur, muffs are a rage out here. No coat or suit is quite complete without one. And they are all sizes from the tiny barrel ones to huge pillow ones.

At luncheon the other noon, I spotted Minna Gombel wearing an audacious little brown felt sailor with a gold and green feather poised in the very center front.



Shades of Nero's time! Here's the sort of trappings that pagan ladies loved. Frances Dee is wearing this one of heavy silver discs on a silver chain to show you how smart primitive jewelry can look with your modern clothes. Frances borrowed this, incidentally, from one of the lovely pagans on "The Sign of the Cross" set. Note that the necklace clasps at the side front

They Hope to Stay Married

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

light a cigarette during intermission without burning my dress. Pictures are work, and Kenneth and I are not in business together!"

The second agreement was a protection against their becoming involved in social engagements where the parties were likely to be professional rather than amusing.

They didn't agree before marriage, however,

not to discuss each other's work. They just drifted into the habit.

"Nothing falls flatter than an effort to be good company," Kenneth explained. "But one can certainly make the effort not to be bad company."

"Kay will come in and say, 'I had a terrible day. How are the dogs?' And we are off into

Rule One
for preventing
Colds
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If you're nursing a cold, see a doctor. Curing a cold is his business. But the doctor himself will tell you that *you* can do much to make yourself less susceptible to colds.

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a canine discussion. Soon, her bad day is forgotten. Or I will come home and say, 'Damn. When can we get over to Europe?' and we are into a travelogue.

"It's just a form of selfishness for a husband or wife to bring home professional troubles. The other one never gets a fair picture of what really happened, anyway. Everyone tells only his side of troubles. Which would be a bit dangerous in our family. Kay is so irritatingly honest! If I sat down to dinner and told about a scene I'd had to make thirty times and blamed some temperamental actress, she'd probably say: 'And what did you do or not do to make her temperamental?' She knows about directors, of course, being an actress!"

Kay nodded and added, "Kenneth would do the same. He knows about actresses, being a director!"

WHICH seems pretty wise, doesn't it? What good does it really do to make hash from a day's difficulties? Far better to help one forget them!

They do tell the funny things, however. While Kenneth was directing "Careless Lady," he was full of dog stories. They had a trained canine in it. Kay felt as though she were personally acquainted with the clever little actor; she heard so much about him at the dinner table. But she couldn't have told you that her husband was directing Joan Bennett!

Then there was the tale of the girl who was almost hired for a part in one of Kenneth's pictures. The main requirement was a beautiful figure as she was to be—ah, scantily clad. This youngster was French and pretty as a camellia. Said Kenneth to this girl: "I think you will do."

"But you haven't seen my pictures!" she protested.

"But I've seen you."

Still the girl insisted upon showing him the pictures. They were in the nude. She was not hired.

Of course, that was a good story for any husband to tell his wife at the dinner table. Kenneth didn't miss the opportunity. Kay told me about it—but she didn't remember the name of the picture or of the girl who was hired.

There promised to be difficulties about sports. Kay was mad about tennis; Kenneth about golf. Each played his favorite sport every day (including Sundays) they were not working before they were married. Neither knew nor enjoyed the game of the other.

So they bought a boat almost as soon as the ceremony was over. A small, thirty-six foot sailing schooner. Now, they spend every non-working day on that. You'll find them every Sunday headed toward Catalina. When Kenneth is working and Kay isn't, she returns to tennis. And vice versa with his golf.

The boat sounds like a luxury. It isn't.

Last year, it cost them a few cents under one thousand dollars for the entire twelve months. The reason? No crew; no cook; no maids. Kay is cook, maid and stewardess. Kenneth is captain, sailor and deck swabber. When the boat needed cleaning, they were at Catalina. Kenneth spent his day diving beneath it to clean off barnacles!

When either is working they have no social engagements. They broke this rule one evening to attend a dinner at Ben Schulberg's. Kay said, in accepting the invitation, "When ten-thirty comes, I will leave. I am working."

She did. Right in the middle of dinner! Kenneth drove her home and returned to the party. He was not working.

The usual evening formula on working days is dinner, with Kay still in make-up. Then each takes a book, crawls into his separate bed and reads until sleep conquers.

Someone told me recently that Kay Francis is no longer the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. "She has so few clothes. Mostly sports things and yachting costumes."

I told Kenneth. He laughed. "Kay can't help but be best-dressed. You know what I mean? She puts on a pair of blue trousers and sweater on the boat and washes dishes and she still looks swagger!"

Yes, I knew. In New York, Kay was "best-dressed." The day she stepped from the train in Los Angeles, the newspapers shot pictures of her swank trimness and captioned the pictures: "A new best-dressed woman for Hollywood."

She doesn't need many clothes for that reputation. And she hasn't the number she had before she was married. She averaged six parties a week then. "But when I married, I settled down, I suppose. That's civilized, isn't it?"

THEY quarrel. How they quarrel! They are like two trim, intelligent race horses competing for sweepstake honors. Their most recent battle concerned a proposed European trip. One wanted the extreme northern route; the other the extreme southern. Both were decided upon Budapest as a destination but determined that their pet routes were the best way to reach it. They battled all the way from Hollywood to Santa Barbara—as only high-strung, intelligent people can battle.

And at Santa Barbara they discovered that neither was right. The best way was a completely neutral route!

"Which only proves that arguments like that are usually for nothing," Kenneth grinned. "But they're fun—after they're over."

But never a professional discussion! And if that isn't the magic key to Hollywood matrimony, I'll shift my bet to Marlene Dietrich and her husband. I don't know what they talk about. The conversations are in German!

Hollywood's New Champion Best Dresser

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

playmates. He was always clean. If he started from the door with a bit of dust on his shoes, his mother called him back and brushed it off. His shirts might be frayed, but they were clean and the frays were neatly mended.

At fourteen he ran away from home. Patched breeches and mended collars were not for the "man" George. Boys become men early—in the Tenderloin district.

His first job was helper to an electrician. Four dollars a week. Not enough for clothes. And he couldn't even keep clean. Not so good!

Some of the other "guys" from his district who had escaped as he did were ring fighting

and getting paid for it. As high as ten dollars a night. Money for suits, shirts and collars. George knew he was no pugilist. But he was willing to take beatings as long as he was paid for them. He still wears the scars of those encounters. But he didn't object to torn ears or gashes or bulging eyes as long as he could slip into a fresh suit when the fight was finished.

One day he noticed a boy delivering a parcel at a Park Avenue door. The boy was in uniform. Bright, handsome brass buttons. He noted the name on the delivery truck. A week later he was delivering furs from that exclusive shop to those exclusive doors. Every brass

button of that uniform was a mirror! His fighting days were over.

His first dance halls were the sawdust floors of new markets. Dances were the vogue for market openings. His pals knew he could dance. They urged him to volunteer a performance. He refused until he was dared. A Tenderloin lad rises or falls on dares. He looked down at his new suit. Only a quarter in its new pocket. He danced. The crowd threw money. Dance halls. Vaudeville. Cabarets. An absolute sensation as the interpreter of the Black Bottom.

Excellent tuxedos could be purchased for sixty-five dollars. But George Raft paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for his. And he bought them often. He soon learned that his one passion had an economic advantage. If a man looked the "best dressed" he was treated as though he had money, even though a couple of dollars in the pocket was his only capital!

"I HAVE always been able to get credit. Men trust me. Tailors, especially. I looked as though I could pay!"

Clothes helped his career as a dancer. You have heard him called a gigolo. George gets pretty burned up about that. Someone asked him if he was paid for dancing and he said "Yes"—hence the gigolo. He admits he doesn't know whether to get vicious about that name or just laugh it off and let it go. He thinks it will probably be less trouble to laugh it off. He was paid six hundred and fifty dollars a week for one dance a night in London. The highest paid dancer to go to Europe. He danced at the Vanderbilt home; he danced for the prince of Sweden. He went back into vaudeville.

His eventual entry into pictures was purely accidental. He was hanging around New York and Hollywood. Just commuting. Vaudeville had refused him his former salary, so he left vaudeville. Cabarets had gone the way of the depression. He was the best dressed man on Broadway and at the Brown Derby and Cocoanut Grove. Women eyed him. He didn't eye back. Twice as interesting.

Roland Brown volunteered a part—a gangster in "Quick Millions." He took it. Easy money. A new suit. He thought he'd go back to New York when it was finished.

And then came "Scarface"! And a Paramount contract. Although George has made three pictures since that one, he's still on his low starting salary. His salary hasn't kept pace with his fame by any means. Not a new Hollywood situation for sudden sensations.

In "Night After Night" he reaches his zenith. He knew he would as soon as he read the script. It might have been written from his own knowledge of life.

THE wardrobe department handed him a double breasted suit. He took one look and said they'd have to wait until he purchased the proper clothes for the picture. They waited. He went to a tailor. He didn't have the money—his expenses as well as his fame had gone beyond his immediate pocketbook, but the tailor trusted him. Made him eight hundred dollars' worth of clothes on credit. George didn't let Paramount provide one suit for "Night After Night." He wanted each one as he wanted it!

The tailor ran an advertisement congratulating George on his work in the picture, in a local trade paper—and the tailor paid for the ad.

Yet, George doesn't have many suits. Just sixteen or seventeen. There's a reason. He'll be sitting with a pal in the Brown Derby and look him over. "I've got a suit I think'll fit you. Better come and try it on."

"I'll pay you for it, George."

"Oh, that's all right."

That happens about once a week. But if the day ever comes when they try to put George Raft into a costume picture! Tunic and bare legs, for example. Ouch! That day will bring a great dancer and a great actor back to New York City. But not to the Tenderloin district!

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Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood ... To some the ESSEX HOUSE is a retreat from business ... to others a rendezvous for business ... to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay



It was just 15 years ago that Ethel Barrymore was making "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"



And 15 years ago we interviewed charming Billie Burke and one-year-old daughter, Patricia

15 Years Ago

IN December, 1917, we had a page of pictures called "Just Five Years Ago," and expressed horror that Francis X. Bushman, the great screen lover, had been doing "character parts"—burlesque country constables and the like—only five years before. We showed Arthur Johnson, who had passed on in 1916; John Bunny and Flora Finch; Maurice Costello and Florence Lawrence. Billie Burke was on the cover and we had a story that said she looked about sixteen, in spite of year-old daughter, Patricia.

We reviewed the latest Ethel Barrymore release, "The Lifted Veil," and praised it highly, but said, "Miss Barrymore is dignified

and serious—perhaps too much so." And, strangely enough, in that same issue we ran a fictionalized story of the motion picture, "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Nance O'Neil was the *Czarina*, the rôle Ethel Barrymore is just completing in "Rasputin."

We showed a "happy home" picture of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen. In an article about Olive Thomas we quoted her almost prophetic words, "Life's too short and fate too funny to get upstage." A page of pictures introduced "Wally Reid, Jr." just one month old.

Cal York item: Charlie Chaplin took a whole month's vacation from the studio.

10 Years Ago

TEN years ago, just as today, we were saying, "Conrad Nagel is one of the exemplary young men of the Hollywood colony." Yes, ma'am, that was the caption we used under his picture in the gallery. We printed what was probably the first magazine interview with Ernst Lubitsch and called him "the master of tragedy." His recent, "The Man I Killed" still bears that out, but how about the sly, vivacious "Love Parade," "The Smiling Lieutenant" and his new "Trouble in Paradise"?

We worried about Jackie Coogan, who was growing old fast! He was just approaching seven, but we wondered what would happen

when he reached nine—or ten. Well, we were right. The screen lost him.

Three pages were given to pictures of the beloved Mabel Normand in her new Paris wardrobe. And a page to Laurette Taylor as "Peg O' My Heart." And, in "Wedded and Parted," we told the story of Natacha Rambova and Rudolph Valentino.

It was announced that "Tol'able David," starring Richard Barthelmess, had won the Second PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

Cal York item: Rudolph Valentino attended the Broadway premiere of Rex Ingram's picture, "Trifling Women," and received more applause than the picture.

5 Years Ago

JOAN CRAWFORD was on the cover, looking utterly unlike the sophisticated Joan of today. Gary Cooper was in the gallery and we said he was reported engaged to Clara Bow and had been given a leading part in "Beau Sabreur." "What more," we asked, "could any young fellow possibly want?" Evidently it wasn't enough, for Gary seems still to be looking for happiness.

We printed "The True Life Story of Lon Chaney," and the interviewer confessed she almost wished she hadn't agreed to get it. "To write such a man as I saw him, detail his character, his grandeur, his work, frightens me. May I do him justice?"

"Beau Geste" won the Seventh PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor. We reviewed "My Best Girl" and said it was "the best picture Mary Pickford has made in several years." And about King Vidor's "The Crowd," we commented, "Here you have Life, as it is lived by millions in New York and other big cities where the crowd walks, pushes, tramples each individual member."

Norma Shearer posed for our Star Recipes page and showed how to make Canadian Oatmeal Sticks. Mack Sennett included Carole Lombard in his selection of "Beauties."

Cal York item: Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are not "going together" any more.

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The New Way of Finding Screen Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

slimness, unless she is to play character rôles. The same principle applies to the minute mustaches of many screen heroes. A full sized mustache would photograph like the old-fashioned whiskers of the '90's. Even the pencil-line eyebrows of the girls must be exaggerated in their thinness, to thwart the camera which partially flattens out every rounded surface.

THE first photographic test is with a silent camera. The girl whose usual carefully lighted photograph, after retouching, is admired by her friends, gets a terrific shock when she sees the first studio "still." "Camera angles" have been ignored; lights have been played on her from all directions, showing up every irregularity and blemish; there has been no retouching.

She is bad enough in the close-ups, but wait until she sees those long-shots, showing how she moves across a room, how she uses her hands and arms, how she turns her head.

"My heavens, do I look like that?" is a typical comment made when such a girl first sees herself on the screen. "What made me think I could act in pictures?" "Why didn't anyone ever tell me I walked like that?" All these are familiar exclamations when tests are being run off.

Of course, it is impossible to judge ability solely by the silent test. Perhaps the girl's voice will aid her immeasurably—in a silent test she hasn't the help of normal facial expressions in speaking. Or, *vice versa*, the sound camera may reveal that she grimaces far too much when she talks.

But the silent test is a great help in determining the rightness of the make-up, whether the arrangement of hair is pleasing, how the girl carries herself, how she balances her body with her hands.

If she qualifies in the silent test, she goes into rehearsal for a week. With two or three other players, also awaiting tests, she is drilled in a short sketch. Unlike some companies, the Fox director casts his players as carefully as for an actual picture. He chooses a vehicle that suits their types, (often a scene from a play in which they have appeared), and groups

people who should perform well together.

Working conditions are like those on an actual production. There is a continuous story, so the actors have every opportunity to give natural, intelligent performances.

Rehearsals over, the important day arrives. On that one day, in two sessions, morning and afternoon, the complete test is shot, scene by scene. Each actor has his chance to take the center of the stage, to get the close-ups, to benefit from the director's full attention, with the other actors merely feeding lines.

Sometimes the novice forgets that when she hasn't the center of the stage she is still a vital part of the scene. During a recent test sketch in which two men and a girl figured, a sequence called for dialogue between the men, one of whom sat next to the girl at a small table while the other man stood facing them both. The girl, not being included in the dialogue, sat by as indifferently as if she had nothing to do with the story, instead of showing by her expressions the emotions the dialogue aroused in her.

Time and time again the director had to remind her that she was a part of that scene, in spite of the fact that she had no lines. Only at the end, when she spoke a single line, did her face thaw out. Without voice, she was as immobile as the studio dummy who is thrown over the cliff in the long-shots!

LET'S suppose the applicant has passed the test. Let's suppose she has been signed at a weekly salary that may be as low as \$50, if she has had no previous experience, and as high as \$400 or \$500 if she is cast immediately in an important rôle, as Jimmie Dunn was. (Of course, for a prominent stage player, the figure will be much higher.) The contract may be drawn up for three months, for six months, or for a year, with various option periods and salary increases.

She is sent out to the West Coast (if hers was an Eastern test). Like Robert Montgomery, who was signed by M-G-M, she may hang around the lot for months without being assigned definitely even to a minor rôle. Bob loafed for six months, getting more discour-



The reward of a successful screen test. Marion Burns, born and brought up in Hollywood, was "discovered" 3,000 miles from film-land—on a New York stage—and given an Eastern test. She was cast with Joan Bennett in the Fox picture, "Pier 13," and her next will be filmed in far-off Malay

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the sleeping beauty
in your eyes



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is nationally famous. Here are reviews of *all* the new pictures, with the casts of *all* the players. PHOTOPLAY also prints monthly a complete summary of every picture reviewed in its pages for the previous six months. These are but a few of a dozen great departments in which PHOTOPLAY is as up-to-the-minute as your daily newspaper. You cannot really know the fascinating world of the screen unless you are a regular reader of

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aged and dissatisfied every day, until he was finally lent to United Artists for "Three Live Ghosts," in which he had played on the stage. His success in that picture made his own company realize his screen possibilities.

HELEN TWELVETREES, Sylvia Sidney (with excellent stage experience) and Dorothy Jordan are among the hundreds of girls who were dropped by the studio that first signed them, after successful tests, simply because they had not had sufficient time to develop and prove their worth.

Each made good with a second chance at another studio. But so many girls never get that second chance.

And not all tests are as fair to the actress and as sure. Some directors simply pose a girl in front of a black "drop," give her some fragmentary scene to enact with or without the help of other actors, and without any additional coaching expect her to prove her value to the powers that pay.

Once cast in a rôle in an actual production, the actress must be able to hold her own against the scene stealing of veteran players; she must snap into her scenes without too much special coaching; she must not betray inexperience or camera fright.

She must have, above all things, endless ambition and unswerving persistence. She must believe in herself, believe even when the director decries her, when she fails to get the rôles she seems most fitted for.

And she must go on believing, even through long periods when there may seem no basis for such belief.

But if she stays around Hollywood too long, waiting and waiting for her chance, she is apt to be permanently overlooked.

"THERE is more undeveloped talent in Hollywood than any other place in the world," says one director.

"Many of the girls have had excellent stage experience. Some have played extra rôles in pictures. Some have played bits. But producers overlook these girls because they are so used to seeing them around and are no longer struck with their appearance or ability. Newcomers with half their possibilities often get all the opportunities."

That job behind a counter or at the typewriter doesn't seem so hard and unsatisfying after reading all this, now does it!



An echo of the football season—the football hat! Mae Clarke wears it with sports clothes. Of green jersey, shaped and seamed to resemble a football with a tan cord lacing

Thin Girls Need Sleep, Food, Exercise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible.)

Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup.
(Cream of mushroom
or
Cream of tomato
or
Cream of celery
or
Thick vegetable soup
or
Chicken okra with rice or noodles.)
Green salad and often half an avocado.
Spaghetti (with butter — allowed to melt after the food is off the fire).
Egg noodles (with butter).
Chocolate or rice or bread pudding
or
Cup custard
or
Stewed fruits with cream.
Bottle of certified milk.
(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk.)

Dinner

Fruit cocktail.
Soup (cream or clear).
Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it's hard to digest.
Two vegetables (creamed or with butter, and put the butter on *after* the vegetables are done. Use plenty).
Glass of milk
Cup custard
or
Ice Cream
or
Pudding.
(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to

thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

SEPTEMBER—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

OCTOBER—How to keep your hands young and beautiful. Care of the feet and special exercises for girls who stand all day. How to make the hands thin and the fingers tapering.

NOVEMBER—How to reduce the hips, bust, stomach, legs and arms by diet, exercise and massage. Especially helpful and simple instructions for massage. One of the most helpful and inclusive articles in this series, with particular attention to those difficult parts, bust and calf of leg.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.



Robert W. Coburn

The photographer was in luck here. His camera caught in one scoop four famous faces. Joel McCrea is Mary Pickford's escort to this dinner, with Gary Cooper and the Countess di Frasso matched for the evening

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see page 17

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Short Subjects of the Month



Careful there, Harry! She's trying her best to vamp you. It's a scene from Harry Langdon's new picture, "The Big Flash." The beautiful lady is Lita Chevret

THE BIG FLASH Educational-Mermaid

Harry Langdon's comeback picture, and he gives you plenty of laughs. Promoted from office porter to newspaper photographer, Harry is sent to get pictures of a gangster's girl. What the girl and Harry get, when the gangster finds them, is worth seeing. Tipped off to a robbery that is planned, Harry is off to get pictures of that, too. He gets the pictures, the gangster and the reward.

MOVIE ALBUM Vitaphone

Back to the strong but silent days of the movies when matinee idols saved the girl from worse than death! You used to pay a nickel for such thrills, but now you'll howl merrily. The best surprise in this series of flashbacks is none other than Marie Dressler cutting up in one of her old slapstick comedies.

OLD NEW YORK Educational

One of the funniest pictures ever made of little old New York in the horse-car days. Johnny Walker, star of silent pictures, arranged this series of shots taken when women wore flower-garden hats and men wore mustaches. What laughs you will get when you see the Stock Exchange and the Bowery, but the best of all is a prize-fight at Coney Island. Kidding comments make this a real gloom-chaser.

SHERLOCK'S HOME Vitaphone

Jack Haley, graduating from a detective correspondence course, is out to detect. While he is taking a blindfold cigarette test, the safe is robbed. Jack discovers where the crooks hang out and disguised as a girl, vamps their leader. The marriage ceremony on the back of a patrol wagon is a riot.

HEMSTITCHED Universal

Gangsters need a doctor. They kidnap a man, wearing a doctor's coat, from a doctor's

office. He happens to be a gardener masquerading. With the help of a pretty nurse he operates. Hence—hemstitched. There are a few good laughs and June Clyde never looked prettier.

SCRAM M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy are being deported out of town by a judge who has found them guilty of vagrancy. They are put up for the night by a drunk whom they have helped home. Whose house do you suppose they find themselves in? Plenty of roughhouse.

FARMER AL FALFA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY Educational-Terrytoon

Our animated friends throw a birthday party for *Farmer Al Falfa* and if you go you'll have a grand time. What a party! They even make the birthday cake while you wait. Try the recipe sometime.

OFFICER, SAVE MY CHILD Universal

Slim Summerville and Eddie Gribbon, a couple of marines, end up as policemen when the flat-foots go on strike. And the everlasting grudge between the bugler and the sergeant is continued. Isn't it about time they settled it?

THE PIE COVERED WAGON Educational

The kiddies take you back to the covered wagon days with Indians and warfare. When the Indians attack, a call for help is rushed through to the troops. The battle is on with arrows and pie flying through the air. Are the Indians surprised? See for yourself.

MICKEY'S GOLDEN RULE Radio

Mickey (Himself) McGuire brings you this with plenty of laughs. It has young urchins on a picnic and the experiences they have when they encounter a trio from wealthy families. Don't miss Mickey in this.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander	Bobby Jones
Adrianne Allen	Roscoe Karns
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Richard Arlen	Carole Lombard
Tallulah Bankhead	Jeanette MacDonald
George Barbier	Florine McKinney
Richard Bennett	Fredric March
Mary Boland	Sari Maritza
Clive Brook	Herbert Marshall
Nancy Carroll	Marx Brothers
Maurice Chevalier	Jack Oakie
Marguerite Churchill	Irving Pichel
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Ricardo Cortez	Randolph Scott
Bing Crosby	Sylvia Sydney
Frances Dee	Alison Skipworth
Marlene Dietrich	Kate Smith
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Susan Fleming	Kent Taylor
Norman Foster	Jerry Tucker
Wynne Gibson	Mae West
Cary Grant	Gordon Westcott
Miriam Hopkins	

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter	Elissa Landi
Joan Bennett	Edmund Lowe
John Boles	Patricia "Boots" Mal-
Clara Bow	lory
El Brendel	Ralph Morgan
Marion Burns	Herbert Mundin
Henrietta Crosman	Greta Nissen
James Dunn	Marian Nixon
Sally Eilers	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Nell O'Day
Janet Gaynor	William Pawley
Minna Gombell	Arthur Pierson
Bert Hanlon	Will Rogers
Miriam Jordan	Raul Roulien
Victor Jory	Spencer Tracy
Alexander Kirkland	Irene Ware

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre	Hugh Herbert
Rosco Ates	Leslie Howard
Leslie Banks	Rochelle Hudson
Constance Bennett	Arline Judge
Bill Boyd	Tom Keene
Bruce Cabot	Edgar Kennedy
Joseph Cawthorn	Eric Linden
Creighton Chaney	Anita Louise
Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Mary Mason
Jill Esmond	Edna May Oliver
Phyllis Fraser	Laurence Olivier
Betty Furness	Vivienne Osborne
William Gargan	Gregory Ratoff
John Halliday	Sandra Shaw
Hale Hamilton	Helen Twelvetrees
Ann Harding	John Warburton
Julie Haydon	Dorothy Wilson
Katharine Hepburn	Fay Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry	Douglas Fairbanks
Florence Britton	Greta Granstedt
Eddie Cantor	Ruth Hall
Charles Chaplin	Al Jolson
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Lili Damita	Gloria Swanson
Melvyn Douglas	Norma Talmadge
Billie Dove	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford	Mayo Methot
Eddie Buzzell	Lillian Miles
Walter Connolly	Pat O'Brien
Richard Cromwell	Barbara Stanwyck
Constance Cummings	Ruthelma Stevens
Ralph Graves	Genevieve Tobin
Jack Holt	Lee Tracy
Buck Jones	Barbara Weeks
Evalyn Knapp	Bert Wheeler
Tim McCoy	Robert Woolsey
Adolphe Menjou	

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue	Stan Laurel
Charley Chase	Gertie Messinger
Mickey Daniels	Our Gang
Dorothy Granger	David Sharpe
Oliver Hardy	Grady Sutton
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander	Hedda Hopper
Nils Asther	Walter Huston
Ethel Barrymore	Leila Hyams
John Barrymore	Dorothy Jordan
Lionel Barrymore	Buster Keaton
Wallace Beery	Myrna Loy
Virginia Bruce	Una Merkel
Marie Dressler	John Miljan
Claire DuBrey	Robert Montgomery
Jimmy Durante	Colleen Moore
Madge Evans	Polly Moran
Muriel Evans	Karen Morley
Wallace Ford	Conrad Nagel
Clark Gable	David Newell
Greta Garbo	Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert	Maureen O'Sullivan
C. Henry Gordon	Anita Page
Lawrence Grant	Kane Richmond
Nora Gregor	Helen Robinson
Mary Carlisle	May Robson
Virginia Cherrill	Ruth Selwyn
Jackie Cooper	Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford	Diane Sinclair
Marion Davies	Martha Sleeper
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Louise Closser Hale	Veree Teasdale
Jean Harlow	Johnny Weissmuller
Helen Hayes	Diana Wynyard
Jean Hersholt	Robert Young
Phillips Holmes	

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson	James Gleason
Lew Ayres	Russell Hopton
Noah Beery, Jr.	Boris Karloff
Tala Birell	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Tom Mix
June Clyde	Zasu Pitts
Dorothea Cunningham	Onslow Stevens
Andy Devine	Gloria Stuart
Arletta Duncan	Slim Summerville
Sidney Fox	

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright	Allen Jenkins
George Arliss	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Lorena Layson
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Frank McHugh
Joe E. Brown	Edward McNamara
James Cagney	Paul Mum
Ruth Chatterton	Dick Powell
Bebe Daniels	William Powell
Bette Davis	Edward G. Robinson
Claire Dodd	Chas. "Chic" Sale
Ann Dvorak	Lyle Talbot
Patricia Ellis	Sheila Terry
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Helen Vinson
Glenda Farrell	John Wayne
Preston Foster	Alice White
Kay Francis	Warren William
Eleanor Holm	John Wray
Harold Huber	Loretta Young

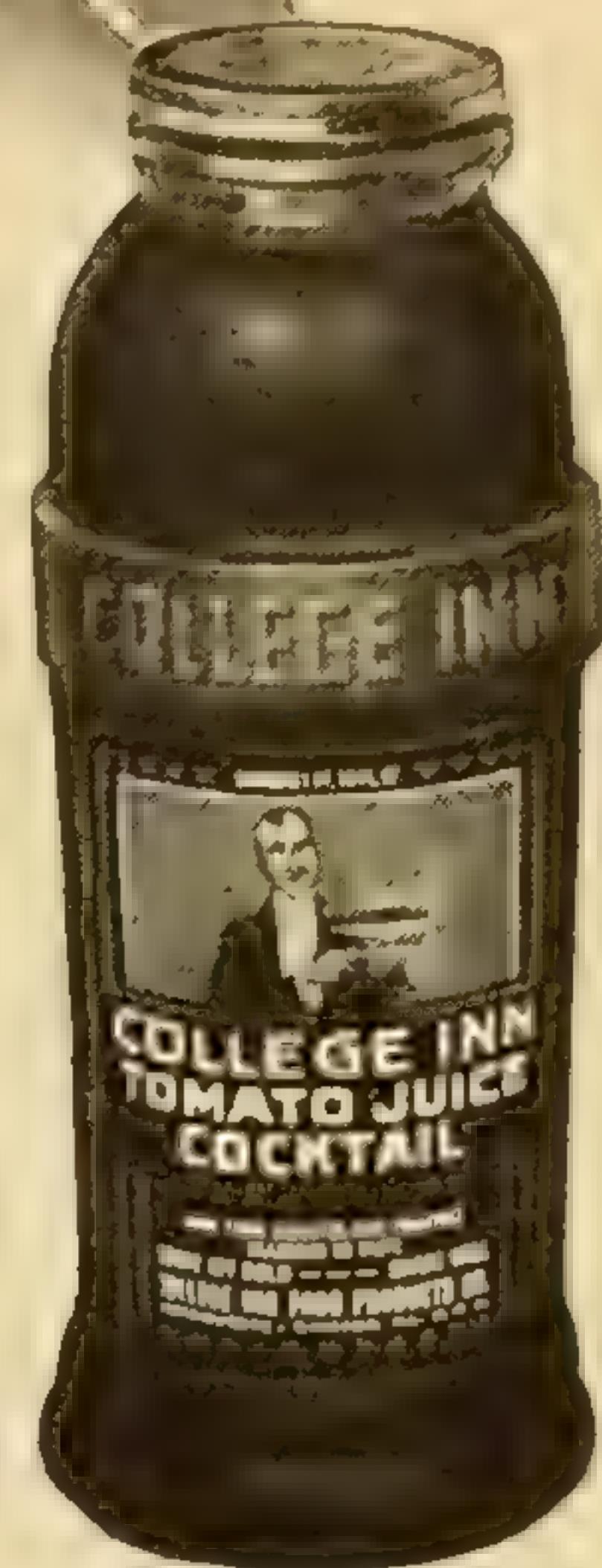
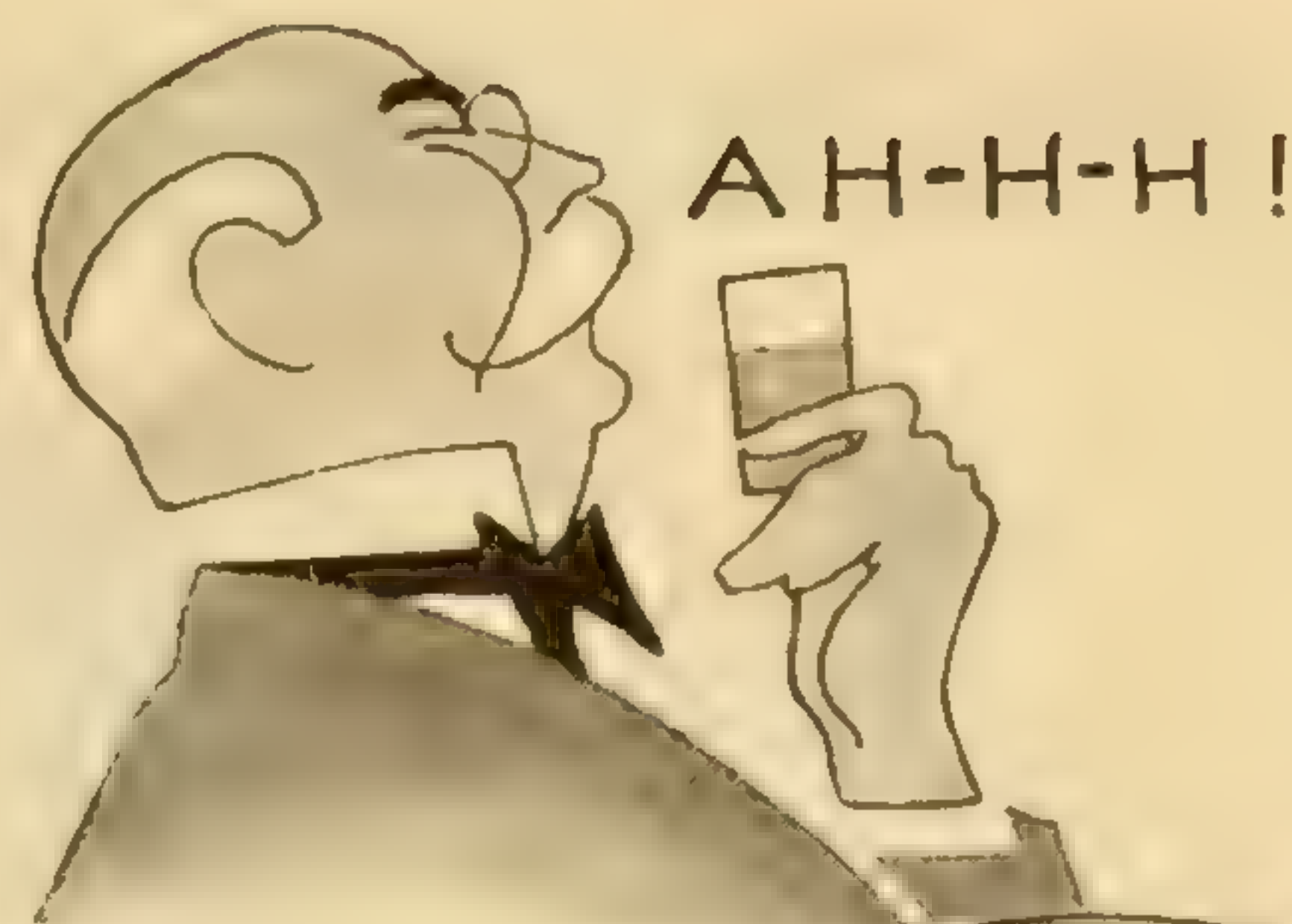
Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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whale of a
difference the word
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (Sept.)

STRANGE JUSTICE—RKO-Radio.—Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (Nov.)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

STRANGER IN TOWN—Warners.—When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (Aug.)

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

STREET OF WOMEN—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

TENDERFOOT, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

TEXAS BAD MAN, THE—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (Aug.)

THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (Sept.)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (Nov.)

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (Aug.)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (Nov.)

THIRTEEN WOMEN—RKO-Radio.—Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (Oct.)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (Nov.)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (Nov.)

THUNDER BELOW—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (Oct.)

★ **TOMBROWN OF CULVER**—Universal.—All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (Sept.)

TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (Oct.)

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (Aug.)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (Sept.)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (Oct.)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (Sept.)

WAR CORRESPONDENT—Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (Oct.)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE**—M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (Sept.)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**—Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (Nov.)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (Aug.)

WEEK ENDS ONLY—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (Aug.)

WESTWARD PASSAGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (Aug.)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (Aug.)

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrummer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (Aug.)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (Sept.)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)



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"AIRMAIL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Dale Van Every and Frank Wead. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Duke*, Pat O'Brien; *Mike*, Ralph Bellamy; *Dizzy*, Russell Hopton; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Ruth*, Gloria Stuart; *Irene*, Lilian Bond; *Tex*, William Daly; *Tommy*, Frank Albertson; *Tony*, Leslie Fenton; *Sleepy*, Tom Carrigan; *Heinie*, Hans Furerberg; *Radio Operator*, David Landau; *Passenger Plane Pilots*, Charles de la Montte; *Lieut. Pat Davis*; *Drunk*, Lew Kelly; *Passengers*, Francis Ford, Frank Beal, James Donlan, Louise MacIntosh, Katherine Perry; *Plane Attendant*, Beth Milton; *Radio Announcer*, Edmund Burns; also Enrico Caruso, Jr., Jim Thorpe, Billy Thorpe, Alene Carroll and others.

"ALL-AMERICAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Richard Schayer and Dale Van Every. Adapted by Frank Wead and Ferdinand Reyher. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Garry King*, Richard Arlen; *Andy Moran*, Andy Devine; *Ellen Steffens*, Gloria Stuart; *Chick Knipe*, James Gleason; *Bob King*, John Darrow; *Steve Kelly*, Preston Foster; *Gloria Neuchard*, Merna Kennedy; *Scheming Willie Walsh*, Harold Waldridge; *Gresham McCormick*, Harvey Clark; *Betty Poe*, June Clyde; *Marccurt*, Huntly Gordon; *Ted Bowen*, Earl McCarthy; *Mrs. Bowen*, Ethel Clayton; *Miss Bowen*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mr. King*, George Irving; *Mrs. King*, Florence Roberts; *Mr. Neuchard*, Frederick Burton; *Ken Neuchard*, Carlton Kaddell; *Don Lindsay*, James Flavin; *Read*, Earle Foxe; *Smythe*, Arthur Hoyt; *Radio Announcers*, Fred Howard and Franklin Parker; *Blackie Doyle*, Maurice Black; *Hop McComb*, Frank Hagney; *Bank President*, Reginald Barlow; *Walter Grant*, Robert Ellis; *Miss Wilson*, Miami Alvarez; *Gell*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Joe Fiore*, Jack LaRue; *Mike Allen*, Manny Vezie; *Fussy Man's Wife*, Theresa Conover; *Spanking*, James Mack; *Rollins*, Lewis Natheaux; *Doctor*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Fussy Man*, Clarence Wilson; *Sappy Kid*, Spec O'Donnell; *Coy*, Walter Brennon; *Friend of Gloria's*, Allen Davis; *Davis*, Rex Lindsay. Also, members of the 1931 All-American Football Team, the All-American Board of Football and members of the All Star Football Team.

"BALL, THE" (Le Bal)—VANDAL-DELAC PROD.—From the story by Irene Nemirovsky. Directed by William Thiele. The cast: *Alfred*, Andre Lafaur; *Jeanne*, Germaine Dermoz; *Antoinette*, Danielle Darrieux; *Cousin Isabelle*, Marguerite Pierry; *Betty*, Wanda Greville; *Marcel de Brecourt*, Pierre de Guingand.

"BIG BROADCAST, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Wild Waves" by William Ford Manley. Screen play by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Leslie McWhinney*, Stuart Erwin; *Bing Hornsby*, Bing Crosby; *Anita Rogers*, Leila Hyams; *Mona Lowe*, Sharon Lynne; *Clapsaddle*, George Barbier; and the stars of the radio: Burns and Allen; Kate Smith; The Mills Brothers; The Boswell Sisters; Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer); Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; Cab Calloway and his orchestra; Donald Novis.

"COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-ALLIED.—From the story by Jack Natteford. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Dan Allon*, Hoot Gibson; *Ruth Avery*, Sheila Mannors; *Deputy Lafe Waters*, Skeeter Bill Robbins; *Bobby Avery*, Bobby Nelson; *Luke Avery*, Fred Gilman; *Bill Clary*, Jack Rutherford; *Sheriff Matt Verity*, Al Bridge; *The Judge*, William Humphrey; *State's Attorney*, Gordon DeMain; *Prisoner*, William McCormack; *Hotel Keeper*, Sam Allen.

"CRUSADER, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the play by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Tess Brandon*, Evelyn Brent; *Phillip Brandon*, H. B. Warner; *Jimmie Dale*, Lew Cody; *Eddie Crane*, Ned Sparks; *Joe Carson*, Walter Byron; *Marcia Brandon*, Marceline Day; *Robert Henley*, John Sainpolis; *Oscar Shane*, Arthur Hoyt; *Madge*, Ara Haswell; *Corrigan*, Joseph Girard; *Harry Smeltz*, Sid Saylor; *Allon*, the Warden, Lloyd Ingraham.

"EXPOSED"—EAGLE PROD.—From the story by Mauri Grashin. Directed by Albert Herman. The cast: *Jim Harper*, William Collier, Jr.; *Ruth*, Barbara Kent; *Marty*, Raymond Hatton; *Officer Dillon*, Roy Stewart; *Danny*, "Wheezer"; *Chief of Police*, John Ince; *Johnny Russo*, Walter McGrail.

"FAITHLESS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Carol Morgan*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Bill Wade*, Robert Montgomery; *Mr. Blainey*, Hugh Herbert; *Anthony Wade*, Maurice Murphy; *A Landlady*, Louise Closser Hale; *Another Landlady*, Anna Appel; *Mr. Ledyard*, Lawrence Grant; *Mr. Carter*, Henry Kolker.

"FALSE FACES"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Kubec Glasmon. Adapted by Kubec Glasmon and Llewelyn Hughes. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Brenton*, Lowell Sherman; *Elsie*, Peggy Shannon; *Georgia*, Lila Lee; *Parker*, Berton Churchill; *McCullough*, David Landau; *Mrs. Finn*, Nance O'Neil; *Jefferson Howe*, Purnell Pratt; *Mrs. Day*, Olive Tell; *District Attorney*, Forrest Stanley; *Mr. Day*, Edward Martindel; *Florence Day*, Geneva

Mitchell; *Fineberg*, Oscar Apfel; *Dr. McDonald*, John Sainpolis; *June Deering*, Helene Millard; *Jimmie*, Harold Waldridge; *Officer Pjelowich*, Francis Sayles; *Dr. Kelly*, Clay Clement; *Nation Sisters*, Miriam Seegar, Joyce Compton; *Master of Ceremonies*, Gene Morgan.

"FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by Edward Sinclair. Continuity by F. McGrew-Willis. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Jack Duncan*, William Collier, Jr.; *Jeanette Larkin*, Josephine Dunn; *Violet Reed*, Natalie Moorhead; *Claude Morgan*, Crauford Kent; *Mr. Hurley*, Lee Moran; *Moran*, Pat O'Malley; *Referee*, James J. Jeffries; *Benny Strickland*, Hughie Owens; *Irene*, Mildred Rogers; *Sally*, Peggy Graves; *Barker*, Patty O'Flynn; *Announcer*, Duke Lee.

"FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Pony Boy" by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Tom Martin*, Tom Mix; *Molly*, Margaret Lindsay; *Gabby*, Raymond Hatton; *Softy*, Fred Kohler; *Slim*, Edmund Cobb; *Fancy*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Thad*, Richard Cramer; *Charlie*, Harry Allen; *Bill*, Herman Nolan; *Billy the Kid*, Paul Shawhan; *The Madam*, Rosita Marstini; *Tony*, Tony.

"GOLDEN WEST, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Gordon Rigby. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *David Lynch*, George O'Brien; *Malano*, George O'Brien; *Betty Summers*, Janet Chandler; *Betty Summers Brown*, Janet Chandler; *Helen Bradley*, Marion Burns; *Robert Summers*, Arthur Pierson; *Calvin Brown*, Onslow Stevens; *Horace Summers*, Emmett Corrigan; *Dennis Epstein*, Bert Hanlon; *William Lynch*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Summers*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Mary Lynch*, Dorothy Ward; *Negro Mammy*, Hattie McDaniels; *Mike*, Sam Adams; *Pat*, Ed Dillon.

"HER MAD NIGHT"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by John Thomas Neville. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Joan Manners*, Irene Rich; *Steven Kennedy*, Conway Tearle; *Constance Kennedy*, Mary Carlisle; *Schuyler Durkin*, Kenneth Thomson; *District Attorney*, William B. Davidson.

"HIDDEN GOLD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Natteford. Screen play by Jack Natteford and James Mulhauser. Directed by Ray Taylor. The cast: *Tom*, Tom Mix; *Dora*, Judith Barrie; *Spike*, Raymond Hatton; *Doc*, Donald Kirke; *Ben*, Eddie Gribbon; *Tony*, Tony.

"HOT SATURDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Harvey Ferguson. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Adapted by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Ruth Brock*, Nancy Carroll; *Romer Sheffield*, Cary Grant; *Bill Fadden*, Randolph Scott; *Conny Billop*, Edward Woods; *Eva Randolph*, Lilian Bond; *Harry Brock*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Brock*, Jane Darwell; *Camille*, Rita La Roy; *Annie Brock*, Rose Coghlan; *2nd*; *Edward W. Randolph*, Oscar Apfel; *Aunt Minnie*, Jessie Arnold; *Archie*, Grady Sutton.

"I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Robert E. Burns. Screen play by Sheridan Gibney and Brown Holmes. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *James Allen*, Paul Muni; *Marie*, Glenda Farrell; *Helen*, Helen Vinson; *Pete*, Preston Foster; *Second Warden*, Edward McNamara; *Allen's Secretary*, Sheila Terry; *Barney*, Allen Jenkins; *The Warden*, David Landau; *The Judge*, Berton Churchill; *The Bomber*, Edward Ellis; *Alice*, Sally Blane; *Red*, James Bell; *Sheriff's Son*, William Janney; *Chairman Chamber of Commerce*, Oscar Apfel; *Nordine*, John Wray; *Reverend Allen*, Hale Hamilton; *District Attorney*, C. Henry Gordon; *C. K. Hobb*, Spencer Charters; *Sieve*, Roscoe Karns; *Fuller*, Robert Warwick; *Conductor*, Charles Middleton; *Sheriff of Monroe*, Harry Holman; *Linda*, Noel Francis; *Mrs. Allen*, Louise Carter; *Prison Commissioner*, Willard Robertson; *Ramsey*, Morgan Wallace; *Parker*, Reginald Barlow; *Ackerman*, Jack LaRue; *Owner Hot-dog Stand*, Charles Sellon; *Sheriff*, Russell Simpson; *Wilson*, George Collins; *Doggy*, William Pawley; *Mike*, Lew Kelly; *Sebastian*, Sam Baker; *Texas*, William LeMaire; *Blacksmith*, Dewey Robinson.

"KING MURDER, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the novel by Charles Reed Jones. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Henry Barton*, Conway Tearle; *Elizabeth Hawthorne*, Natalie Moorhead; *Miriam King*, Dorothy Revier; *Jose Moreno*, Don Alvarado; *Van Kempen*, Robert Frazer; *Scott*, Maurice Black; *Pearl Hope*, Marceline Day; *Arthur Bronnell*, Huntly Gordon; *Miss Duval*, Rose Dione.

"KONGO"—M-G-M.—From the play by Chester De Vonde and Kilbourn Gordon. Screen play by Leon Gordon. Directed by William Cowen. The cast: *Flin*, Walter Huston; *Tula*, Lupe Velez; *Kingsland*, Conrad Nagel; *Ann*, Virginia Bruce; *Gregg*, C. Henry Gordon; *Hogan*, Mitchell Lewis; *Cookie*, Forrester Harvey; *Fuzzy*, Curtis Nero.

"LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on the comic strip by Harold Gray and Al

Lowenthal. Screen play by Wanda Tuchock and Tom McNamara. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Annie*, Mitzi Green; *Mickey*, Buster Phelps; *Mrs. Stewart*, May Robson; *Mrs. Burgin*, Kate Lawton; *Dr. Griffith*, Matt Moore; *Daddy Warbucks*, Edgar Kennedy; *Buller*, Sidney Bracy.

"MADISON SQUARE GARDEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Thomson Burtis. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Eddie Burke*, Jack Oakie; *Bee*, Marian Nixon; *Carley*, Thomas Meighan; *Sloane*, William Boyd; *Florrie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Roarke*, Lew Cody; *Doc Williams*, William Collier, Sr.; *Miller*, Robert Elliott; *Brassy*, Warren Hymer; *McClune*, Mushy Callahan; *Referee*, Lou Magnolia; *Old Timers*, Jack Johnson, Tom Sharkey, Tommy Ryan, Mike Donlin, Billy Papke, Stanislaus Zbyszko; *Famous Sport Writers*, Damon Runyon, Jack Lait, Grantland Rice, Ed. W. Smith, Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico; *Jack Kearns*, Jack Kearns; *Teddy Hayes*, Teddy Hayes.

"MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Thomas Lennon. Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Ethel Doherty. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Tony Mello*, Leo Carrillo; *Lilli Arno*, Vivienne Osborne; *Molly*, Una Merkel; *Hyland*, Tom Moore; *Werner*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Darrow*, Earle Foxe; *Stiles*, Paul Hurst; *Klepak*, Paul Porcasi; *Spinelli*, Albert Conti; *Eddie*, Eddie Nugent; *The Warden*, Edward LeSaint; *Randolph*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Guiseppc*, Lester Lee.

"MONKEY'S PAW, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by William Wymark Jacobs. Play by Louise M. Parker. Adapted by Graham John. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *John White*, Ivan Simpson; *Jenny White*, Louise Carter; *Sgt. Major Tom Morris*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Herbert*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Rose*, Betty Lawford; *Mr. Harligan*, Winter Hall; *Samson*, Herbert Bunston.

"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Single Night" by Louis Bromfield. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Joe Anton*, George Raft; *Miss Healy*, Constance Cummings; *Iris Dawn*, Wynne Gibson; *Maudie Triplett*, Mae West; *Mabel Jellyman*, Alison Skipworth; *Leo*, Roscoe Karns; *Dick Madden*, Louis Calhern; *Frankie Guard*, Bradley Page; *Blainey*, Al Hill; *Jerky*, Harry Wallace; *Patsy*, Dick Templeton; *Malloy*, Marty Martyn.

"PAYMENT DEFERRED"—M-G-M.—From the play by Jeffrey F. Dell. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *William Marble*, Charles Laugh-ton; *Gordon Holmes*, Neil Hamilton; *Winnie Marble*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Annie Marble*, Dorothy Peterson; *Mme. Collins*, Verree Teasdale; *James Medland*, Ray Milland; *Hammond*, Billy Bevan; *A Prospective Tenant*, Halliwell Hobbes; *A Doctor*, William Stack.

"PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Bartlett Cormack and J. Walter Ruben. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Gary Curtis*, Ricardo Cortez; *Jenny Wren*, Karen Morley; *Esther Wren*, Anita Louise; *Faith Andes*, Pauline Frederick; *Mrs. Walcott*, Aileen Pringle; *Priam Andes*, H. B. Warner; *Pete Harris*, Sam Hardy; *Dorothy Mears*, Mary Duncan; *Mack*, Skeets Gallagher; *Walcott*, Robert McWade; *Will Jones*, Gavin Gordon; *"Tall Man"*, Robert Elliott; *Henry T. Herrick*, Ivan Simpson; *Carter*, Hilda Vaughn; *The Cat*, George E. Stone; *Frank Andes*, Matty Kemp; *The Boy*, Tom Douglas; *Apartment House Manager*, Clarence Wilson; *Bright Eyes*, Eddie Sturgis.

"PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE"—MASCOT PICTURES.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Ford Beebe. Directed by Ford Beebe. The cast: *Martha*, Barbara Kent; *Chief Scott*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Dad Tully*, Lucien Littlefield; *Peggy*, Sally Blane; *Tommy*, Glenn Tryon; *Cavanaugh*, Matt Moore; *Klafki*, Ralph Ince; *Jerry Brewster*, Victor Jory; *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.; *Carnes*, Tommy Dugan; *Moran*, Jason Robards; *McMahon*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Louie*, Bob Kortman; *Shorty*, Ernie Adams; *Taylor*, Bud Osborne; *Sergeant Arnold*, William B. Davidson; *Officer Russell*, Rodney Hildebrand; *Sergeant Johnson*, Jack Cheatham; *Officer Jones*, Arnold Gray; *Sergeant Miller*, Kernan Cripps; *Lieut. Clark*, Wally Dean; *Souse*, Bert Roach; *Walker*, Jack Mower; *Dowager*, Suzanne Wood; *Officer Brown*, Charles Maurice; *Sam*, Charlie Schaeffer; *Cassenelli*, Hector Sarno.

"RACKETY RAX"—FOX.—From the story by Joel Sayre. Screen play by Ben Markson and Lou Breslow. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Knucks McGloin*, Victor McLaglen; *Voine*, Greta Nissen; *Doris*, Nell O'Day; *Speed Kendall*, Arthur Pierson; *Counsellor Sultsfeldt*, Alan Dinehart; *Mike Dumphy*, Allen Jenkins; *Dulch*, Vincent Barnett; *Mrs. McGloin*, Marjorie Beebe; *Sister Carrie*, Esther Howard; *Tonsillitis*, Ivan Linow; *Gilotti*, Stanley Fields; *Brick Gilligan*, Ward Bond; *Dr. Vanderveer*, Eric Mayne; *McGloin's Bodyguards*, Joe Brown, John Keyes; *Coaches*, Alonzo P. Stagg, Howard Jones; also famous football players.

"RED DUST"—M-G-M.—From the play by Wilson Collison. Screen play by John Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Dennis Carson*, Clark Gable; *Vantine*, Jean Harlow; *Gary Willis*, Gene Raymond; *Barbara Willis*, Mary Astor; *Guidon*, Donald Crisp; *McQuarg*, Tully Marshall; *Limey*, Forrester Harvey; *Hoy*, Willie Fung.

"RENEGADES OF THE WEST"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Frank Richardson Pierce. Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by Casey Robinson. The cast: *Tom Bigby*, Tom Keene; *Mary Fawcett*, Betty Furness; *Dr. Fawcett*, Rosco Ates; *Curly Bogard*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Rankin*, Carl Miller; *Dave*, Jack Pennick; *Bob*, Max Wagner; *Blackie*, James Mason; *Dowling*, Joseph Girard; *Dolores*, Josephine Ramos; *Baby*, Roland Southern; *Bar-fly*, Bill Franey.

"SCARLET DAWN"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Revolt" by Mary McCall, Jr. Screen play by Niven Busch and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Nikili*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Tanyusha*, Nancy Carroll; *Boris*, Earle Foxe; *Vera*, Lilyan Tashman; *Marjorie*, Sheila Terry; *Plotsky*, Frank Reicher; *Marjorie's Father*, Walter Walker; *Serge*, Mischa Auer; *Landlord's Wife*, Mae Busch; *Turkish Landlord*, Hadji Ali; *German Tailor*, Lee Kohlmar; *Head Waiter*, C. Henry Gordon; *Minister*, Alphonse Ethier; *Ivan*, Ivan Linow; *The Girl*, Betty Gillette; *Pyotyr*, Richard Alexander; *Revolutionists*, Harry Cording, William LeMaire; *Cafe Manager*, Maurice Black; *Sergeant*, Dewey Robinson; *Kitchen Boss*, William Ricciardi; *Girl of Streets*, Yola D'Avril.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES"—Fox.—From a story by A. Conan Doyle. Screen play by Bertram Millhauser and Bayard Veiller. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Clive Brook; *Alice Faulkner*, Miriam Jordan; *Moriarty*, Ernest Torrence; *Dr. Watson*, Reginald Owen; *Little Billy*, Howard Leeds; *Gore-King*, Alan Mowbray; *Pub Keeper*, Herbert Mundin; *Judge*, Montague Shaw; *Chaplain*, Arnold Lucy; *Hans, the Hun*, Lucien Prival; *Manuel Lopez*, Roy D'Arcy; *Tony Ardeti*, Stanley Fields; *Ardeti's Henchman*, Eddie Dillon; *Gaston Reux*, Robert Graves, Jr.; *Sir Albert Hastings*, Claude King.

"SIX HOURS TO LIVE"—Fox.—From the story "Auf Wiedersehen" by Gordon Morris and Morton Barteaux. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Paul Onslow*, Warner Baxter; *Valerie Von Sturm*, Miriam Jordan; *Karl Kranz*, John Boles; *Prof. Bauer*, George F. Marion; *Baron Von Sturm*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Ivan*, Edward McWade; *Kellmer*, Secretary, John Davidson; *Police Commissioner*, Edwin Maxwell; *Blutcher*, Dewey Robinson; *Sturgis*, Torben Meyer; *Street Walker*, Irene Ware; *Widow*, Beryl Mercer.

"SPORT PARADE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Jerry Horwin. Screen play by Corey Ford, Tom Wenning and Francis Cockrell. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Sandy Baker*, Joel McCrea; *Johnny Brown*, William Gargan; *Irene*, Marian Marsh; *Morrison*, Walter Catlett; *Dizzy*, Skeets Gallagher; *Radio Announcer*, Robert Benchley; *Professor*, Eric Wilton.

"TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE"—WARNERS.—From the screen play by Kurt Kempler. Directed by Tenny Wright. The cast: *John Trent*, John Wayne; *Sergeant Tippy*, Frank McHugh; *Alice*, Marceline Day; *Zeke Keller*, Otis Harlan; *Gus Lynch*, Albert J. Smith; *"High Wolf"*, Yakima Canutt; *Calvary Commander*, Clarence Geldert; *Duke, the wonder horse*, Himself.

"THIS SPORTING AGE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by J. K. McGuinness. Adapted by Dudley

Nichols. Directed by Andrew W. Bennison and A. F. Erickson. The cast: *Capt. John Steele*, Jack Holt; *Mickey Steele*, Evalyn Knapp; *Johnny Raeburn*, Hardie Albright; *Charles Morrell*, Walter Byron; *Jerry O'Day*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Rita Duncan*, Ruth Weston; *Mrs. Wainleigh*, Nora Lane; *Ann Erskine*, Shirley Palmer; *Surgeon*, Hal Price.

"THREE ON A MATCH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Mary Keaton*, Joan Blondell; *Henry Kirkwood*, Warren William; *Vivian Revere*, Ann Dvorak; *Ruth Westcott*, Bette Davis; *Mike*, Lyle Talbot; *"The Mugg"*, Humphrey Bogart; *Linda*, Patricia Ellis; *Naomi*, Sheila Terry; *Principal of school*, Grant Mitchell; *Bobby*, Frankie Darro; *Mrs. Keaton*, Clara Blandick; *Defense Attorney*, Hale Hamilton; *Horace*, Dick Brandon; *Max*, Junior Johnston; *Vivian as a child*, Dawn O'Day; *Mary as a child*, Virginia Davis; *Ruth as a child*, Betty Carrs; *Junior*, Buster Phelps; *Vivian's chum*, Glenda Farrell.

"TOO BUSY TO WORK"—Fox.—From the story by Ben Ames Williams. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Jubilo*, Will Rogers; *Rose*, Marian Nixon; *Dan*, Dick Powell; *Judge Hardy*, Frederick Burton; *Axel*, Constantine Romanoff; *Sheriff*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Mammy*, Louise Beavers; *Under Sheriff*, Jack O'Hara.

"TRAILING THE KILLER"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Jackson Richards. Directed by Herman C. Raymaker. The cast: *Lobo*, Caesar, the Wolf Dog; *Pierre LaPlant*, Francis McDonald; *Windy*, Heinie Conklin; *Pedro*, Jose de la Cruz; *Manuel*, George Rigas; *Sheriff*, Tom London.

"TROUBLE IN PARADISE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Honest Finder" by Laszlo Aladar. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Adapted by Grover Jones. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Lily*, Miriam Hopkins; *Marianne*, Kay Francis; *Gaston*, Herbert Marshall; *The Major*, Charlie Ruggles; *Francois*, Edward Everett Horton; *Giron*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Jacques (the buller)*, Robert Greig.

"VANITY STREET"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frank Cavett and Edward Roberts. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Brian*, Charles Bickford; *Jeanie*, Helen Chandler; *Fern*, Mayo Methot; *Val*, George Meeker; *Mr. Kerr*, Arthur Hoyt; *Rose Marie*, Ruth Channing; *Susan*, Dolores Ray; *Lou*, Claudia Morgan; *Mary Ann*, Ann Fay; *Mary Ann's Mother*, Katherine Claire Ward; *Mrs. Dantry*, May Beatty; *Grogan*, Dutch Hendrian; *Joe*, Eddie Boland.

"WHITE EAGLE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Fred Myton. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *White Eagle*, Buck Jones; *Janet*, Barbara Weeks; *Bart*, Ward Bond; *Gregory*, Robert Ellis; *Dave Rand*, Jason Robards; *Indian Chief*, Jim Thorpe; *Gray Wolf*, Frank Campeau; *Sheriff*, Bob Kortman; *Captain Blake*, Robert Elliott; *Doctor*, Clarence Geldert; *Zack Jimmie House*.

"WILD GIRL"—Fox.—From the dramatization of Bret Harte's "Salomy Jane's Kiss" by Paul Armstrong. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Stranger*, Charles Farrell; *Salomy Jane*, Joan Bennett; *John Marbury*, Ralph Bellamy; *Yuba Bill*, Eugene Pallette; *Rufe Waters*, Irving Pichel; *Saloon Girl*, Minna Gombell; *Lize*, Sarah Padden; *Red Pete*, Willard Robertson; *Bartender*, Ferdinand Munier; *Mammy*, Louise Beavers; *Baldwin*, Morgan Wallace; *Madison Clay*, James Durkin; *Larabee*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Sheriff*, Alphonse Ethier; *Anny May*, Marilyn Harris; *Mary Ann*, Carmencita Johnson; *Willie Delmar Watson*.



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The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director



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of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1932

State of Illinois, ss.
County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, None. Managing Editor, William T. Walsh, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, John S. Tuomey, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concerns, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Foreman-State Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) Foreman-State Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; First Union Trust and Savings Bank—Trustee—Chicago, Ill. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1932.

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 20, 1935)

[SEAL]

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115]



They'll never let him be himself, this Boris Karloff chap. As the monster in "Frankenstein," he got a grand start in weird rôles. Here he is being made up for the part of *Fu Manchu*, and the cameraman is scrutinizing the result with the "blue glass" to make sure it will pass the lens' keen eye

IF the rumors of the little difficulties of Carole and Bill Powell were true, they must have been smoothed over.

Carole had to work all night recently. Bill was not on a picture. Bill went to the set and spent the entire night so his wife wouldn't be lonesome between scenes. And husbands who are quarreling with their wives don't do that.

A GROUP of friends were discussing a flop made by a famous comedian.

"Bet the poor guy feels ashamed of it," one remarked.

"Ashamed," another said, "why the only time he holds up his head is when he gargles."

WE all know how ill Joe E. Brown has been and we're all glad he's well enough to be back in a picture. But what nobody knows is that Joe is making that swimming yarn with a brace on his back. It'll be there for at least six months. They can't get a double for Joe. That mouth, you know. So Joe is making those scenes in the water (it's supposed to be a swimming race from Los Angeles to Catalina Island) himself—carrying his back-brace right along with him!

LOUISE CARTER, character actress, was bemoaning her fate in pictures playing one mother rôle after another. "Always a mother," she moaned, "and never a bride."

IF you wanted a truly tough day you should have gone with the "Red Dust" location into Laurel Canyon.

They had twelve wind machines going at

wind machines to scatter. When those folks got home—

But they spared the ladies. Clark Gable and Lewis Stone were on hand, but Jean Harlow and Mary Astor were basking in cleanliness at home.

They didn't escape the rain, however. It rained for eighteen days without stopping on the stage at Metro where they were shooting Clark's torrid love affair with Mary.

AND here's the latest quip on those fast growing quickies. Seems an actor was called to one of the smaller studios for a part. His agent phoned about it. "Sorry," the studio replied, "but we can't use him. He doesn't fit the uniform."

IT looks as if that Nancy Lyon-Harry Bannister affair is not just a publicity blurb, after all. For Nancy is leaving for London and making no bones about stating that Harry Bannister is awaiting her there.

While Alexander Kirkland, who made such a hit in "Strange Interlude," is phoning a New York divorcee every night. And when her decree becomes final, it's wedding bells for Alex. So you see, that rumor about Ann Harding and Alex was false. Merely old friends, tried and true.

PERHAPS Laurel and Hardy's next feature picture will be filmed in Paris. A French company has asked Stan and Oliver to name their price for a two version comedy, French and English. Even if the sum is as large as the national debt, they guarantee to meet it.



You'll see that honest Scotchman, Ernest Torrence, in the arch criminal rôle of *Moriarty*, in the Fox film, "Sherlock Holmes." Isn't this an interesting camera study of Director Howard and Torrence as he intently reads the lengthy script of his part just before the cameras are turned on?